THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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JULY 23,'27

Hal G. Evarts—Josephine Daskam Bacon—Captain Sir Arthur H. Rostron—Joseph C. Lincoln
Princess Marthe Bibesco—Sam Hellman—Joseph Hergesheimer—Clarence Budington Kelland

Painted by Maud Tousey Fangel

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from 3 to 6 —years when little minds and bodies are being prepared for the school work ahead.

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Authorities everywhere now recognize that a hot cooked cereal is an essential part of the child's breakfast.

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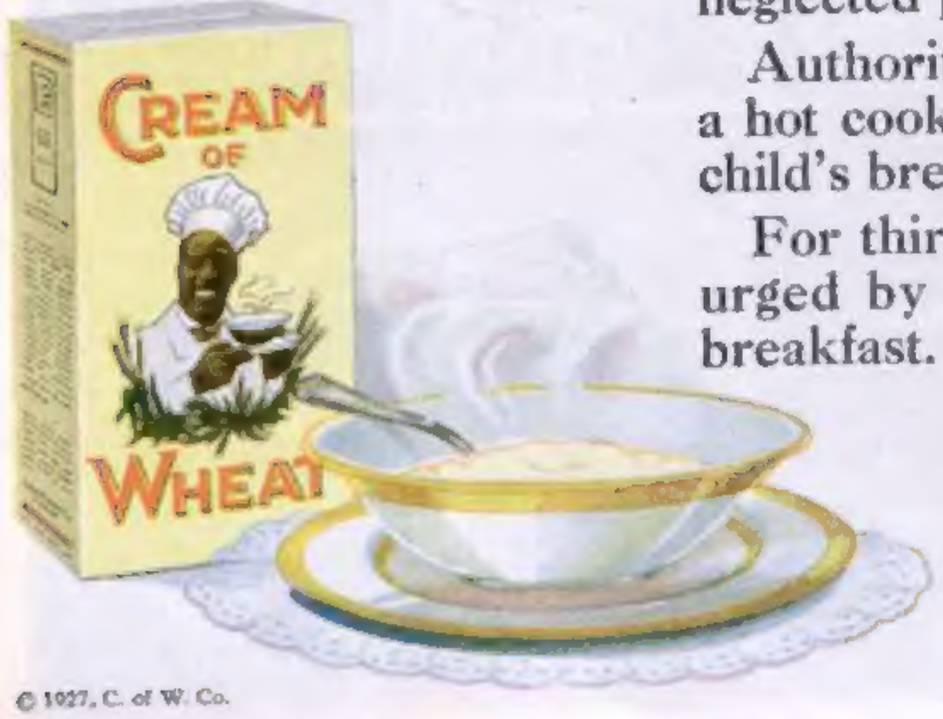

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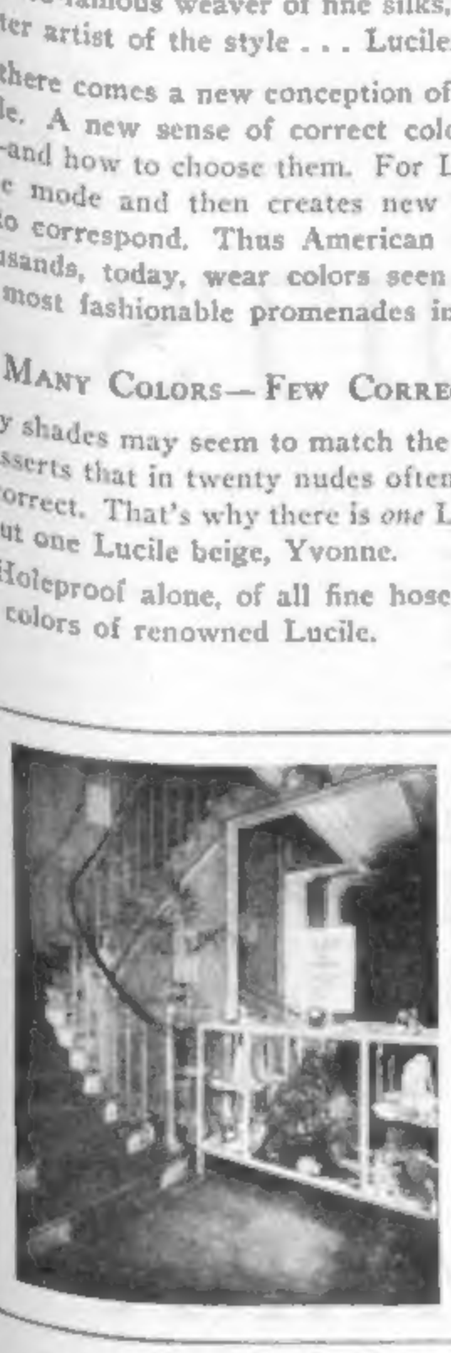

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THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

By Hal G. Evarts

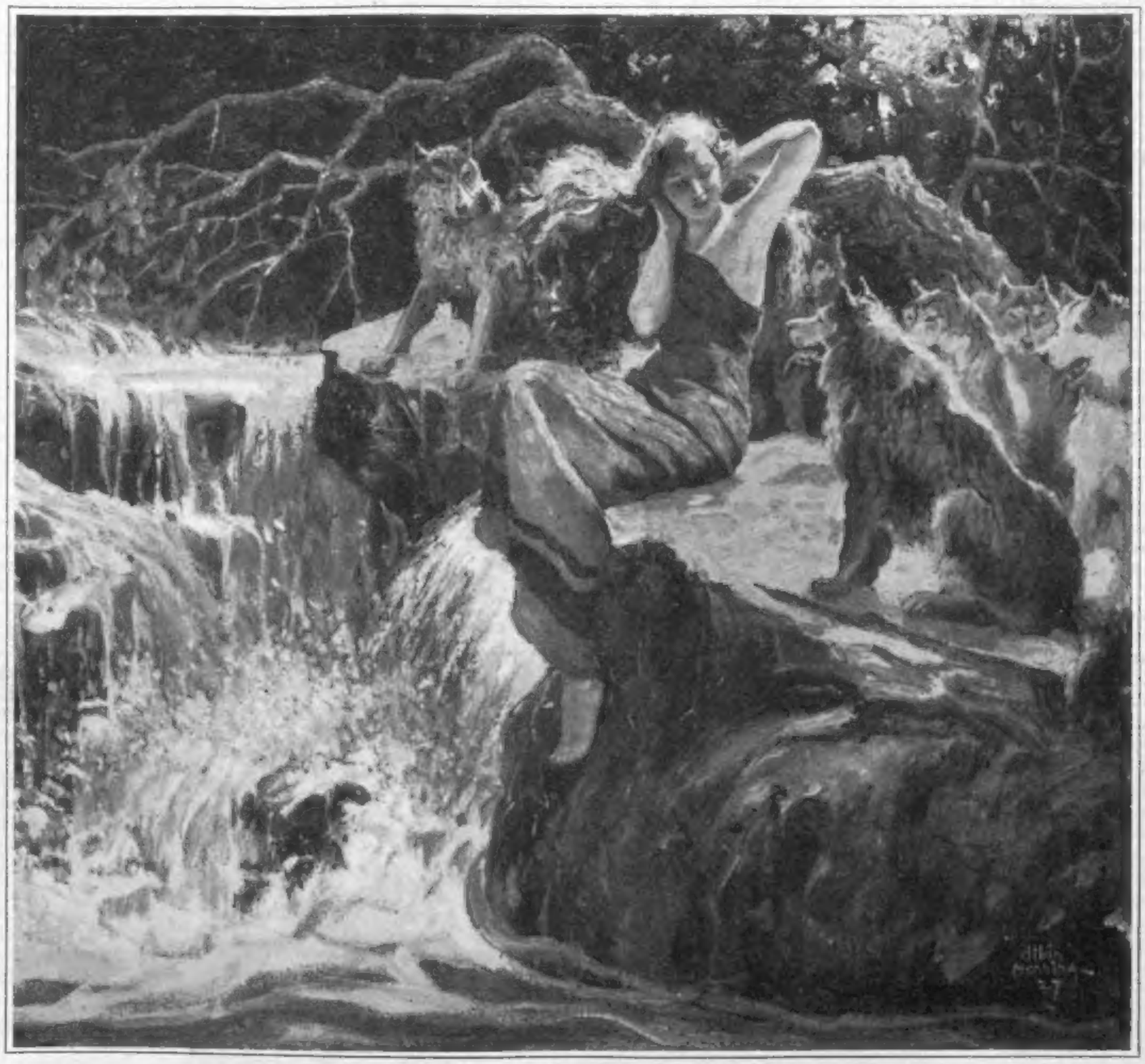
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

LAVERNE, following down behind the break-up of the ice, had covered the first half of his journey. The nearest railroad point lay a thousand miles behind, but there was yet a like distance to be traversed before he should attain his destination on the Arctic coast.

The route that he followed was the one main artery of fur-trade travel into the North. The travel consisted of but one trip annually, when the traders brought in a year's supplies to the scant dozen trading posts that were strung out at wide intervals between Track's End and the Arctic coast. Nevertheless, even with two-hundred-mile gaps between posts, this route constituted the one tentacle of civilization stretching forth into a half million square miles of wilderness.

Laverne's canoe was now a tiny speck in the broad sweep of the Mackenzie. He angled inshore and beached his craft on the point of a bar, from which there presently rose the smoke of his camp fire.

A canoe glided downstream and its occupant, an aged Indian, joined Laverne. "Me Anatak," he said by way of introduction. "Plenty hungry, me."



Presently She Emerged and Sat on the Rock, Spreading Her Hair Out to the Sun

"I've never yet laid eyes on a native that wasn't hungry," Laverne replied. "All right, Anatak; fall to." The Indian produced a bottle and tendered it to Laverne. It was a wide-mouthed affair plugged with a moldy cork. Within it reposed five tablets of birch bark upon which writing of some sort was discernible.

"What tell?" Anatak inquired.

Laverne applied the point of his knife to the cork, meanwhile inquiring of Anatak, "Where you find him?"

"Lee-ard," said Anatak, pointing to the westward. "Lee-ard."

Laverne knew that he had found it somewhere on the Liard River, a stream of generous proportions that flows into the Mackenzie from the westward, emptying into it a hundred miles or more north of the Great Slave Lake. The Liard and the scores of tributary streams that flow into it from the north and south drain a tremendous area of unknown country that stretches westward to the divide that separates the watersheds of the Yukon and Mackenzie, on the far slope of which repose the few settlements of Alaska and the Yukon. It was from off in there somewhere that the bottle came. The cork yielded to his knife and he extracted the slender tablets of birch bark. He expelled a soft, whistling breath of surprise as he noted that the first tablet bore a date of a dozen years before. He perused the message twice. Then the native, observing him, knew that the white man's thoughts had strayed far afield.

Now the North is a land of queer rumors, any of which may prove to be true, for there are vast areas that have never known the tread of a white man, and it is from these unknown regions that most of the strange tales emanate. Perhaps, in lieu of a better definition, one might term it a manifestation—that agency known to the white men as the Moccasin Telegraph, by which odd bits of news are flashed from one isolated native camp to another. It has defied both the scientific analysis and the metaphysical gropings of the whites, yet the fact remains that weird rumors, later proved to be founded upon at least a grain of truth, are circulated by some mysterious agency, springing up simultaneously in a dozen isolated native camps that are separated by vast distances. And those who have lived long in the North do not disregard the mutterings of the Moccasin Telegraph.

Years ago there had been persistent whispers to the effect that the ghost of a white woman shrieked of nights on the Kotcho. Only the past season the first party of whites had penetrated that region and had found a miserable hut of poles and mud in which were molded remnants of a woman's apparel. Laverne's thoughts flitted from one to another of a score of similar rumors that had been set in motion by the Moccasin Telegraph within the scope of his recollection; but his thoughts were recalled to the present by the native.

"What tell?" Anatak inquired again, indicating the message with a forefinger.

Laverne now committed an error that has been all too common in the history of the white man's relations with primitive peoples. He lied clumsily. Anatak was a simple

For Weeks He Forged Ahead Through the Gloom of the Arctic Night

soul and he would have believed any impossible yarn of the wonders of the world beyond his ken. But concerning matters that came within the realm of his own observation and experience he was not gullible.

"Two men," said Laverne, holding up a pair of fingers. "They trap. No find um plenty fur. Beaver, mink, marten, fox—she all gone. They go outside." And he pointed to the south to indicate the direction of their departure.

Anatak nodded without change of expression. Why, he wondered, would two men who were about to leave a region take the pains to launch a message to that effect, when they could report it in person long before there was any likelihood that the message would be found. White men did not do foolish things like that. So he put a catch question.

"How long tam ago?" he asked.

"Last year," said Laverne. "Before the snows came last."

Again Anatak nodded. He knew perfectly well that the drift pile in which he had found the bottle had been deposited there by the high water of eight years before. That had been a winter of heavy snows followed by an early spring with torrential rains that had swelled the streams to overflowing. No spring flood since had reached within several feet of the drifts that had been left stranded by the receding waters of that year. Since the white man lied so enormously, it seemed that the message might prove valuable. Besides, Anatak rather fancied the bottle as a handy container, so he held out his hand for its return. Laverne, however, declined to restore it, retaining it himself instead.

Anatak dropped off downstream. From the corner of his eye he saw the white man reach for his rifle and half lift it to his shoulder, then lower it again. The message, thought Anatak, must have contained information of great value thus to have tempted this man to take his life. No doubt the white man was aware that Anatak had no knowledge as to the contents of the message, else he would not have held his hand.

The incident so impressed Anatak that some weeks later, chancing to meet Villiers, a mysterious character known throughout the North as the Psychic Prospector, he related to him the details of the matter.

After the departure of the native, Laverne sat for long and stared into the dying embers of his camp fire. The most feasible way to explore the courses of the streams that flowed into the headwaters of the Liard from the south, he reflected, would be to work in from the coast of British Columbia and travel east across the divide by dog team in the winter, instead of working westward up the Liard from the Mackenzie. His plans, apparently so definite but a few hours before, were now suddenly altered. When he broke camp in the morning, instead of heading north into the Arctic, he turned back upon his course and traveled south.

Six months thereafter, and a thousand miles removed from the spot where his trail and Anatak's had crossed, Laverne was landed from a coastwise steamer upon the shores of Northern British Columbia. He traveled east by dog team, and far up the course of a creek that headed against the divide he built a cabin. For some years thereafter he headquartered first in one isolated spot and then another. It was said that he was gone for a year or more at a time and that he crossed eastward over the divide to the unknown regions between the crest of it and the great Mackenzie. He was a taciturn chap and volunteered small information to those who questioned him upon the few occasions when he came outside. Big gold strikes were made in Alaska and the Yukon. Swarms of prospectors stampeded from one spot to another when new strikes were rumored or reported. But Laverne continued along his customary lines. From the camps of the Cassiar in British Columbia to those of the Upper Yukon it was whispered that Laverne had no need of rushing off with other stampeders to every new strike that was reported. It was said that he alone knew the secrets of the interior on the east slope of the divide in the Liard country and that he was on the trail of the biggest gold strike of all history.

II

CLAY HARRINGTON, traveling on the ice of the Yukon, listened but inattentively to Van Dorn's rambling gossip of the mining camps.

He Came Out Suddenly Upon the Rims of a Depression, a Sort of Sink Hole, the Walls of Which Fell Sheer for Hundreds of Feet

Harrington had come with the first wave of adventurers that had been drawn to the North when Nome, Fairbanks, Forty Mile, the Klondike, Dawson—all those magic names—had been heralded to the world and linked with visions of fabulous wealth reaped overnight. And his coming had seemed natural enough. A blond giant with the strength and endurance of two men, he had simultaneously attained to his early thirties and the front rank of his profession, having earned a reputation which might well be envied by any mining engineer. But now men wondered somewhat. During his two years in the North he had not practiced his profession, except perhaps to give the benefit of his advice to those who sought it. He remained unexcited at whispers of new strikes that sent others of the gold-seeking fraternity on wild stampedes. He had become known the length of the Yukon as a confirmed drifter, a restless soul who could not be content to remain in any one spot for long. His name was linked with the few others that identified a small group of men who made long trips to that mysterious region east of the divide.

The twinkling lights of a trading post gleamed frostily and the two travelers cared for their dogs and entered the big log room in which a dozen men were gathered. Harrington drank moodily.

He left an impression with men as well as with the dance-hall girls of the camps, that he was conscious of what went on about him, but that some vital part of him was detached and viewing other scenes; that only the surface of his consciousness was engaged with present pursuits and immediate surroundings. Also he had a reputation for personal recklessness in the face of any emergency, an almost fatalistic disregard of danger.

Round every camp were some turbulent souls whose chief delight was in seeking strife and trouble. On one or two occasions Harrington had been prodded into action. Thereafter he was carefully passed up when those who posed as bad actors went on the warpath. He did not indulge in spending sprees to advertise affluence, which was of common occurrence among the miners, but he was known as a loose but quiet spender.

He sat in the poker game and played with that same air of detachment. The game was not large, and after an hour or more of indifferent success, Harrington won a series of stiff pots and broke the game, winning perhaps a thousand dollars. He sat there with his winnings piled carelessly before him, not troubling to count them. One player, Al Reese, sat there after the others had left the table. He passed his tongue across dry lips to moisten them preparatory to addressing Harrington.

"Listen, Clay; I don't like to ask you," he began, "but I'm flat—cleaned out. I was a fool to sit in." He explained that just before freeze-up he had struck likely color on a virgin creek, but the snow had shut off operations. He had come out with funds barely sufficient to purchase supplies with which to go back to his claim and winter through. "She's good, Clay, I do believe. Would you

lend me a hundred? Maybe I can worry through on that, by feeding mostly on meat."

Harrington shoved his entire winnings toward Reese.

"Grubstake, if you want it," he offered. "Or I'll lend you two or three hundred, if you'd rather."

Reese's face lighted up and he pocketed the entire sum. "We'll make it a grubstake," he said. "'Cause that dirt's rich, Clay. She's good. Half interest in all I strike is yours."

Harrington nodded.

"Want a paper to that effect?" Reese asked, and Harrington replied with a negative gesture of the head. He had grubstaked many a down-and-out prospector with equal informality. After all the others had retired he still stood there at the bar, taking an occasional drink.

"Where you an' old Van Dorn headed now, Clay?" the proprietor inquired. "You're both lone-handers, or have that name. Decided to partner it for a spell, you two?"

"Yes. Partners for a trip outside," Harrington said.

"Outside! But you're headed downriver," the man objected.

"We had a notion to leave the river at Circle and head for the diggings at Fairbanks, then mush out through Alaska and sail from Valdez," Harrington explained.

The urge to revisit the outside world and the life from which he had fled two years before was on him again, a compelling urge. The liquor served to augment rather than to dispel memories which he had sworn to forget. He took occasional short turns about the room, oblivious of the curious regard of the trader. When that worthy at last retired he placed a bottle and glass on the bar and Harrington was not even aware of his departure. He was still standing there when old Van Dorn, after some eight hours of refreshing slumber, rose and prepared to hit the trail.

The penetrating cold braced Harrington and swept the fog from his brain, without, however, dispelling the memories that occasioned his restlessness. Again he listened inattentively to Van Dorn's predictions that the biggest strike in all history would be made some day to the east of the watershed. While tens of thousands rushed to the new gold fields of Alaska and the Yukon, scouring every creek and penetrating every mountain fastness, the activity had been confined to the westward of the Yukon-Mackenzie divide. On the eastern side of the watershed, from which the water drained to the Arctic, lay the vast mysterious interior, still guarding its secrets, still uninvaded even by this hardy swarm of adventurers; thousands of square miles that had never been scarred by a prospector's pick, thousands of miles of stream on whose courses never a pint of gravel had been sampled in a gold pan. Van Dorn, too, was one of the hardy few who had braved those regions. But Harrington had heard all that before.

There was that tale, known the length of the Yukon, of the bearded stranger, presumably the same in each instance, that on each of three successive years had turned up at different small trading posts on the Yukon slope, driving a team of splendid Mackenzie huskies. In each instance he had purchased a sled-load of supplies, paid for the same from a sack of coarse gold and left the latter in care of the trader. A new strike! In each instance stampeders made ready to follow when the stranger should return for his gold—and as invariably he had departed without it, leaving it behind as so much worthless sand. Those adventurous souls who had taken his trail reported that it had headed straight out over the divide and on into the heart of the unknown interior where, on each occasion, it had been blotted out by a heavy fall of new snow. And there was Villiers, the Psychic Prospector, whom Harrington knew and admired, but whose name was almost a myth on the Yukon slope. There was Laverne, whose operations were farther to the south, and who crossed over to the headwaters of the Liard. And there were other tales. Harrington had heard them all.

Gold seekers in the mass are a temperamental lot, prone to stampede at the merest whisper of a strike. With years of prophecy of the big strike to come, rumors supplemented by more than one instance of tangible proof, it would seem odd that not a single stampede to the east of the divide had occurred in all these years. Inaccessibility was the answer—the difficulty of transportation of supplies. One who would brave that country must start with two years' supplies, travel eastward from the Yukon one winter, prospect during the brief summer months and return another year.

"Oh, yes, it's likely over there all right—barrels of it," Harrington assented indifferently in answer to Van Dorn. "But it's a tough proposition to get at it."

Presently Clay's thoughts returned to center upon the old prospector's discourse.

"Then I began to hear it," Van Dorn was saying. "Faintlike, it was at first, but I knowed it for the sound of falling water. I headed toward it and it didn't grow much louder that day or the next, increasing a mite in volume, but still seeming a long ways ahead. Another two days and it was a steady vibration pounding on my ears—a low roar, sort of. It pervaded the whole landscape, but still I hadn't caught up with it. I started to grow downright spooky and to speculate aplenty. Maybe my mind was slipping and starting me off chasing some phantom waterfalls that was only a roaring in my ears. Recollect, now, that I hadn't seen a human face or heard the sound of a human voice, hadn't even laid eyes on a moccasin track for close onto two years' time. Men do go queer, living too much alone. 'Van Dorn,' says I, 'your turn has come. You're imagining things. You've missed one too many boats. You'd better mush outside where folks is plentiful or you'll be baying at the moon.' Then I run onto something that convinced me I was crazier than a cricket. A stark, raving panic clutched me and I turned and ran. I tried to outdistance the sound of that phantom falls, but it was always with me. Then there come a time when I couldn't hear it any longer, but for two weeks I kept straining my ears, expecting it to come back on me. But it never did. Of course, I know now that it was a whale of a waterfall back in there somewheres—not just the sound of my mind crumbling into bits, like I suspected at the time. Some day, son, I'm going back and locate it."

Harrington had planned to leave the Yukon at Circle with Van Dorn and mush out to the coast to sail for the outside, but he suddenly altered his plans. By traveling up the Porcupine, crossing the divide and descending the far slope he would strike McPherson, located some five hundred miles east of Point Barrow. McPherson was the most northerly of the dozen interior posts that were stretched out at wide intervals over the two-thousand-mile course from Track's End to the Arctic Coast. Then, by traveling throughout the rest of the winter, he would reach the northern fringe of settlements in the provinces before the break-up of the ice.

Bidding Van Dorn farewell, he held on down the Yukon to the confluence with the Porcupine, exactly on the Arctic Circle, and turned his dogs up that stream. For weeks he forged ahead through the gloom of the Arctic night. All sense of time—at least in relation to calendar days or months—was left behind, his only reckoning consisting of so many days on the trail. The way seemed as endless as the perpetual twilight and the shifting snow. Such phenomena as running water, green growing things and the light of the summer sun seemed vague mental images of some previous state of existence that would never come again. There was

(Continued on Page 112)

His Chief Emotion Was One of Profound Surprise at the Incredible Beauty of Her, Coupled With the Feeling That He Was Not Gazing Upon Mere Physical Perfection But That the Woman Before Him Was Possessed of Some Quality Which He Was Unable to Define

AND THEN I JUMPED

By Charles A. Lindbergh

Colonel Lindbergh Shaking Hands With Charles L. Lawrence, President of the Wright Aeronautic Corporation, Just Before Starting on His Transatlantic Flight

FOUR times I have had to jump from an airplane to save my life. There is nothing unusual about this record; parachute jumps, premeditated and emergency, from airplanes have been a commonplace for four years or more, and the modern parachute, such as the army type, perfected by Major E. L. Hoffman, has not failed in a single instance.

The point is that if most of the fifty-four members of the Caterpillar Club, as the emergency jumpers are known, had been born a few years earlier, say in time to have served in the war, their first jump would have been their last. I would have been killed, for instance, at San Antonio, Texas, on March 5, 1925.

Until after the war airplanes were ships without lifeboats; if they went down, there rarely were any survivors. Not all air casualties can be prevented by resort to parachutes, but most of the many hundreds of lives lost in training and combat flying in the service during the war, and in the air generally in recent years, could have been saved by this simple apparatus calling for less ingenuity than the least fundamental of the airplane itself.

What flyers find strange is that so obvious a device, the principle of which must have been known for centuries and which was demonstrated practically as long ago as 1783 and used thousands of times before the Wright brothers ever got off the ground, should have been so long in being adapted to the airplane. Given an altitude of 200 feet or more, pilot and passengers can jump their way out of almost any difficulty over land. Two Frenchmen, Lenormand and Garnerin, had jumped repeatedly by parachute from gas and fire balloons before 1800. About 1880 Capt. Thomas Baldwin started an epidemic of parachute drops from gas balloons in this country, until the stunt became a stock attraction at fairs, carnivals and Fourth of July celebrations. The aeronaut sat on a horizontal bar suspended from the balloon upward bound and from the 'chute on the downward trip, and was accustomed to perform gymnastically on the bar while in the air. The 'chutes were not too scientifically built and failures were frequent enough to retain crowd interest until the appearance of the airplane.

Via Parachute

THE first jump from an airplane by parachute was made in 1912. I had leaped overboard with a parachute eleven times as a stunt attraction and landed unhurt before I made my first emergency drop, having done some two years of gypsy and exhibition flying both as a pilot and a performer before I got my army air training.

Yet until recently no thoroughly dependable parachute was to be had and 'chutes never were carried as standard equipment by flyers, government or civilian. The German air force first introduced them in the war early in 1918 and a frantic appeal came from the air service of the A. E. F., where invaluable lives were being sacrificed daily for the lack of such equipment. The Government began experiments at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, but nothing had been accomplished when the war ended.

Shortly after the Armistice Major E. L. Hoffman of the Army Air Corps was assigned to the task of devising an adequate parachute, and went to work at Dayton. He first gathered samples of all the known types in use here and abroad. He set himself the theoretical problem of designing an apparatus that would resist a weight of 200 pounds falling at a velocity of 350 miles an hour—the maximum speed at which a plane might be presumed to dive out of control—that would be light and compact enough not to interfere with the wearer's freedom of movement, and that would not tangle or foul in any contingency, and he succeeded magnificently. In recognition he was awarded this year the Collier Trophy, given annually for the most important contribution to aeronautics.

Under Control

THESE parachutes, which have been compulsory equipment in the Army since 1924, cost $350 each, being made of the finest grade of raw silk. Silk is used for its superior strength, elasticity, resistance to fire, and its low weight and bulk; and the lowly caterpillar, being the author of silk, is the patron of those who have saved their lives by jumping. The harness carries under the thighs and about the chest. The 'chute is packed so that the wearer sits upon it as a cushion when in a plane. It is necessary only to pull the rip cord as soon as the user has cleared the plane. The rip cord releases a small pilot parachute with four metal ribs, similar to an umbrella. The pilot drags the parachute from its case and the gravitational fall of the wearer opens the parachute. In Major Hoffman's type there is a vent at the apex of the parachute which releases enough air to ease the initial strain on the rigging and to minimize the oscillation. The fabric being silk and highly tensile, the vent expands under pressure and contracts as the rate of fall is eased.

In whatever position the aviator first falls—even though he dives headfirst—he is pulled up into a sitting position when the parachute functions, and is carried much as in a swing. The impact on coming to earth is about that of a jump from a height of ten feet, and the jumper has some control over his landing. By pulling on the shroud lines to one side he can cause the 'chute to slip to the opposite side and thus avoid landing in a stream, tree top, wires, brier patches and such unpleasant termini. A landing flare can be carried for use with the parachute by night, and it is well for the jumper to carry a flash light as well.

Men have fallen to their death while wearing this parachute on their back, but in every instance the inquest has shown that the rip cord had not been pulled. Several explanations are possible. The wearer may have been struck and stunned by the giving away of some part of his machine at the outset, or he may have stuck with his ship in an attempt to bring it back under control until he was too near the earth to save himself. On my

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

At Cherbourg on His Way Home

second emergency jump I did not give up hope of righting the ship, and I did not go overboard until I was within 300 feet of the earth.

The parachutes are unpacked, examined and refolded once a month, and once every six months they are retested by being dropped with a weight from a plane. Originally a time fuse set for the requisite velocity of 350 miles an hour was used in these tests, but this was found to be cumbersome and it was discovered that the same results could be obtained by doubling the weight to 400 pounds and dropping it from a ship traveling at the ordinary speed of 120 miles an hour.

When I was training for my Army wings at San Antonio the national balloon races were held there, and the Army gave an aerial show as part of it. I remember that a civilian stunt man proposed to ascend to a great altitude in an Army plane and jump, descending by seven parachutes in progression. The multiple parachute was of his own design and the Air Corps authorities refused to permit him to use an Army plane unless he carried in reserve one of the Army's regulation 'chutes. He jumped as planned; the first 'chute functioned properly, but when he cast loose from it the second fouled and he was dropping to his death in a tangle of the six remaining parachutes when he pulled the rip cord of the unwelcome air-corps 'chute and drifted easily and safely down.

I was pretty much at home in the air before I applied on September 1, 1923, for an appointment to the Army flying school, but I knew that I had much to learn and that San Antonio was the place to learn it. I was largely self-taught and my experience had been confined virtually to the slow, clumsy old JNS type of bus. The Army always has had more applicants for this training than it could use, and some influence usually was necessary to reach the first barrier. Out of friendship for my father, Gov. J. A. O. Preuss, of Minnesota, wrote a letter that was instrumental in bringing me an order to report at Brooks Field, San Antonio, on March 15, 1924.

From the Ground Up

THE fact that I already had had many hours in the air probably had some weight, and I had to qualify in youth and physical condition.

I flew my old "Jennie," as the JNS type is not too affectionately known, down to Texas by easy stages and landed on Brooks Field. The commandant took one look at Jennie and her hay-wire patches and ordered her off the field.

The ship was stored in a hangar at Stinson Field, a civilian ground near by, and I was forbidden to associate with her.

There were 132 in our class—officers detailed from other arms of the service, cadets seeking commissions in the Air Corps Reserve, and two colonels of the Peruvian Army. The course is divided into two six months' periods: the first, primary instruction at Brooks Field; the second, advanced schooling at Kelly Field. There were only sixty-six survivors, a loss of just 50 per cent, when we graduated from Brooks Field on September 2, 1924, and went to Kelly, and when we got our wings there on March 14, 1925, there were only thirty-three left—another halving—and of the thirty-three only eight were chosen for combat work in fast pursuit planes. I had the good fortune to be one of the eight. The others were Captain Ross G. Hoyt, now in the office of the Chief of the Air Service; Lieut. Robert W. Douglass, stationed in Panama, but now on special duty in the same office; Lieut. C. D. McAllister, stationed in Hawaii; Lieut. George F. Shulgen, on duty in the Philippines; Cadet Phil Love, with whom I have been serving in the St. Louis-Chicago Air Mail; Cadet James H. Collins, now on active duty at Selfridge Field; and Cadet Eugene Stevens, who was dusting the boll weevil with cyanide in Georgia the last I heard.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS

Colonel Lindbergh Coming Up Broadway on His Triumphal Parade. Above—With His Classmates in a Midwestern Military School Which He Attended as a Boy. At Left—Stooping to Kiss the Hand of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY ACME NEWSPICTURES

In His Monoplane Before Taking Off

Previous experience in the air is no handicap, but I had to start at scratch at San Antonio. Sergeant Winston was my instructor, and he took me up in a dual-control Jennie. My own Jennie was motored with an old OX 90-horse-power engine, while this Army primary training Jennie had a 150-horse-power Hispano-Suiza motor, and sixty additional horse power makes a lot of difference. When the sergeant was satisfied that I had the feel of the ship, he let me solo, but we were held down to level flying at an altitude of about 1000 feet for the first few hours. Not every student has the sense of equilibrium to keep an even keel in the air at the first attempt. Landing practice came next, and here the first students began to fall by the wayside. Landing is the touchiest part of flying and some men never can learn where the ground is; they try to land fifty feet above it or fifty feet below it, either error of calculation being hazardous. When the instructor is satisfied that his pupil can stagger around the field he turns the ship over to him but keeps the student at a long round of taking off, circling the field and landing for the next few hours.

The A B C of Stunts

STEEP banks, glides and such fundamentals of air work come next and are followed by air acrobatics. The layman looking up at a stunting flyer may think him a fool and a show-off, but it is in acrobatics that the student really learns how to handle his plane. Until he is perfectly at home in any eccentric position into which his plane may fall, he hasn't learned his A B C's. I had fifty-eight hours and thirty minutes of this primary air work over a period of three months. All flying is done in the morning, the class spending the afternoons at motor, ignition, carburetion, navigation, rigging and machine-gun instruction in ground school. The classroom work was easy for me and I made a grade of ninety-three, thanks to my experience and native interest in motors. The second three months' period at Brooks Field opened with short cross-country hops of forty to fifty miles as tests of navigation and of landing on strange fields. The instructor flew ahead and waited at the agreed landing to check the students in. We used TW-3's in these hops and graduated from Jennies for the first time. I had fifty-five minutes of transition flying in changing from the JNS to the TW-3, and six hours and twenty minutes of cross-country practice.

(Continued on Page 59)

OH, MOTHER!

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

We Ate Quite a Great Deal, Though Neither of Us Was Really Very Hungry

THE principal reason I am writing this is because I feel it may be a help to other girls. I mean, it just might give them an idea; and sometimes an idea helps you a lot. Because, of course, I'm not the only girl that has had trouble with her parents. You only have to look around you! And sometimes the best of them are the most troublesome, I've noticed. Which sounds funny, but you see what I mean.

Of course mother is a darling, though not such a darling as father, who is really too sweet for words sometimes. Honestly, when I look at some girls' fathers, I wonder how they can stand it. I suppose they mean all right, but they're too dumb for words, really. One minute they're all up in the air over nothing at all and the next minute they'll stand for anything, you might say, if you know how to work them. It's funny. Heinie says I'm all off on that, and that father is really too easy on me, though simply beyond words when it comes to him. But, of course, all brothers are alike; he'll never admit, if he lives to be thirty or forty, that mother has always been a bit slushy where he's concerned. You can't get him to see it. Everybody else does, of course, and that's what makes it so dumb of him not to admit it, but he's very obstinate—like all men, I suppose.

Not that Heinie's a man by any means—I should say not! I wish he was; I might get something out of it in that case; but as it is, he's a total loss, really. And that's one thing that's so maddening, he gets it going and coming, as far as mother is concerned. When he's a little more impossible than usual, for instance, so that even she has to admit it, she says in that patient, broad-minded way that makes you want to swear—and you'd think father would, but he doesn't—"I know, Harry, it is ridiculous; but after all, he's hardly more than a child, dear. You know Henry's not seventeen yet!"

And father sort of swallows and raises his eyebrows, and says, "I suppose there's something in that, sweetie. But he does look so darn big!"

Then again, when Heinie gets one of those high-hat fits that make you want to kick him where it will do the most good, such as buying all his own things where he thinks best, without even consulting a soul—and really, if you could have seen that purplish suit he sneaked out and ordered—it was practically mauve and I was simply too humiliated just to have to live in the same town with him!—or when he says, in that silly, lordly way:

"I have an idea it would be darn good business for me to buy a share in that used runabout I've heard of," then what does mother say—I ask you? Of course, it's perfectly plain what she should say—you don't have to lie awake nights to think that up! But does she? Not much!

"I know, Harry, it is ridiculous; but after all, he's growing up fast, dear. You know Henry's nearly seventeen!"

And father swallows just the same way and puts up one eyebrow higher than the other, and says, "I suppose there is something in that, sweetie. But he does seem so darn young!"

They don't see how childish it is to take such an attitude or how bad it's going to be for Heinie in the end. What is he going to do when he's married? Not that any girl in her senses could possibly ever marry Heinie, but some girls are so boy crazy they'd marry anything rather than nothing; and that's the very type of girl that would rave about his eyes and the way his hair grows down in a point in the front, like a movie actor's. But there's a lot more to marriage than that, as they will find out some day. And are they going to spoil him the way mother does? Not much, they won't!

I pointed this out to her once, and she said, in that dry, businesslike way she can talk when she wants to, "I wouldn't worry about it, Lizbeth. What's troubling you at present is that Heinie's rather young, that's all. It's not exactly a fault, more a misfortune. He'll outgrow it, most likely!"

Of course, I admit all that, but it's the principle of the thing, that's all. Anybody knows what I mean. Not that I have much of a kick coming when I look around at some of the mothers I know. Honestly, some women are the limit! You wouldn't believe how dumb they are. It's just because mother is such a clever woman in a lot of ways, that it's too bad she should fall down where she does, that's all. And you would think that staying home as much as she does, she'd be glad to get ideas once in a while from people who went out more. I mean, young people keep up with things more—they have to—and naturally they know what's going on. If I were a girl's mother I'd be glad to be told about things like that. Wouldn't you?

I mentioned that to Heinie once and he gave a nasty little laugh and said, "You expect to change quite a lot, don't you, Bett?"

He's about the most sarcastic boy I know. They all try it on, but Heinie more than most.

Now I have nothing whatever against Ellie Lou. She's a wonderful cook, of course, and I know she's been with us forever and ever, and probably she did spank me when I was two—though I must say it's an odd way to expect to make you like a person, to tell you that about them!—but all the same, I do think and I always shall think, that now I've grown up—because, really, eighteen for a girl is practically twenty-one for a boy—and certainly might be expected to give luncheons, if I'm ever going to, I do feel that there ought to be somebody else but Ellie Lou to wait on the table. It isn't as if we hadn't two maids—we have. But why can't they be like other people's maids? I realize perfectly that Miralda is old and skinny and funny, generally, and would look probably even more ghastly than Ellie Lou, roaming around the table, but why in heaven's name have her at all? It isn't as if she was the only darky in the world; because she isn't. And I do not feel that mother's argument simply settles it—as she evidently does—and I do feel that here is a case where a younger woman may be right as well as an older one.

"My dear Lizbeth," she says, "some day when you have kept two perfect servants eighteen years you may feel it is wise to let them go because one is thin and timid and the other is fat and talkative—but I doubt it. Miralda simply couldn't wait on the table—she'd die of fright. And Ellie Lou wouldn't stay here a month without her. And if Ellie Lou is willing to wait on the table ——"

"Oh, mother! Willing! That's not the idea! She's too willing. She's perfectly awful. She's as big as a barn—she shakes—she simply shakes. And no apron fits her. I should think people would be too embarrassed, trying not to laugh at her."

"How many people have you noticed suffering that way?" asks mother.

Well, of course, they don't get much time to notice her, because as soon as they begin to gobble up the things she cooks, they start raving over them and complimenting mother, and then mother says:

"Don't give me any credit—you have Ellie Lou to thank! I'm not much of a cook myself."

And Ellie Lou giggles and guggles that silly way darkies do, and says, "Go way, now, Mis' Mather, you-all knows more'n you 'lows for! I was kin' o' faultin' those yer dumplin's, I was. I'm s'prised at the ladies' passin' them!"

And the way she'll break right in and talk, if she feels like it and likes the guests—really, it's rather disgusting, I think. I've about decided I won't sit at the table

any more when there's company—honestly, I have. Why, I give you my word, she actually said to me once—sort of whispering, but anyone could hear her—"You'll jes' please ter go light on that lemon meringue the secon' time, missy. Henry's lookin' in after lunch!"

Now, what do you think of that? And instead of being frightfully embarrassed, mother only laughed! And it isn't only because it's me either. I'm very unprejudiced, if I do say it myself, and whatever faults Heinie may have, after all, he is the son of the house, as they say, and you can't tell me it's dignified or proper to have a great, fat, ignorant darky go right into his room when he's dressing—dressing, mind you!—and pull the shirt off his back, and slap his hands and bellow:

"Now you heah to me, Henry Mather; you quit that! If your father kin wear his shirt two days an' change the collar—an' him a lawyer—I'm boun' ter teach you you kin do the same! Three a week and one on Sunday, less'n you-all been dancin', is what you gits—you min' what I say? Out o' that bureau drawer till termorrer!"

Now I ask you! And Heinie practically a young man! And he was dressing! Why, he might have had little or nothing on, for all she knew.

I gave her a good piece of my mind that day, and I didn't care if she gave notice and left—I was prepared to have her. But did she? Absolutely not. And she had every excuse to, I don't mind telling you, after what I said to her. You'd have thought she'd blushed, only I don't believe darkies can blush, as a matter of fact. Now I think of it, that's why they're so indecent, I suppose.

"Bless your heart, missy," she said, giggling at me—actually giggling—"'tain't the fus' time I seen Henry without'n his clo's on. I give him more baths 'n he was willin' to give hisself, not so many years ago! He wasn't borryin' your pink soap so much those days!"

Disgusting. But what can you do? However, I didn't start out to write about servants. I can't help thinking, now that everything turned out so well, after all—and why did it? Ah, that's the point!—I can't help thinking that a lot of girls might learn something from the way I handled the situation. Plenty of girls wouldn't have. I mean they wouldn't have had the nerve to stick it out and use tact and not just dash off and say they couldn't bear it. For, of course, it isn't the big things girls mind; it's the small ones—if you call them small. That's just it: Are they? You probably haven't thought about it, but I have, because I think a great deal about things and analyze them, more than most girls, perhaps. I don't say I'm cleverer than most girls. That would be silly, of course. Lots of girls are cleverer than me. Although, as a matter of fact, I'm really not at all stupid. But the last English paper I handed in, besides getting an A—and Miss Perry is frightfully critical and marks, really, very low. Everybody admits that—said, "Very good piece of analysis, on the whole." That's what I mean.

The Reason I am Writing This is Because I Feel it May be a Help to Other Girls

Take our house, for instance: that house is divided up all wrong. It was all right when we were children, because, of course, we were outdoors most of the time; but now that I have my friends and Heinie has his, it's perfectly plain that the office ought to be made into a library—or you can call it a den, if you like—and the books moved in there; and then it would make sort of a place to go if Heinie was banging on the piano, for instance. Wouldn't you say that if there were only four rooms on the ground floor, and one was the kitchen and one was the dining room and one was the sitting room, that the other ought to be the library? Of course you would. Well, it isn't. All the books are in the sitting room, and the piano, too, and that funny old secretary—it's crowded. And what is the use of the office anyway? Hasn't father got his office, like anybody else, on McNair Street? And a big one too. What is the sense of a room with hideous old maps of the town that aren't true any more, and Martha Washington's Reception, and a terrible stuffed fish that father didn't even catch, and the plans for the church, that wasn't built from them? And a funny, wabbly old desk and about a million old magazines that ought to have been given to the Salvation Army long ago, and two veranda chairs and a wooden table like a trestle that architects draw plans on, and a sofa that's so hummocky that you have to know which part of you to put where, or you'll look very strange. I give you my word, that's all that's in that room! Why, father hardly ever reads in there—he reads in the sitting room. I call that room a waste—a perfect waste. And Heinie agrees with me, only he says the piano should go in there and then he would buy a secondhand marimba xylophone and put in a radio. Of course that's idiotic. But anyway, it's the office, and the office it must be, though all father does in it three or four evenings a week is to take a nap there! And then people look in and talk things over with him sometimes.

Al Toomey, the fish man, came in a few nights ago to see him about something, and father said, "Just come in here into the office, Al," and Al said:

"Gee, Mr. Mather, I'll bet you're the only man in this town has got a room of his own!"

And father said, "It is pretty nice, isn't it, Al?"

Mother gave me a look. "You see what he thinks, Lizbeth," she said.

Gosh, I shouldn't think it mattered much what Al Toomey thought, would you? I just said, "Oh, mother!" Now just suppose we'd had a nice library that night

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"I Hope My Little Girl Made You Comfortable, Mr. Solario?" My Little Girl! Honestly, Can You Beat It?

AN HONEST MAN'S BUSINESS

Dan Young's Face at That Moment Was Itself a Picture. He Was Staring at the Pair With Paralyzed Amazement. "Sixteen Hundred!" He Faltered

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE sky was a leaden gray, heavy, lowering and threatening rain. The sea, stretching to the horizon, was gray—dreary, empty and forbidding. The long rows of breakers, pounding in beyond the flat desolate quarter mile of salt meadow at the foot of the bluff where the old house stood, were white, but not a cheerful, gleaming white; theirs was a dull, cold whiteness, and their continuous boom and thud and splash as mournful as a dirge. The rambling, gray-shingled house, its rooftree sagging like a broken back and its curtainless windows dead and black and vacant, crouched amid its weed stalks and naked beach plum and bayberry bushes like a forlorn and shabby old woman who had tramped thus far and had then given up in despair and sunk down in a heap.

Ethel Hedge, standing upon the grooved segment of granite which, eighty years before, had been carted from the abandoned windmill on Eldridge's Hill to do duty as a doorstep, gazed sadly out upon all this desolation, the chill, damp March gusts whipping her skirt about her knees and blowing her hair across her face. Her spirits were in complete accord with her surroundings. This, then, was her inheritance. This was the "property, land, dwelling house, outbuildings, and so on, and so on, in the township of North Wellmouth, in the State of Massachusetts," which her Aunt Martha had bequeathed to her. This tumbledown ruin, a long mile from the village, on the edge of nowhere and overlooking the rest of it, was—it did not seem possible—the spot where she had spent so many happy summers when she was a little girl. She remembered it as a sort of Eden, where grandfather waited at the gate to swing her down from the high seat of the depot wagon. Where grandma stood beaming welcome in the doorway. Where she and her mother had ——

Ah, well! That had ended years before. Now she was alone in the world, the last of the family, and owner of what was left of its worldly possessions. Aunt Martha, her mother's older sister, who moved to California in 1910, had died the previous fall and had made her niece her sole heir. The legacy was not large. A little money—very little—a few shares of railway stock, and the old homestead in North Wellmouth.

Ethel had been teaching school in a Midwestern city. In December she was taken ill with typhoid fever. There were weeks and weeks of illness, then more of slow convalescence—and always of expense. The doctor had forbidden her going back to teaching for a year at least. He had ordered her to go away somewhere, "to some quiet place in the country," for rest. And, because of her happy memories of those early days and because she had been longing to see again the property which was now hers, she had come to Wellmouth, engaged a small room at the Center House near the post office, and was resting there. It is easy to rest in Wellmouth during the winter months; much easier and far less conspicuous than to do anything else.

Her first excursion, after her arrival, was to North Wellmouth and the old Hedge place. On that occasion she had gone alone. It took her a week to recover from the shock and to muster courage to go there again, but then she did, and once more alone. This was her third visit and this time Mr. Horatio Pulcifer accompanied her; she had ridden down from the Center with him in his flivver. He was standing beside her on the granite step, smoking a My Honey cigar—a cigar suited to out-of-doors and a high wind. And now he spoke.

"Well," he inquired, with a chuckle, "what do you think of it?"

She turned toward him. Mr. Pulcifer was the one bright spot in the landscape. His suit was a full-page advertisement of the Rising Sun Ready-Tailored Outfitting Company, a corporation for which he was the local agent. His brown derby hat, a trifle faded, was canted toward his port eyebrow. His watch chain—he also represented the Diamond City Watch and Jewelry Distributors: "Why wait for your engagement ring, when we deliver it to you on a 5 per cent deposit?"—was draped massively across the correspondingly massive façade of his waistcoat. His tie was new and pink. His face was not new; in fact it was beginning to show signs of the wear of middle age, but it was round and red and, just now, broadened by a sardonic grin. He puckered it to blow a cloud of smoke down wind, and then repeated his inquiry.

"Well, what do you think of it? How's she look to you now? Same as money in the bank; eh?"

Ethel Hedge sighed. "Perfectly hopeless," she declared, with a shake of the head. "Absolutely and completely hopeless. I am certain no one will ever buy it and I'm sure I don't see why they should."

Horatio Pulcifer—all Wellmouth addressed him as "Raish"—waved the hand holding the cigar.

"You can't never tell," he proclaimed. "Somebody might—some day. It's a good piece of land; fine view and all that. There ain't much shore front left and shore front's what the summer folks do buy—when they're buyin'. It's just as good as that strip yonder," with a wave toward the other side of the rail fence at his left. "A New York feller bought that two years ago. Paid a fancy price for it too. He was cal'latin' to build a fine estate—one of them his kind calls a cottage—but he's changed his mind, I presume likely."

Ethel gazed at the land beyond the fence. Its five acres or more was bush and weed grown and, on that dreary afternoon, looked quite as forlorn and forbidding as her own.

"So he bought that," she murmured. "Really bought and paid for it? Who was he? Did you sell it to him, Mr. Pulcifer? Oh, don't you suppose he might buy this?"

Raish grunted. "Not so's you'd notice it," he replied. "Yes, sure I sold it to him. I generally do the heft of what

real-estate business there is done in this part of the county. Though"—with a dubious sniff—"it's got so these days that an honest man can't scarcely do business enough to make a decent livin'. Yes, ma'am, I handled that trade. He's a New York banker or stockbroker or somethin'. His folks come from round here same as yours done, Miss Hedge. When he was a boy he was Job Forbes, but nowadays he's J. Beals Forbes. Job ain't a name that fits in with a million of money, I shouldn't wonder. He-he!"

"But don't you think he—this Mr. Forbes—might care to own this land? It is next door to his and perhaps ——"

Mr. Pulcifer interrupted. "Nothin' creepin'," he said, with emphasis. "I wrote him about it more'n a year ago, when it belonged to your aunt out West there. . . . No, no, she didn't tell me to; I just done it on spec—took a chance, as you might say. Didn't get no encouragement. He wrote short and sharp enough. Said he didn't know's he'd ever build on the land he had and he surely didn't hanker for any more. No, J. Beals Forbes, Esquire, is a dead coot, fur's buyin' this property's concerned."

The young woman turned to look once more at the gray saddle-backed house, the rickety fences, the weeds and the cold, lonely sea.

"What shall I do with it?" she groaned desperately. "If it stays as it is it will simply grow worse and worse every year, every day. If somebody would only live in it. . . . Don't people ever rent houses here, Mr. Pulcifer? In the summertime, I mean?"

The Pulcifer grin was broader than ever. "They rent houses—yes," he admitted. "And I do the rentin' for the owners. But they have to be houses, not sieves. If this rattletrap here was a house, why—bein' right up here on the bluff so—I don't doubt I could rent it—for July and August anyhow. But who wants to rent a—a lobster pot? Look at them holes in that roof."

"But they could be mended. And perhaps the whole house could be repaired and—and made to look almost attractive. It used to be such a pretty place. As I remember it, it was charming. So quaint and dear!"

"Humph! Dear's the word. 'Twould be dear at fifty cents a month now. Mended!" disgustedly. "Why, the whole darn place would have to be made over."

"Not all of it. Inside it is not bad at all, except where it leaks. With new shingles and a new roof and paint, why —— What do you think it would cost to make it—well, rentable or, perhaps, salable, Mr. Pulcifer?"

"Cost! Cost over a thousand dollars, certain."

"Well, well, perhaps I might spare as much as that, or even a little more, if you thought you could rent it regularly, or sell it, then. Do you think you could?"

Raish was rubbing his chin. He was regarding his companion with a new and speculative interest. She had a thousand dollars to spend, possibly more. Mr. Pulcifer had not the least objection to the spending of a thousand dollars—by someone else. There was always the chance that a drop or two might fall in his own bucket. He tossed away the stump of his cigar and relapsed into meditation. She regarded him anxiously.

"Do you think my spending so much in that way would be throwing good money after bad?" she asked. "I can't afford to do that."

Raish jammed his hands into the pockets of his trousers. "You've got the thousand?" he asked keenly. "In cash, where you can get aholt of it, I mean?"

"Yes. But ——"

"Wait a minute. . . . Humph! Well, I tell you, this does give me a kind of new idea. I've got to think it over, of course, but —— Sho! You leave it to me. I shouldn't wonder if I see a little mite of light in the darkness, sailor, as the hymn tune says. I—shouldn't—wonder."

"But, Mr. Pulcifer ——"

Mr. Pulcifer patted her shoulder. "You leave it to me, I tell you," he repeated. "I used to know your folks fust rate and if they was alive they'd tell you so. You leave it to me, Ethel. Eh? That's the girl!"

The Pulcifer office occupied a building of its own on Main Street, near the corner of the Depot Road. It was not a large building—about the size of a comfortable henhouse—and before Horatio took it over as part payment of a debt, it had been Gabe Peters' barber shop. Its exterior was pretty well covered by signs—signs advertising the Rising Sun Ready-Tailored Outfitting Company, the Diamond City Watch and Jewelry Distributors, and two insurance companies for which Mr. Pulcifer was the local agent. The largest sign of all displayed the words: "Real Estate. Houses for Sale or to Rent," and the smallest: "Money to Loan on Good Security." The word "Good" was not in capitals. It should have been.

The proprietor and manager of this eddy of enterprise, after leaving his passenger at the Center House, steered his flivver along Main Street, his sandy brows drawn together and his Napoleonic mind wrestling with its new idea. It was not until he piloted the little car to the curb before the sign-plastered office that he became aware of the young man who was standing on the step of that office, apparently waiting for him. Horatio recognized the stocky, broad-shouldered fellow as Dan Young, Wellmouth's contractor and builder.

"Oh!" he grunted, alighting from the flivver. "It's you, eh?"

Young admitted his identity. "I told you I'd be here at three o'clock, Raish. Guess you forgot, didn't you?"

Mr. Pulcifer did not deign to answer. He unlocked and opened the office door. "Well, come on in," he ordered, leading the way. Dan followed him. Horatio sat down behind the battered table desk and his visitor took the only other chair. Pulcifer opened the desk drawer, selected and lighted a cigar, tilted back and crossed his knees.

"Well, Dan," he observed, "here you are. Got that six hundred in your jeans by this time, I presume likely, eh?"

Young shook his head. "No such luck," he said gloomily. The Pulcifer countenance expressed pained surprise.

"What! You ain't? Humph! I cal'lated of course you had. Only a couple more days, you know. I took it for granted you was out hustlin' for that money."

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"But, Dan, What Do You Mean?" "You'll See What I Mean When I Tell You. And I've Got to Tell You. Listen!"

King Alexander and Queen Draga

A KISS, A CROWN AND A TRAGEDY

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

A BITE of an apple in the garden of Eden is said to have brought all the happiness of the world to an end. I know of a kiss that has contributed to wreck the peace of the world, and I must tell the story just as it happened. It happened in the passage upstairs between the magic door leading to the forbidden roof and the door of Volcas' bedroom, in Sachino, the big sunny villa in Biarritz, built by the Queen of Serbia, Natalie, my mother's cousin.

It was during the summer holidays of 1894. Never had any holidays been more delightful. We, the children, were left to follow our own sweet will, governesses and tutors being gone, all at the same time, mercy of Providence, for their holidays.

Mothers and aunts had promised to take the responsibility on themselves. But it so happened all grown-ups in the household had been distracted from their task and tremendously occupied by the unexpected and most exciting visit the young King Alexander of Serbia would pay to his exiled mother, Queen Natalie.

He had then just reached his majority, and one of his first acts as a monarch had been to announce to the Skupshtina—the Serbian Parliament—that he would pay his filial respects to his mother in France in this very first year of his reign. What emotion when the great news reached Queen Natalie!

What a flutter in Sachino, the villa by the Atlantic coast, where she had retreated after her dramatic escape from Belgrade and her divorce from King Milan, Alexander's father. We were far too young to know anything much about the domestic and political trouble that had caused Queen Natalie to fly from her home and her capital, losing at the same time her rights over her only son.

The Unpardonable Sin

BUT here and there, either from our parents' conversations, or more likely from the talk of nurses and governesses, we picked up pieces of information.

King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903

King Milan of Serbia

We knew King Milan—my mother's relative, just as his wife was—had been a very bad husband; that he was a coarse, brutal, ill-tempered man and a king whom his subjects had dismissed, preferring the risk of a long regency with his infant son on the throne, to his villainous dictatorship. We knew, of course, much more than we were supposed to know. We knew he had behaved like an ill-bred trooper after his marriage to beautiful Natalie; and his bad behavior was vividly pictured to our young minds by the much-discussed story of his entering his bride's boudoir in the palace of Belgrade, newly furnished, the floor covered with a lovely spotless white carpet, and once there—what do you think he did? Well, it was dreadful to say, dreadful to hear, dreadful to think about—he came in with his pipe in his mouth and he spat straight on the lovely white carpet!

This spitting had ruined King Milan in our childish opinion once for all, and his other crimes were nothing in comparison to this one disgusting deed.

We had heard he was playing false to his people, playing false to all nations; we knew he had put himself in the hands of Austria, but the ruin of the spotless white carpet and the horror of the beautiful young bride were far worse than all that. How they pitied Queen Natalie in the nursery; how wrong her family had been to allow her to marry Milan! From my mother we heard how another of her cousins, also a young Moldavian lady of great birth and beauty, Princess Olga Stourdza, had been asked to marry him; but nothing would have induced her to do so; she had refused him with the greatest determination.

"Prince Milan is to succeed his uncle and become a king," the intermediary said to Princess Olga. "Do you realize you are refusing a throne?"

"I don't care two pins for a throne," had been the impetuous answer of the girl.

My mother, who had heard this answer given, often quoted it to us as an antidote for love of human greatness and also as a proof of her friend Olga's great strength of character and foresight. Poor Natalie had been unable to defend her heart. She was an orphan, the eldest of three sisters, brought up by an ambitious grandmother.

Milan was a handsome figure of a man and Natalie was at the time a romantic girl of not more than sixteen. The marriage had been a terrible failure. When the only child, Alexander, was no more than five or six years old it had come to a break.

A Royal Exile

THE events that had brought the break were kept somewhat in the dark for us, the children. All we knew was that after her flight from Serbia with her young son, Queen Natalie had been caught by her husband's emissaries in a foreign *ville d'eau*, and obliged to surrender the heir to the throne, her own little boy. This pathetic story had filled our hearts with pity and horror ever since we were old enough to understand it.

Soon after my parents had settled in Biarritz, late one evening we had heard a carriage coming up to the front door of our villa and the mysterious noise of doors flung open and closed, hurried footsteps and the murmur of hushed conversation.

By the excited talk of maids and nurses we discovered then and there that Queen Natalie had come to my parents to seek shelter and advice.

Queen Natalie in the Serbian National Costume. From a Sketch by M. Yriarte

Queen Draga

That very day King Milan had suddenly appeared before his wife without any warning, and had tried by promise, by menace and even by tears to bring her back to him, thinking that by his reconciliation with her he could regain his lost throne. This had happened just one year before the majority of his son, in 1893.

Queen Natalie, unable to dismiss him from her house, had left it and come to my parents for help and protection. She remained in our house till a reliable messenger was sent to her to say King Milan had been seen at the railway station, leaving Biarritz by the Express de Paris.

One may well conceive what impression the dramatic event made on our imagination. How glad we were Queen Natalie had escaped from the clutches of her villainous king. We bitterly hated Milan without having ever seen him, as children alone can hate.

As for Queen Natalie, we worshiped and adored her. She was beautiful, with a tall, stately, impressive figure and a face ever smiling and showing a row of lovely white teeth.

She was kindness itself to us, and then she was an unhappy queen and we knew it. For my sister and myself she became a sort of fairy godmother. She took us about with her everywhere—on excursions, on visits; she made us drive her ponies; she let us pick the flowers in her gardens and eat the fruit. She insisted on coming to fetch us, to have us stay with her every week-end. She presented us with pretty Serbian dolls in national costume; she spoiled us in every possible way.

Time in Paradise

I OFTEN heard my mother say that all the kindness Queen Natalie lavished on us and also on her nephews, the young Ghika boys, the infinite trouble she took to amuse us, to make us enjoy our holidays with her, had its deep source in a heart overflowing with motherly feelings and deprived of the love and presence of her only child.

The name of Alexander, her beloved—his pet name Sacha—had been given to her house in Biarritz—Sachino—little Sacha.

What his loss must have meant for her for all those long years! His pictures, photos, drawings, filled the house. Sacha at every age, and to think that he had become a man away from her! And he had been brought up by unknown people, a minor king in his capital, a prisoner child in his palace, living among strangers, without a friend, without a woman's presence, in the hands of ministers, professors, tutors, all of them his subjects.

Indeed it was a hard fate for both of them. A small picture of Alexander hung over his mother's bed at the place where one usually sees the icon or the crucifix. I imagined her in my childhood praying to her own little boy

Each time we went to stay with her from Saturday till Monday, my sister and I slept in a large bright room—her own dressing room—close to her bedroom, so that in the night, by just leaving the door open, she could watch over our sleep. She came to kiss us good night in our beds each night; we had to visit her in her room the first thing in the morning.

We were to tell her, each of us in turn, what our favorite dish was, and the meal was ordered by her according to our preferences. This never happened at home, and it well helped us to consider the time spent at Sachino like a time in paradise. In addition to our delights, we were always sent to Sachino without nurse, governess or even maid.

Queen Natalie was fond of children to the extent of wanting to have them all to herself without any intermediary. Someone helped her in all she did to make us contented, comfortable and happy under her roof. This was her lady in waiting, a Serbian widow, the former wife of a poor colonel in the Serbian Army, not very beautiful, not very young; thin, dark-eyed, pale, and in our estimation a new specimen of governess. Her name was Draga Machin. Her task during the merry week-ends was to superintend our toilet. This did not go without some fighting between my sister and myself. At the end of the proceeding came the hairdressing, and at this stage Draga took us in hand with comb and brush. I still see her in my mind's eye as I saw her then in the looking-glass, bending her pale face over my head, her hands busy with my thick entangled hair, just out of a bathing cap. I could not keep quiet a moment; to tie a bow on my head was as difficult as to catch a butterfly without a net.

She begged me not to fidget, in her low, singing voice, distorting the French words by her curious Serbian accent. We used to imitate her accent mischievously, once she was out of the room. I must admit we laughed at poor Draga. We highly disapproved of her bad French, of her lingering

King Alexander

voice, of the sugar-white powder she used to spread too generously over her pale face; her attitudes, her little affectations, her pretentiousness; something languid and silly about her excited our mockery. We soon began to tease her; all the children teased Draga; even the grown-up people seemed mildly to laugh at her.

I well remember the queen trying to defend her lady in waiting with a repressed smile, because she herself was tempted. Everyone had an inclination to tease Draga, just because she was a little bit pretentious, a little bit silly, and also, probably without knowing it, because she liked to be teased.

An Impromptu Bullfight

THE queen and the family—not including the children—had made a short trip to Spain. Back at Sachino, I remember my father was teasing Draga because she had begged him to take her to see a bullfight. He chaffed her on her bloodthirsty tastes.

He pursued her on the tennis ground, imitating the toreadors. Poor Draga unwillingly represented the bull. I still hear her screams, our laughter. I still see her running away each time my father came near her, imitating the toreador's jumps, the handle of his tennis racket stretched like a *banderilla*.

In 1894, the very year King Alexander came to see his mother in Biarritz, our party of children had been delightfully increased by the addition of two boys and a girl. The boys were Henry and George Ghika, Queen Natalie's own nephews, the sons of her sister, Aunt Mariette, my mother's best friend. The girl was Draga's youngest sister, who came from Paris, where she was being educated by the liberality of Queen Natalie; her name was Voica. The boys were about the age of my eldest sister Jeanne—Henry was twelve, George nine. The Serbian girl was eight, I was only seven.

I well remember what great times we all had. How we used to rampage from morning till night, indoors and out-of-doors, in the park, on the beach, on the warm sands, paddling, playing, laughing, fighting, crying, making up, never to be seen one without the others, intrusive, invading, inseparable. And we had always with us, as an undivided belonging and treasure, a fox terrier—Jack.

The light oversight which was kept upon us and our doings by our kind parents was, as I said before, much relaxed after the arrival of King Alexander. This great

(Continued on Page 120)

Archduke Francis-Ferdinand and Sophie, Countess Chotek, With Their Children

NEW ORLEANS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Mariquita," He Said, "If We Were in Philadelphia I Would be Telling You How Lovely You Are"

A YOUNG man riding with a somber face pulled in his horse at the Tchoupitoulas Gate. It was hot—a hot afternoon of early summer—the horse was dark with sweat, and exhausted. An older individual, following Gaut Penny and leading a pack horse, stopped silently beside him. On the right, against the river, a row of willow trees followed the levee—there no more than a precarious strip of mud—and a vast array of keel boats, of chalants and sleds and Kentucky flats, was secured to the tree trunks. Below, luggers and pirogues with plank sails were fast to the river bank. Negro women were buying hams and twist tobacco and greens directly from the flats and barges. On the left there was a dismal gray region, no better than a swamp, with footpaths made from the gunwales of broken-up boats, and small dismally isolated buildings.

Gaut said to his companion, "The Faubourg Ste. Marie." He had never been to Louisiana before. He recognized his surroundings from description. "And a good place for you to keep away from," he added.

James Starin nodded. "I can see that from the citizens. There is nothing Spanish or French about them I can't understand. Ordinary Americans. Thirty years ago I might have needed advice; I wouldn't have taken it; but now you can save your words. I'm fifty years old." He didn't show so many. Starin was thin and flexible; his face—like Gaut Penny's—was dark and hardened from exposure; but, unlike Gaut, his eyes were a clear and very pale blue. His lips were thin and humorous. He carried in his belt a strong bright knife and there was a long rifle in a sling by his leg.

Gaut Penny's black eyes were set wide apart; his hair—he had taken off his hat—was black and straight; his nose thin and slightly hooked; his cheeks at eighteen were hollow and there was a faint coppery glow under the skin.

"My brother doesn't live in New Orleans itself," he continued; "he has a plantation above the city. But we had better go to the warehouse and ask. It is on Chartres Street near the levee." A Spanish soldier, seated in the shadow of the military gate, waved an indifferent permission for Gaut to proceed. At once change surrounded him: He was in a city of small yellow brick and wooden dwellings, with flat balconies of ornamental iron, set among tropical flowers and trees. There were avenues of magnolias and widespreading live oaks, groves of myrtles and cedars; the gardens and public squares were luxurious with pomegranates and roses and jessamines, blooming cactus and banana palms; the houses were veiled in a waxen foliage of orange trees white-starred with blossoms. Gaut saw window ledges sweet with rosemary, starlings whistling in willow cages, and intimate courtyards green with moss. Slight pale girls in brief calico were selling violets and cinnamon pinks; older negro women had their heads tied in red or orange tignons. There was a constant soft crying in French: "*Belles chandelles! Belles chandelles!*"

A patrol went up the levee, here broad and paved with pounded oyster shells; the *gens d'armes* wore blue frock coats with gilt lace, cocked hats; they carried swords and flintlocks. Indian women, standing in the doorways, cried gombo filé and jambalaya and bière douce. The gombo filé was wrapped in large plantain leaves and the beer kept cool in tubs. There were Acadians smelling of cattle; humble Spanish merchants, Catalans, with hand carts; tow-headed Germans; Choctaws naked but for bright casual rags; Greek ice-cream venders in fezzes. Everything, it seemed to Gaut Penny, was for sale on the streets—red and white candies, pralines, ginger cakes, live fowls and meats and vegetables, charms and clothes and jewelry.

James Starin pressed forward: "I might be better back yonder, where I would be at home. This isn't just the garden it looks like. Did you notice the canes on the levee? Most of them are sword canes. There is something about them you can tell. The nigger girls are too pretty and the air is too sweet to be comfortable. Just the same, it's a paradise—a paradise with a twist." Gaut thought he understood what, vaguely, Starin was trying to express. Neither James Starin nor he was used to such an utter frankness of beauty. Philadelphia, the forest of Pennsylvania, was totally different. He was, through his father, a Quaker. But his mother was from Virginia—a Virginia Gaut with a strain of Indian blood. That was all as different as possible from New Orleans. Gaut didn't, he suddenly realized, know his brother—his half brother, Gilbert Penny. Gilbert, who must now be thirty, had come to New Orleans more than ten years before, sent by their father in the interest of exporting and trade, and he had married a Creole, Rosamunda de la Colina. Gilbert had not been home since.

Gaut had reached what, evidently, was the center of the city. A large square—it must be the Place d'Armes—was surrounded by an iron railing set in granite; on either hand were long rows of low brick buildings, stores; at the back there was an unfinished church and a cabildo with a pillory. The building with broad galleries on the river, he told Starin, was the State House. A flagpole in the square—the Spanish flag—rose above rank weeds, and along the railing there were booths, more merchants, more singing cries. He discovered, inquiring for the warehouse of Casimir Penny and Sons, that he had ridden too far—the Rue de Chartres lay behind him and a street from the river.

His father's name was painted above the entrance of a long building with an arcaded front. It was gloomy inside and cool. Gaut asked for his brother. A clerk replied in Spanish; Gaut Penny was at a loss, and he went in search of an American assistant. Mr. Gilbert Penny only came into the city on Monday and Friday. This was Tuesday. The assistant's manner and words were adequate, but no more.

"Where is his plantation?" Gaut demanded.

It was six miles above. By the McCarty plantation. "It would be better to tell me what you require."

Gaut Penny said shortly, "I am his brother."

That simple announcement created an instant amazement. "But how can it be!" the assistant protested. "We only had word yesterday that you intended to start

south. Mr. Penny was certain you couldn't be here for a month at least." He stood in an attitude of profound hesitating incredulity.

"As you see, he was wrong." Gaut was increasingly annoyed. He wasn't accountable to anyone in New Orleans for the day of his arrival. Certainly he had no intention of explaining his purpose there, the rate of his passage, to an inferior. Why the devil didn't the fellow direct him how to get to Gilbert's? "I will go on to the plantation," he said.

"Of course," the assistant agreed. He became more active. "I'll show you myself, if you will wait till I get my horse. It's only in St. Anthony's Lane." The warehouse, Gaut thought, had an air of neglect. There were no signs of the activities of a commission brokerage. The Spanish clerk had disappeared. A negro in ragged blue cottonade lay sleeping in a corner. Gaut Penny crossed the earthen floor to an inner door—it was strapped with iron, with a great antique key—and pushed it open. Instantly he was enveloped in a close stench so incredibly vile that he drew instinctively back. A long dark rectangle held a single glimmering light from an opening high up on the brick wall. The air was so stifling, so corrupted, that he shut the door in a swift angry revulsion. He couldn't imagine why Gilbert permitted such a black filthy hole to exist. He, Gaut Penny, wouldn't have it for a minute.

Gilbert Penny's plantation house was hidden from the public, the Coast Road, by a luxurious hedge of spiked Spanish dagger; there was an avenue of pecan trees, tall and wide and shapely, formal patterns of orange trees and gay parterres; but the house itself, built of wood, was small and unimpressive. It was longer than wide, with a broad gallery across the face built on a brick perron. A man came forward over the gallery. It was Gilbert.

He exclaimed, "Gaut! We didn't expect you for weeks. How could we?" His surprise was touched with sharpness rather than pleasure. However, he immediately collected himself. "I had begun to think there would never be another Penny in New Orleans. You are welcome." He was older than Gaut had anticipated, a spare man with handsome features and hair already gray. Gilbert was dressed in white, but, in spite of his tropical garb and setting, he had the precise, austere bearing of a Quaker.

"You must have flown down with the wild pigeons," he continued, descending the wide steps to the earth. Gilbert clasped Gaut's hand and patted his shoulder with his free palm. "You're big for a Penny," he added. "It's easy to see there is more Virginia than Pennsylvania in you."

Gaut replied, "You mean more Indian than white. I hope you're wrong." How, Gilbert demanded, had he come south? Why hadn't he traveled by sea? The overland trip was very hard. Had he ridden to Pittsburgh and then floated down the river? But, of course, he hadn't. From Louisville to New Orleans alone, in a keel boat, needed three months.

"I went by way of Washington to Richmond," Gaut explained; "then Raleigh and Columbia in South Carolina and through the Mississippi Valley. I was in a hurry. . . . Can you take care of James Starin?"

The elder brother laughed. "And a hundred more. You have a narrow conception of Louisiana plantations."

Gilbert Penny conducted him to a small barely furnished room. "New Orleans isn't Philadelphia," he explained; "all the best plantation houses are like mine, all the rooms like this. Quite empty. Only our women are luxurious. I suppose it's the result of the heat. We live almost entirely on the gallery. I'll send you hot water. Supper is usually at seven, but I'll ask Rosamunda to put it off an hour. You will be the first of my family to see her. Mariquita, her sister, is living with us. It's my guess you will be more than interested in her."

Gaut did not reply—he had no curiosity to see Mariquita de la Colina. Or any other girl, he silently added. Girls had not engaged him in Pennsylvania, and here his thoughts were even further removed from them. His thoughts were very serious. They were troubled. He couldn't understand Gilbert's attitude of almost painful surprise. There was, he felt, no actual warmth in his welcome. No cordiality. The stinking darkness at the warehouse returned to oppress him. Gilbert Penny and two women in lace were waiting on the gallery. One, slight and dark, clearly Spanish, was, he recognized, Rosamunda, Gilbert's wife. She held out an absurdly small hand over which he bent.

"I am glad you are here," she said, pronouncing the English words with obvious difficulty. Her sister was totally different. She was tall and graciously large, her hair was warm, auburn, and her skin at once evenly white and warm. She was the loveliest girl Gaut had ever seen. He had had no idea that such beauty existed. Mariquita de la Colina wore a necklace of topaz at her throat and there were topaz bracelets on her wrists. She didn't give him her hand to kiss. He hadn't, Gaut reminded himself, come to New Orleans to be concerned with women, and he stood stupidly staring at her.

Gilbert laughed. "You see, Mariquita, the power of your beauty never fails. It is really very regrettable. I must warn you, Gaut, not to let your admiration appear at the balls in New Orleans. You would have a dozen duels the first night."

Mariquita said indifferently, "He won't admire me at all. That will be splendid for everyone." Her English was better than her sister's. A divinely big girl, indifferent, contemptuous. Gaut's entire feeling about his presence in New Orleans, his brother and his brother's house, had changed in an instant. It was a hundred times more exciting than before. A new eagerness of life and vitality animated him. Through supper, scarcely looking at Mariquita de la Colina, he was, nevertheless, possessed by her He wasn't aware of eating, he answered his brother's questions at random, his formality with Rosamunda was mechanical.

At first he was amazed; Gaut was inclined to be rebellious; but he lost that at once. He said to himself, "She hates Americans. That is plain. She scarcely knows I'm here. Probably she is in love with a Creole—engaged." At any minute he expected to hear Gilbert explain that Mariquita was about to be married. If he did say that, if she were, Gaut felt that a mere swallow of wine would choke him. Instead, supper was at an end.

Gilbert Penny turned to him: "We will go out in my office where we can talk about all the things that brought you here in such a hurry. Rosamunda and Mariquita will forgive us." Gilbert said abruptly, when they were alone, "Well?"

Gaut began with a seeming irrelevance. "You may not realize it, but I am eighteen." He stopped and frowned

"I am eighteen and father has taken me formally into the family affairs. I hope you won't mind too much he has sent me to New Orleans to be a partner with you."

The elder leaned sharply forward. "A partner!" he echoed Gaut. "But that is nonsense. Father has too much sense to make such a mistake. You can't really mean partner. At least not now. He has sent you down to learn the commission and exporting business in Louisiana. Some day you might be a partner." Gaut gazed at

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"We are, to Make it as Clear as Possible at Once, Some of the Devoted Slaves of Mademoiselle de La Colina"

STYLE

By GEORGE F. WORTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"The Big Drawback to Ben, as a Trainer, Is That He Has a Single-Track Mind"

THE sport writers began calling him Cuddler soon after his fight with Sailor Boyce. They discovered that Frankie Cudlip had perfected the technic of a clinging vine. One good punch to head or body would send him into a clinch. He would hang on, rolling his head with the punches and blocking blows to his mid-section with educated elbows. By permitting Sailor Boyce to walk into his left until Sailor Boyce could see out of neither eye, Frankie Cudlip won that fight. Or so it appeared. Actually Frankie Cudlip's left was as swift and deadly as a rapier.

Frankie took the kidding good-naturedly, tried to laugh off the odious nickname, and in his heart of hearts remained K. O. Cudlip. Being on the up-and-up, he could afford to laugh. Plodding slowly but surely toward the championship of his division, he was taking no chances.

He did not fully realize how unpopular he had become with fight fans until he climbed into the ring that night for his ten-round go with Kid Levine. He thought the roar of the crowd meant that he was forgiven, that his merits were recognized. It chanced that he and Kid Levine had entered the ring only a few seconds apart and the crowd was roaring for Kid Levine. When Frankie stood up to acknowledge the applause he was met with jeers, ribald comments and that strange mob-twittering known as "the berries." The crowd was dead against him. They wanted Kid Levine to "take" him.

Frankie—Cuddler—Cudlip tried to ignore it. He reseated himself in his corner, under the hot glare of the bank of lights in the big tin dome, with a fixed smile on his lips. He was a thoroughly modern young pugilist: good-looking and clean-looking, with wide-set, steady blue eyes, kinky blond hair, beautiful sloping shoulders and a round, pink barrel of a torso.

A girl, close to the ring, yelled up, "Gonna use roller skates tonight, Frankie?"

As if she had said something side-splittingly funny, he looked down into her upturned hard little face, laughed, nodded and shook clasped hands at her. He was so impatient he could hardly sit still. He was pale, too, and his eyes were turning dark. They always did that before a fight. They turned almost black. His trainer, Ben Archer, continued to pour golden advice.

"Aw, Ben, I know that stuff by heart."

"Ya can't know it too well," Ben Archer growled. "Stick out that left and cover up when he rushes. Hear? He swings as wild as a Dutch windmill. When he starts to swingin' ——"

"Aw, I know all about that, Ben. Good night! You've been singin' that song so long I can hear it in my dreams. 'Stick out that left. Keep covered when he rushes. Go into a clinch when he starts getting rough.'"

His trainer sighed. "You got the lucky corner tonight, Frankie."

"Maybe I'm going to need it."

"Don't talk foolish, Frankie! Don't let a little razzing from these saps get your goat. Don't get rattled. He's gonna try to make ya swap punches. Don't let him trick ya into it. Keep stickin' that left into him. Let him walk into it till he's goofy. If he starts gettin' rough ——"

Ben Archer droned on, but Frankie Cudlip's mind was elsewhere. He was considering the man in the opposite corner. Kid Levine looked tough and he had a tough reputation—twelve knock-outs and five decisions in twenty-one bouts. Frankie Cudlip, looking at him, unconsciously wiggled the finger next to the little one on his left hand. That finger stood for Kid Levine—the black-haired, black-eyed, low-browed fellow in the opposite corner. A tough number, Kid Levine was going to be. The little finger stood for Nicky Costello. After Nicky, nobody—nobody, but the champion!

"Sure, Ben, I hear you. Keep my left up all the time ——"

Frankie Cudlip was bristling all over. What he wanted to do was to rush over there at the tap of the gong and begin hitting Kid Levine with everything he had. But Ben Archer knew best. Hadn't Ben been the champion of his class for three years back in the old days? Hadn't that same cool, deliberate sharpshooting put Ben at the top? Ben was right, all right.

Keep up that left. Let him walk into it. Chop him down with it. But take it easy. Keep cool. Be calm. Don't get rattled and start swapping them. Watch out for that right of his. There was a stick of TNT in it. Let him wear himself out and then, maybe, let him have it.

But with that bristling feeling inside of him, it was hard for Frankie to keep cool, be calm. He had to lick Kid Levine. And he was going to win against Nicky Costello. Then, and not till then, he could ask Polly Madison if she didn't think he deserved a little serious consideration. He had to watch his step with Polly. That was Ben's dope too. Don't rush her off her feet. Remember, she's a lady, too dainty and refined for fast work. Take it slow. Be calm. The same stuff that would win him the championship would win him Polly Madison—he must keep cool and stay calm.

Frankie relaxed and looked out over the crowd as Ben laced on his gloves. He saw a sea of upturned faces and the twinkling of orange stars, as cigars and cigarettes were lighted all over the arena. The more distant stars were almost befogged, because of the rising tobacco smoke. He heard the brisk chatter of ringside telegraph instruments. One of these days, if he kept on winning, they'd be broadcasting his fights too.

He walked with downcast eyes into the center of the ring for the conference with the referee. No hitting in the breaks—rabbit punch barred. . . . Give us a good, snappy scrap tonight, boys. . . . Frankie observed a slippery looking spot on the canvas near a neutral corner. He'd remember that.

He walked to his corner as the stool was whisked out of it. A hush fell over the arena and everybody was waiting for the bell. There it went: Clang!

Frankie started out with the slow deliberateness of a man going for a stroll. Kid Levine came rushing out of his corner all but roaring. They met near Frankie's corner, Kid Levine swinging furiously, Frankie blocking with elbows, gloves and shoulders. Frankie slowed him with a staggering straight left to the heart.

They clinched. Kid Levine started a rough-house the instant the referee separated them. Frankie coolly blocked everything that came his way. He used his left sparingly, but with effect. He would seem to forget that it was there, then, unexpectedly, it would shoot out like a striking snake. He went into clinches whenever the going became too rough, and Kid Levine followed him step by step around and around the ring.

Though Kid Levine did all the fighting in the early rounds, he presently slowed in pace. Frankie's rapier left and systematic right were taking their toll. He was wearing Levine out just as Ben Archer had predicted. Frankie remained calm. He shut the crowd out of his mind. He had to. Every time Kid Levine started swinging, pale men with soft bodies bloodthirstily bellowed, "Kill him, Kid!" "Chop him down, Kid." "Give him the works, Kid!" And the paler and softer they were, the louder they yelled for bloodshed.

They wanted a knock-out. They wanted Frankie Cudlip beaten to a pulp. They had, they felt, paid for just that. They did not understand or appreciate what was taking place. They saw a fighter with the fury of a panther charging again and again, and they saw a slim, graceful white ghost time after time escape him. They became one with Kid Levine. They swayed with him. They grunted when he struck. When he was struck they winced. They laughed boisterously at Frankie's rare and apparently ineffectual punches. They roared joyously when a glove resoundingly slapped an elbow, and they remained silent over the short, harmless-looking jabs that were staggering, disheartening and defeating their favorite.

Frankie was sharpshooting. He was selecting targets and finding them with that rapier left, letting a chance at the chin go by in order to send in another sickening jolt to the heart in the right way, at the right time, at the right angle; repeatedly chopping down on the triceps to deaden that deadly right; pounding away at the liver to make it difficult or impossible for Kid Levine to get his second wind. By judicious sharpshooting he was destroying Kid Levine as an offensive machine.

Careful, cool, sure, deadly, he moved about the ring, passing by openings that might have meant knock-outs, scientifically breaking his man as Ben had taught him.

In the fifth round, when he was clinging to Kid Levine, Frankie took notice of a little bald-headed man in a brown suit in the first row. His face and dome were brown; not the brown of outdoors, but the kind of brown elderly men acquire from soft, rich living. There were bags under his queer, beady eyes. There was something about him that fascinated Frankie Cudlip. Thereafter he looked down at

him at every chance. In the heat of the greatest excitement, when gloves were flying and the crowd was roaring and white, the bald-headed man remained calm. He never changed his position, but sat hunched over, never blinking his eyes, never moving a muscle. He was, Frankie guessed, one of the sports. They all looked alike: Overfed, underexercised, with that queer brown color in their faces—the ringside veterans.

The hand clapping began, as it had in Frankie's last half dozen fights, as evenly spaced as the ticking of a clock. They wanted action. They wanted haymakers, a knockout, a killing.

And Frankie, as he drove in that carefully calculated left, tried to feel indifferent. He had every round so far on points, hadn't he? He was winning, wasn't he? By the eighth round, Kid Levine's face was bright pink and bleeding badly from a cut over the left eye. He had been getting slower and slower, but suddenly he staged a comeback. It came, as his flurries usually did, immediately after a clinch.

A wild swing caught Frankie above the right ear and dazed him. He staggered back and Kid Levine followed him up with a fury of left and right swings. Frankie, covering up, retreated toward the ropes. He tried to clinch, but Kid Levine drove him back, kept him off.

The crowd was on its feet now, roaring—the oldest mob roar in the world—the roar for the kill.

Frankie blocked a left to the stomach. The force of the swing carried Kid Levine to the ropes. Frankie shot a left into his face and the bell rang.

The crowd was yelling, screaming, leaping on seats. Kid Levine had him going; would take him in the ninth, sure!

Kid Levine walked unsteadily to his corner. The referee followed him. A conference was held between Kid Levine, his trainer and the referee. The referee turned away from them presently and held up his hands.

The fight was over. Kid Levine was too badly beaten to go in again. The decision was awarded to Frankie Cudlip. "Great work, Frankie!" someone cried, but the cry was drowned in the angry buzzing of the crowd. They booed. They grumbled. It was a frame-up, a fake, they yelled. Frankie continued to register indifference, but the razzing hurt. He had cleanly won the fight.

Ben was pulling his bathrobe over his shoulders. "Don't mind those saps, kid. You put up as classy a fight as Jim Corbett ever did in his prime. You've got as much style as Jack Delaney."

A glow of pride warmed Frankie Cudlip. Ben Archer didn't hand out bouquets unless they were earned.

In the same happy state of mind, after his rubdown and shower, Frankie went out into the night and was presently seated at a table in his favorite restaurant, waiting for the tenderloin steak smothered in onions that he felt he richly deserved. He felt benevolent toward all the world. He was a better man than Kid Levine. He was a better man than Nicky Costello. He was a better man than the champion. He was, in Ben's own words, as classy a fighter as was Jim Corbett in his prime, and he had as much style as Jack Delaney. Good old Ben! Yes-sir, Ben Archer certainly did know his Bermudas. Keep that left up. Let them walk into it till they punched theirselves groggy. Keep calm. Don't swap punches. Don't lose the little old head. "Polly darling, don't you think I've earned the right to ask you a serious question?" Wait till he met Nicky Costello!

Frankie looked up from the menu card which he was unseeingly staring at as a man came heavily down the aisle between rows of tables. The fighter's eyes focused and narrowed. It was the bald-headed old fellow in the brown suit. He squinted at Frankie and paused. And Frankie gave him his boyish, handsome grin. If the man but knew it, he was basking in the royal good nature that was fairly oozing from Frankie Cudlip.

"Howdy!" cried the genial fighter.

The man in brown stopped. "Ah," he said in a low, wheezing voice, "it's Cudlip, isn't it?"

Frankie chuckled as at a rare witticism. "Yeah! It's Cudlip. Sit down!"

It was a royal command. The bald-headed man hesitated and sat down in the chair across from Frankie. His eyes, above the pouches, were dull. His face was expressionless. The fighter beamed at him.

"Well, how'd you like the fight?"

The man in brown looked thoughtful. He moistened his thin lips. He sniffled twice.

"I've seen worse fights," he admitted finally, as if selecting his words with infinite care, "and I've seen better fights, but what a shame it is that a man who could fight the way you could fights the way you do."

The benevolent grin froze on Frankie's face. "I licked him, didn't I?"

The stranger looked at him for some seconds before his reply was ready. "Are you asking me for my honest opinion?"

Frankie laughed harshly. "Why not?"

"I make a practice of never giving my opinion gratuitously," the man in brown answered. "My opinion, since you have asked for it, is that you gave one of the poorest exhibitions tonight I have ever seen in the ring."

He started to rise, but Frankie was on his feet first. "Wait a minute!" he snapped. "Maybe you know more about this game than I do. Let me ask you a question, if you know so much. Who was ahead on points when the referee stopped the fight?"

"You were, obviously. But you were running away from him all the time."

"Sit down!" Frankie snarled.

They both sat down.

"I suppose," said Frankie, with heavy sarcasm, "that you could tell me more about fighting than my trainer can."

"Your trainer is Ben Archer, isn't he?"

"You bet he is."

"The big drawback to Ben, as a trainer, is that he has a single-track mind."

"Who in the hell," Frankie demanded, "are you?"

"My name is Chester Morton."

Frankie did not fall out of his chair, although he was entitled to. All the bluster and bluff fell away from him, while through his mind trooped some of the things he knew about Chester Morton. He was not a promoter; he was not really a sport; he had never, so far as Frankie knew, had a pair of gloves on in his life; he was nothing but Chester Morton, millionaire or pauper, Frankie did not know or care. Chester Morton knew more about fighting than any man out of the prize ring and more than a great many of the men who were in it. He walked with the kings of fistiana. Champions of champions consulted him on new wrinkles in ring strategy. He was welcome at any hour in any training camp in the land.

A realization of all this and more Frankie Cudlip boiled down into a simple and eloquent: "Good night, Mr. Morton, what a terrible sap you must think I am."

The great unsung boxing authority seemed, birdlike, about to leave his perch. Breathlessly Frankie urged:

"Don't get up, Mr. Morton. Well, I certainly am a sap not to've reco'nized you! I didn't even guess who you were! So you thought I put up a bum fight tonight. Well, it certainly was a bum fight if you say so, and I would certainly be thankful for any pointers or anything, if you would be so kind ——."

"I wonder," interrupted the man whom fistic kings consulted, "if you ever heard of the word 'style'—in the sense, I mean, of individuality of expression"

The fighter's countenance betrayed that he had drawn a blank on that one.

"I mean," elucidated Mr. Morton, "the particular way in which any one man expresses himself differently from any other man—in his speech, his clothes, the manner in which he does his work. The modern way of summing it up is 'Be yourself.'"

"Oh, sure! I get you, Mr. Morton! Be yourself. Sure!"

(Continued on Page 52)

Frankie Slipped Into a Clinch With the Knowledge That He Was Matched With a Man Who Was Far Better Than Any Man He Had Ever Met in the Ring

FROM THE BRIDGE

By Captain Sir Arthur H. Rostron

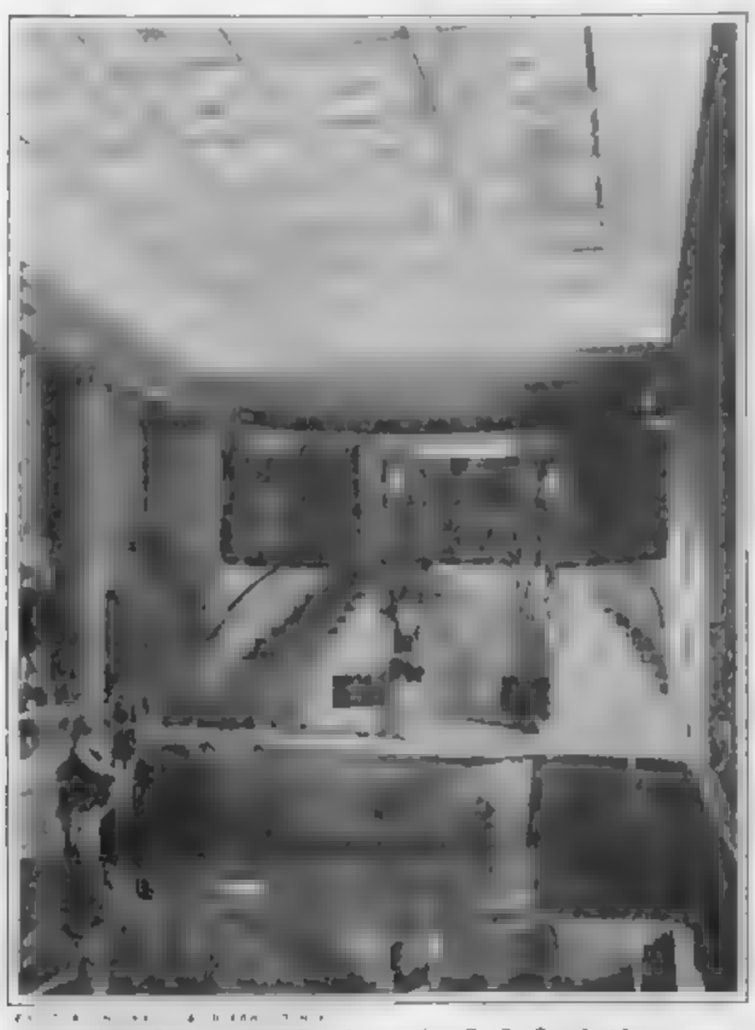
In Collaboration With James R. Crowell

The S. S. Aquitania Bucking the Atlantic

THE miracle of modern-day ocean travel is appreciated by nobody quite so much as it is by the old salt. Americans who join the annual pilgrimage to the Old World and Europeans who visit the United States have grown so accustomed to the speed of transportation and the luxury of steamships that they take the gift which maritime science has handed to them as a matter of course. Not so with the veteran mariner. A big transatlantic liner is to him the eighth wonder of the world.

On several occasions I have had the pleasure of conducting these old-timers of the sea on sightseeing tours through the passenger quarters and operating departments of large ships which have been under my command at various times. One of them whose curiosity brought him to the Berengaria while she lay in port at Plymouth, England, a few months ago, had never before put foot aboard a vessel of greater dimensions than a trawler. He was a typical specimen of the sailing man you find along the coast of England, brown and weather-beaten from long and continuous contact with the elements, clear-eyed from the tang of the sea, gruff in his limited speech, and picturesque in his get-up of holiday clothes.

I showed him the intricate mechanism of the bridge, much of it as confusing and mysterious to him as it would be to the man who had never ventured from shore in his life. "Gar blyme," exclaimed my visitor, examining each device with the same kind of interest a child exhibits in a new toy. I escorted him through the smoking room, the lounge, the palm court, the dining rooms and staterooms, including the imperial suite which the Prince of Wales had occupied on one voyage. "Gar blyme," he muttered to himself as each new wonder unfolded itself. We went below in one of the lifts, and his eyes were bulging a trifle wider than ever when he voiced the inevitable "gar blyme" which came with that thrill. I took him through the kitchens, storerooms, butcher shop and finally down into the engine room, only to hear the unbroken drone of "gar blyme" wherever he went. If it was a rare treat for him, it was a rare one for me. It took me back to the days when I had sailed before the mast, and I could understand exactly what a world of unbelief and astonishment was vitalized in that expletive.



The Swimming Pool on the S. S. Leviathan

Sheltered Travel

WHEN we returned to my cabin under the bridge I thought I would put over the finishing touch to his bewilderment.

"Do you know where San Francisco is?" I asked.

"Aye, sir," he replied. "It's on the west coast of the States."

"Right; more than three thousand miles from New York. Well, did you ever know that you can travel all the way from San Francisco to London without once getting from under cover? You cross the American continent on a railroad train, take a taxicab inside the New York station, step out in a sheltered portion of the pier, walk up a covered gangway to the ship, cross the Atlantic, get off at Southampton, enter a special train which stands waiting under the shed of the pier, speed to London, hop into a taxicab at Victoria Station and go to your hotel, all without a solitary break in the overhead covering. A journey of eleven days, a distance of more than six thousand miles, but not for one moment, if you don't want to, do you have to step out in the open. Now, what do you think of that?"

The old fellow rubbed his bristly face and sat for a moment in deep thought. "Gar blyme, sir, hain't a man a silly ass to foller the sea when he can just as well go to work on a steamboat?" he said at length.

Sailors

YOU would have difficulty convincing men who have never known anything but the deck of a sailing vessel that steamship navigation is "follering the sea." There is too much comfort, safety and science to conform with their ideas of what life on the deep should represent. The crew of an ocean liner is a well-fed, well-quartered, well-paid body of men. The crew of the old-time sailing ship was a poorly fed, badly quartered and miserably paid company of unfortunates. The sailors of this day are citizens of standing in their own communities, many of them heads of families and owners of attractive homes. The sailors of the old days were for the most part—well, let us be charitable and say simply that they were different. In the forty-two years I have spent roving the waters of the earth I have lived to see a remarkable change in the personnel of the calling—as sweeping in its way as the methods of navigation have been in theirs.

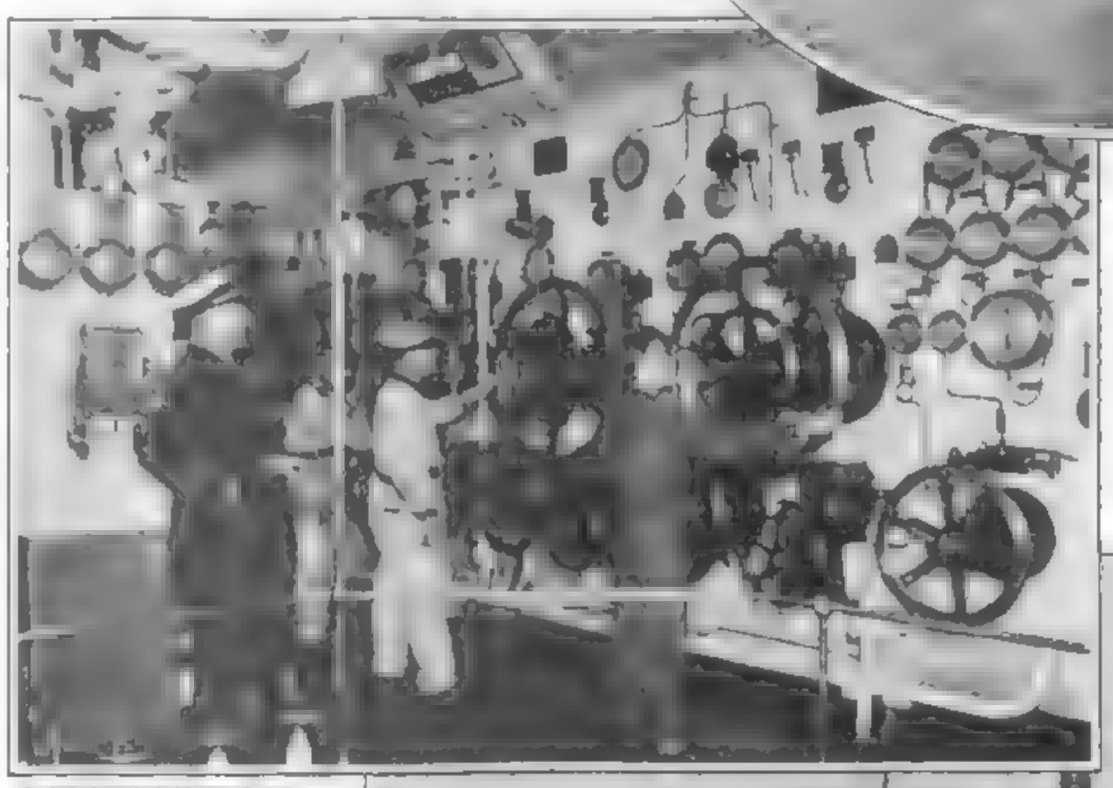
Wallace D. Davis, Chief Wireless Operator, in the Wireless Room of the S. S. California

The organization of the sea has gone forward in leaps and bounds. Men are better sailors than they ever were, ships are better run than they ever were, and everybody is happier, from the cabin boy to the commander and from the immigrant to the first-class passenger. I realize I am stepping on the toes of tradition in saying this. For one

The Leviathan

thing, it is not in line with the usual fiction of the sea which pictures the nautical men of other years as the doughtiest, bravest, most resourceful people of all time. For another, it will not be relished by my colleagues who have suffered the most terrible hardships, laughed in the face of the gravest danger and by dint of exceptional seamanship saved their craft from annihilation when hope held by the flimsiest thread.

Let us get our bearings, as we say on the bridge, in order that the point I wish to make will be perfectly clear to seafaring people and landsmen alike. First, fix it solidly in your mind that I have served before the mast, that I have been through those experiences on which tradition is built, and that if I seem harsh on past conditions I am merely critical of a period with which I was not only thoroughly familiar but of which I was a part. Yet, as a matter of fact, I am far from critical and have nothing but the highest praise for the sailor of the old days. With the implements at his command he did marvelously well. The reason his successor is a more skilled craftsman is that science has made him so. Navigation is now a well-oiled, smooth-running piece of machinery which has just emerged from its chrysalis after centuries of tedious progress. In its previous form it was pretty much of an adventure, though by no means chaotic. The intelligence of the rank and file it attracts is higher. Hardiness and courage are about the same.



The Control Board of the Leviathan. In Oval—The Berengaria

Why Men Become Sailors

I TOOK to the sea when I was this side of eighteen years—and Lord knows why. My family were not seafaring people, so there was no hereditary instinct. I didn't fill myself up on a lot of nonsensical books, so there was no romantic appeal. I had a fine home, devoted parents and all advantages, so it was not a matter of expedience. The solitary explanation is that the impulse had been born somehow, and that very fact is the reason I speak of it here. You will find a great many men—thousands of them—on ships plying the waters of the world who were drawn to the calling from the selfsame motives. Ask them why they became sailors and the answer you will in all likelihood get is this: "Well, I wanted to go to sea, so I went." On dirty nights at sea when the decks of our sailing ships have been awash and we have been in constant peril of broaching to, most of us have asked ourselves over and over again what a sane man could find in such a life.

Yet facts are facts, and the chief fact of my boyhood was that I had this hankering. Finally I won my father over. "All right," he announced, "if you insist on it you can have your way. But I'm not going to permit you to run wild with this crazy notion. When you go to sea you're going to go as the son of a gentleman should. If you are willing to take the course on the Conway I shall give my consent—and on that condition only." As a matter of fact, the stipulation he laid down was immensely satisfactory to me. I fairly itched for the chance to enroll as a student on the Conway, the old sixty-four-gun frigate which lay in the River Mersey, not far from our home in Liverpool, England, and trained young men for the Royal Navy. So I agreed promptly and joyfully.

That was in January of 1885, and I was fifteen and a half years old when I joined the class of 250 boys enrolled on the training ship. It was a two-year course, consisting of ordinary public-school studies and a theoretical training in seamanship. At the end of that period I had the good fortune to graduate as head boy of the class. I rather fancy my family thought this taste of rigid discipline and exacting duties would leave me wholly disillusioned youngster. It had the opposite effect. I was more eager than ever to shove off and did get under way soon afterward, when I became a junior in the crew of the Cedric the Saxon, a schooner bearing the name of a character in one of Scott's Waverly novels.

I went all over the world on that voyage, experienced all kinds of weather and hardships and arrived back home with my ideals unshattered. For six years I remained on sailing ships and then, as the sailormen say, I quit "following the sea" to become a steamboat sailor. In 1894 I got a job as a junior officer on the old Cunarder Umbria Since then I have been in command of sixteen different passenger liners.

When All's Well at Sea

I HAVE a double purpose in harking back to my own early schooling. First, I want to give the curious landsman some idea of the motives which inspire men to become sailors when easier and more profitable occupations are within their grasp; second, I wish to emphasize the point that the spirit of the sea is nowhere exemplified more vividly than it is aboard a sailing vessel. Ocean travelers who place their comfort and well-being in the hands of a group of men they do not know have always manifested the keenest interest in these things You cannot get away from the fact that deep water is a strange and mysterious place to those who trespass upon it only at rare intervals. A passenger stands on deck and sees nothing but a vast, uninhabited area as far as the eye can reach. The magnitude, silence, emptiness are impressive and mystifying. It is just human nature that he should go fact hunting.

Write one word large when you take count of what has been done in the conquest of the water. Organization—it explains everything. You cross the ocean on ships which offer all the attractions of the finest New York, London or Paris hotels. It is the organization of the shipbuilding industry which has made that possible. There are instruments to find the ship's bearings in even

(Continued on Page 136)

The Majestic Leaving Her New York Dock

VOX POPULI

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IRIS" it was Prosecutor Ellsworth, of Sugar Hollow, speaking—"how long are you going to put me off?"

"Until," said Iris Noble, "I'm certain "

"Certain of what, my dear?"

"A dozen things," Iris said. "A year ago Sugar Hollow was a picture. Everything was clear and plain. You could identify every house and person. But today it's a picture puzzle—a thousand fragments cut into funny shapes by a jig saw and you can't tell which from tother. I'm going to put you off, Claude, until I piece them together."

"Then," said Ellsworth dolefully, "you don't love me."

"I don't love anybody," Iris said. "A year ago I think I might have loved you, Claude."

"But now?"

She shook her dainty head. "I don't think the situation has changed so much. It's a question of piecing the picture together. If you fit in where you belong, Claude ——"

He frowned. "Everything has changed since Oakes came to town," he said.

"I wonder. He hasn't been fitted into the picture either."

"He fits in this much," Ellsworth said ruefully: "He's in love with you."

"I wonder. . . . I suppose he is, though he hasn't spoken a hundred words to me. . . . Yes, I think he is."

"You've refused to meet him—to know him."

"It started as a sort of joke," Iris said, "and then it became earnest—when he refused to help dad clean up this town. And then father was arrested ——" She let her eyes rest upon Ellsworth. "Don Oakes had nothing to do with bringing those charges against father."

"Nor did I," said Ellsworth.

"But," said Iris, "I've been wondering if he had nothing to do with dad's vindication."

"How could he have?"

"That's the question. Somebody did. It wasn't you, Claude, or you'd have told me. You're not that noble, you know. If you had come to the rescue of a damsel in distress, you'd have let her find it out."

"Your father was cleared," said Ellsworth, "because a witness confessed."

"That, of course," said Iris, "is utter nonsense. He was cleared because Sheriff Fox was compelled somehow to give up his plot to ruin dad. But how? . . . And you, Claude—Sheriff Fox has made you. He's elected you to office; you're his man."

"I'm my own man," said Ellsworth.

"Which also," said Iris, "remains to be seen."

"Are you going to pick a husband for political reasons?" Ellsworth asked, half angrily, half humorously.

"I can think of a dozen less satisfactory ways," she said. "I'm not precisely looking for a husband, you know. But when I do pick one, I want him to be around and handy."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that a girl wouldn't get much good out of a husband in jail."

"That," said Ellsworth, "is moderately pointed."

"I whittled it sharp myself," she said. "The day my picture puzzle gets pieced together somebody is going to be wearing a striped suit and looking at the sun through a small window. So far Sheriff Fox and his friends have been immune. But you can't go on forever smuggling drugs and truckloads of liquor without some getting irritable. . . . Claude, I've no idea how deep you are in this county mess. But you have brains. You must see what's going on—when it is almost common knowledge."

"What," asked Ellsworth smilingly, "is the difference between rumor and proof?"

Iris tilted her head provocatively. "About ten years in prison," she said.

He laughed. "I think Oakes would have proved it if he could," he said. "But he hasn't."

"Ah, he would have proved it if he could! Now, Claude, wasn't that a slip of the tongue? Hasn't the general idea been to keep me believing Don Oakes was friendly to the sheriff—at least to the extent of remaining passive?"

Ellsworth flushed. "I think you have drawn your own conclusions. Nobody has tried to deceive you."

"Certainly," said Iris, "Don Oakes hasn't."

"There's never been a word in his paper against the sheriff."

"True."

"He refused to ally himself with the so-called reform element, led by your father."

"Also true."

"Well then?"

"It's another piece of the jig-saw puzzle," she said, "but I think I'm nearer to finding where it fits in."

"And," said Ellsworth, "I wouldn't worry much about jails.

"So long as Sheriff Fox can keep on getting elected, I don't think he need worry, even if these absurd rumors were true. The sheriff rather controls the legal machinery."

"If he controls the prosecutor's office ——" said Iris. "But —— Well, let's just make believe there is the Federal Government. Who's going to control that?"

Don Lifted His Hat. "Good Morning," He Said. She Turned Her Eyes Upon Him, and Her Lips Curled. "I Suppose," She Said, "You are Pleased With Yourself"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Ellsworth airily. "Besides, it is just talk. Your father has imagined most of it."

"He hasn't imagined the poor drug addicts."

"And there's bound to be a certain amount of rum running through a county on the border like this one."

"But," said Iris, "it should be done by the proletariat and not by the sheriff."

"Which really," said Ellsworth, "has nothing to do with you and me. I'm not asking you to marry Mr. Fox."

"Claude," said Iris, "I've known you ever since you were a boy. We've grown up together. I'm so used to you that it is hard to see clearly. So let's not discuss it any more." She smiled. "The gentleman, if wearied of waiting, has the privilege of withdrawing his offer."

"The gentleman," said Ellsworth, "is weary, but the offer stands."

"Very well," she said, "it will remain on file, and in due course you may expect to hear something to your advantage or disadvantage, as the case may be."

This conversation had gone forward while the young people walked down the main street of Sugar Hollow, and terminated as they came abreast the office of the Sentinel.

Iris, out of the corner of her eye, looked through the window to see if Don Oakes was at his desk. He was not. He was in the composing room in earnest if somewhat enigmatic conversation with Jake, his foreman.

"Jake," he asked, "have you found it to be true that a mill will never grind with water that is past?"

"What mill?" asked Jake, scowling ferociously.

"A well-considered answer," said Don. "Now try this one: Why do physicians buy fake oil stocks?"

"Do they?" Jake asked.

"Again you hit the bull's-eye. You're a mine of erudition, Jake."

"Is it a disease?" Jake asked.

"With many it is. Now just one more: Did Æsculapius run for office?"

"Who," asked Jake, "was Æsculapius?"

"He's the man," said Don, "who invented taking one large one in water after each meal and two small ones before going to bed."

"Run for office on that platform?"

"Why not? . . . Jake, the actual purpose of this inquisition is to chase a microbe into his lair."

"Is the' one at large?" Jake asked.

"There is," said Don, "with its teeth filed sharp. It goes around biting doctors so that they come down with the itch to be elected."

"Elected what?"

"They don't care," said Don. "Just like they don't care what stocks they buy so long as they can buy any."

"You're talkin' about Doc Noble."

"Your reasoning is as synthetic as bootleg gin," said Don admiringly. "The doctor is a candidate. He's prescribing himself for our civic ailments. In short, Jake, he has up and announced himself as a candidate for sheriff."

"It won't come to nothin'," said Jake.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

"Doc hain't no acorn."

"A more suitable metaphor," said Don, "would be to call him a pill. Do you remember the pill in Kim?"

"Didn't know he took one."

"The old lady who took it," said Don, "declared it wrought like a devil unchained."

"She ought to know if she took it," said Jake.

"Maybe," said Don, "Doctor Noble will turn out to be that sort of a dose."

The young editor, having cleared his mind by the process of conversation, returned to his desk to consider the fact of the approaching election. Don was a harvester of events, but never picked them until they were ripe. He was patient. For years Sheriff Fox had owned the county and the machinery of its elections. The people had become accustomed to him; he was there and they could not imagine a state of affairs when he would be absent. True, there had been rumors and open accusations. But voters are supine. An upstanding candidate might have stood some chance against Sheriff Fox in an election, but no good candidate ever opposed him. The sheriff saw to that. He controlled the convention of the opposing party as well as his own. To win from him it would be necessary to defeat him for the nomination, and that seemed a hopeless task. Certainly by no ordinary political campaign could Doctor Noble hope to seize a majority of delegates; it was doubtful if he could pledge to himself enough to move the sheriff to anything but hearty laughter. . . . It had been four years since Fox had found any candidate in the field against him.

While Don considered, the door was darkened by the broad figure of the doctor, who approached the railing to lean upon it and eye Don speculatively and with some hostility.

"Young man," he demanded, "where do you stand?"

"I sit," said Don, "on the fence."

"You don't look like a fence-sitter."

"I'm the original mid-channel Charlie. I don't even look at either shore, and I allow nobody to rock my boat."

"Every decent citizen," said the doctor, "should back my candidacy."

"I'm not a decent citizen," said Don. "I run a newspaper. I accept paid advertising from both sides and hope for the best. But between you and me, doctor, do you think you have a chance to take the nomination away from Fox?"

"Certainly, or I shouldn't try it."

"Have you an ace up either sleeve?"

"I depend upon arousing the conscience of the people. They know me. They will know I am speaking the truth. Once they are aroused against this state of affairs ——"

"Will you say anything you haven't already said these few years?"

"Why—no." The doctor hesitated. "I don't know that I can."

"Has it maddened the people against the oppressor?" The doctor frowned and shook his head. "Then why do you think it will do so now?"

"Because I believe in the people. They may be slow, Mr. Oakes, but they are basically honest. The time will come when they will realize what is going on and refuse to tolerate it."

"Do you think you would be a good sheriff?"

"Better than Fox."

"Have you an organization?"

"I'm no machine politician."

"Must virtue necessarily be inefficient? The trouble with virtue generally is that it lets wickedness use all the tools. Without organization, you won't vote a delegate in the convention. And another thing, doctor—can you prove in court any of the things of which you accuse the sheriff? That he is a wholesale importer of liquor? That he dispenses drugs?"

"I know he does."

"With places and dates and quantities and witnesses?"

"No."

"You would like me to print all these things about him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"How would you protect me? Are you rich enough to guarantee me against a verdict for libel?"

"No."

Don spread his hands. "There you are," he said.

"With the influence of your paper," said the doctor, "you could do so much."

"My paper has influence," said Don, "because I've never gone off half-cocked."

"You've a great deal of personal influence."

"Because," said Don, "I've never tried to use it."

The doctor shook his head. "I came as a forlorn hope," he said. "I had no reason to expect another answer. The sheriff can do more for you than I can. I suppose I expect more than it is in human nature to give. I've felt resentful against you; but, after all, I presume the average man must look to the butter on his bread. . . . But you could do so much—if you would."

"Why not try Ellsworth? He's a politician. Get him to manage your campaign."

"Claude Ellsworth," said the doctor, "has been a great disappointment to me."

"Did it occur to you that a reform administration must have the prosecutor's office?" The doctor frowned. "And a couple of supervisors?"

"It can't be done all at once."

"It must be done all at once if it is to be done at all. You can't eat off a table with one leg."

"Nevertheless," said the doctor, "I shall try. . . . Good afternoon, Mr. Oakes."

Don turned back to his desk, his face grave, the habitual twinkle gone from his eyes. "The problem," he said to himself, "is to hunt a tiger with a babe in the woods."

Within a week the campaign—such as it was—was in full swing. The only campaigner was Doctor Noble, who worked day and night, speaking when he could get an audience, making a door-to-door canvass in the time he could take from the care of his patients. Sheriff Fox did not take him seriously; nobody took him seriously in his tilting against the windmill. Everybody took it for granted matters would turn out as usual, with the renomination and reelection of the sheriff and all the courthouse ring. Even the doctor realized his futility, and it saddened him. But being a determined man, he persisted.

As for the Sugar Hollow Sentinel, it maintained a position of strict neutrality. It accepted political advertising, but otherwise gave scant space to the election. There were no editorials and no reports of speeches.

But one thing Don Oakes did do—which might have attracted attention, but caused no comment whatever. He drove about the county constantly, calling at corner stores, at farmhouses, upon men working in the fields and upon women in their kitchens. But his conversation, even if overheard by the candidates, would have caused little alarm. For the most part it was upon general topics, but always it arrived at a single objective.

"The convention is a week from Friday," he would say. "I've arranged to have a government lecturer here that night with motion pictures you will want to see."

"We'll come in."

"Yes," said Don, "but plan to make a day of it. I'm asking it as a favor. Come in the morning with all the

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He Drove About the County Constantly, Calling at Farmhouses, Upon Men Working in the Fields and Upon Women in Their Kitchens

THE BIG PEP MAN

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Take a Look at This"

WHEN I walks into the clubhouse that afternoon I finds Heenan snarling over a piece of paper. "Can you beat this?" he demands, waving it savagely.

"No," says I promptly. "Being with the Blue Sox, how can you expect me to beat anything?"

"We'd beat plenty," barks Pat, "if young Grant'd spend a few dimes for ball players instead of drafting dopes who ball up plays. Here we are mildewing in the cellar and he sends me goofy letters about morale and efficiency and brains."

"I don't know about efficiency and morale," says I, "but a shot of brains wouldn't do your pay roll any harm. It might keep those hired hands of yours from stealing second with the bases full and sliding into home on infield flies."

"I had a hunch," grouches Heenan, "there'd be a lot of gay grief wished on me when Old Pop Grant deceased the Blue Sox onto that college kid of his. Take a look at this." And he tosses over the note with a gesture of first-class disgust. I reads this aloud:

"A study of the Blue Sox convinces me that it is not suffering from a lack of high-priced ball players but from a lack of morale. I'm sure the team could be made into a brainy and efficient organization with the proper stimulus. I'm sending Roger Coote to see what can be done in this direction. He is a morale engineer. Please see that he gets every assistance."

"Morale engineer, eh?" I remarks.

"Where," yelps Heenan, "does that young squirt get that morale stuff? As far as I know, all of the boys have been behaving themselves and ——"

"You're thinking of morals, feller," I cuts in. "Morale is a horse with a different collar."

"Yeh?" grunts Heenan. "They're spelled about the same way."

"So's 'trip' and 'tripe' spelled about the same way," says I, "but morale means—uh—uh—er ——"

"I see," comes back Pat. "That makes Coote an uh-uh engineer. Is it a secret?"

"No," says I, "it's no secret; but I'm slumming through my head for an explanation that you'll understand. Know what a panic is?"

"Sure," returns the manager. "It's one of them things that's narrowly averted when a picture theater catches fire by a guy in the orchestra with a fiddle and a cool head."

"That's right," says I. "Well, morale is what a panic isn't."

"I got you," nods Heenan. "Grant figures the team is all shot—panicky—and needs ——"

"—— confidence," I finishes, "and pep and the winning idea. That's morale. It comes in two sizes—high and low."

"Apple oil!" scoffs Pat. "You can have all the confidence in the world about hitting a fast straight one across the knees, but what does it get you if they wrap a curve around your neck? What I crave is ball players—birds that can smack 'em where they ain't and heave 'em where they are without stopping to think whether they're confident or not. Confidence and pep are K. O. enough, but they won't turn a one-armed deaf mute into a two-handed tenor."

"No," I admits, "but they'd make him try. That gang of yours is halfway back to the bench before they get to the plate—licked before they start. I watched 'em this afternoon. They slouched up to the pan and dragged themselves after fly balls with all the enthusiasm of a fat guy with broken arches walking to his dentist's on a rainy day. There's no winning idea in the Sox."

"Winning idea my eye!" snaps Heenan. "In New York alone there are twenty thousand kids walking around hungry and barefooted on account of their fathers having the winning idea. Bookies live off it. I ain't denying," he goes on, "that a little more pep would help some, but I don't see where any morale engineer's going to steam 'em up. Say, where does the engineer gag come in, anyways?"

"Nowadays," I tells him, "everybody's an engineer—efficiency engineers, cost engineers, accounting engineers. Pretty soon they'll be calling bus boys table engineers, gals handy with the needle tat-work engineers and sky pilots pulpit engineers."

"That," suggests Pat with a grin, "will make you and the rest of the scouts ivory engineers."

"Yeh, and managers like you basement firemen."

"Cut out them personals," scowls Heenan.

"Cut out them grammar," I comes back, "or I'll have Coote engineer you out of your job."

"You're a smart lad," says Pat, "even if you don't know a ball player from a helping of hog meat. Tell me, what do you imagine Grant's boy friend's going to do around here?"

"Piston some pep into the team," I replies; "but don't ask me how, because I can tell a lie. Morale engineers are a new breed of Berkshires to me. I guess, though, he's a sort of sport-model efficiency expert."

"Efficiency expert, eh?" frowns Heenan. "Ain't them the babies they hires for factories and places to make a tramp out of waste and such?"

"On the nose, boy," I applauds. "They're the bobos who fixed it so you use up three dollars' worth of requisitions and eleven dollars' worth of time before you can get an order for a two-cent pencil. Believe me, there isn't a big concern in the country today that doesn't know exactly where its pencils go."

"Well," says Pat, "there's no waste around here—outside of 100 per cent of the money we lay out for scouts."

"No waste, huh?" I returns, scornful. "There's enough to make a good E. E. foam at the ears. In a week Coote'll probably have your bench warmers addressing envelopes while waiting around to strike out, the right fielder knitting socks when left-handed batters are up and the catcher picking oakum while waiting for the ball to be freighted home. The way those Scotch gardeners of yours hold onto the ball, he ought to pick enough in one game to feed the Chinese army."

"You don't eat oakum," snorts Heenan.

"No?" I queries. "What does one do with it?"

"I don't know," comes back Pat, "but I do know you don't pick it. You've heard of the old oakum bucket, haven't you? Not that I'm afraid of the subject," he goes on hasty, "but just to change it—you must be wrong on your efficiency-expert slant."

"I never have been," I protests. "What makes you think so?"

"Well," says Heenan, "Cootie's supposed to be a big pep and morale man, ain't he? How would making a guy use up three hours and a ream of requisition blanks to snag a lead pencil get him drunk with pep and all a-twitter with morale? How would ——"

"Say," I cuts in, "I wonder if big business ever thought of that. You got a head, feller."

"Maybe," glooms Pat; "but it ain't good enough to figure out what Cootie's going to do with the Blue Sox."

"I know," I announces suddenly.

Before He's Halfway Through His Piece Most of the Boys are Manging Their Heads, and I Catches Gulps From a Couple of Rookies Who Don't Know What It's All About Excepting That It's Sad

"What?" demands the manager.

"He's going to stand on the coaching lines," says I, "and keep yelling, 'Be morale, boys, be morale!'"

II

WE FINDS out quick just what Coote aims to shoot at the Sox. The next morning I'm at the clubhouse with Heenan alibi-ing tomorrow's defeat when a slim lad in the young twenties and a pair of horn-rimmed cheaters breezes in on us. Breezes is right. The boy just pops personality and pep—a three cheers and a tiger in the flesh, a community sing in the spirit.

"I'm Coote," he addresses Pat with a grin. "You cheerful?"

"No," snaps the manager—"Heenan."

"Don't worry," chirps the morale engineer. "In a little while nobody'll be able to tell the difference. As soon as I get you pennant-conscious ——"

"Get me what?" growls Pat.

"Pennant-conscious," repeats Coote. "Goal-galvanized, aim-stimulated ——"

"Neither do I know what you're talking about," cuts in Heenan.

"He thinks," I suggests, "that you're unconscious."

"He is," nods the expert, "and so's the whole team—drugged by defeat."

"I see," says Pat, "and you're the little antidote that's going to undrug us. Know anything about baseball?"

"Plenty," returns Coote.

"Ever been a ball player?" persists Heenan.

"No," comes back the youngster, "and I've never been a plum tree, either, but I know more about handling plums than any tree that ever lived."

"Yeh," says Pat, "but can you take a plum that's a sucker for left-handed pitching and make it sure-fire against southpaws. Can you ——"

"Morale," replies Coote, "will move mountains."

"Perhaps," admits Heenan; "but so far I haven't heard of any being moved. You and Grant are off on your wrong feet. What we need is ball players, not mountain movers."

"You have all the material you need," says the morale merchant. "What the team requires is ——"

"A new manager, I guess," interrupts Pat with a snarl. "Why doesn't Grant fire me?"

"He has no desire to fire you," returns Coote. "That's why he sent me to fire you ——"

"Huh?" mumbles Heenan.

"—— with the winning spark," finishes the youngster, "with pennant-consciousness."

"Tell me," says I, curious, "how do you go about engineering this morale skit? What do you do? Just talk to the boys and hop 'em up?"

"Partly," smiles Coote; "but it's quite an extensive treatment. Take, for example, the case I've just completed—that of the Æsthetic Pants Company."

"Pants!" sneers Pat. "Is that where you learned your baseball—in the pants profession?"

"Here was a concern," goes on Coote, giving Heenan the snow and ice, "making a first-class product and with a fine staff of men to sell it, but the business couldn't get going. Somebody recommended a morale engineer and I was called in. At first Ginsberg —— Did I tell you the president's name was Ginsberg?"

"No," says I, "but I guessed it."

"He laughed," continues Coote, "just as you are doing. To begin with I had him call in all the salesmen, and then what do you think I did?"

"Made 'em pants-conscious," I suggests.

"Exactly," returns the morale manufacturer. "I hammered into their heads the idea that they were not distributing an article of apparel but one of necessity—something one could not do without. I emphasized it was not pants they were selling but service—public service. Believe me, before I got through, those men believed in pants."

"Is that all you had to do?" I asks—"just talk 'em into pants?"

"The coat and pants do all the work," yawns Pat, looking out of the window, "but the vest gets the gravy."

"No, indeed," says Coote. "That was merely the start. The next night I had the boys at a banquet, where we developed the get-together spirit with songs about service and Æsthetic Pants. I also had them learn some slogans I'd written: IF THEY'RE NOT ÆSTHETIC, THEY'RE BARELY PANTS. YOUR LEGS HAVE EARNED ÆSTHETIC PANTS. ÆSTHETIC—THE PANTS NOBODY NOES. And others like that for use in brightening up sales talks. Then we gave out badges ——"

"I suppose," cuts in Heenan, "the lads were so het up you done that to keep 'em from selling pants to each other."

"Pipe down," I reprimands Pat, "and let him finish. I'm so excited."

"The next step," goes on Coote, "was to look into the home life of the sales force. No man can give his all to his work unless his domestic affairs are just so. I straightened out some tangles, sent other fellows to the dentist and in less than a month we had the morale of the staff running in high. A few inspirational talks, the singing of the company anthem and off the boys went to their various territories."

"Well?" I inquires.

"Today," says Coote impressively, "every third man in Muscatine, Iowa, wears Æsthetic Pants. In Palestine, Texas, the proportion is one and a half pairs of Æsthetics to every three men. In ——"

"I believe you," growls Heenan, impatient; "but what has all this got to do with the price of succotash in South Bend? You don't expect the Sox'll make hits off the pitcher by yelling slogans at him: HOME RUNS FROM CONTENTED BATS, or THE FENCE YOU LOVE TO BUST, or hooey like that, do you?"

"Different lines of endeavor," says the morale merchandiser, kind of cold, "call for different treatments. I told you about the triumph in Æsthetic Pants merely to give you an idea how aim-stimulation and goal-galvanization are developed. I'll talk to the men in the clubhouse this afternoon after the game," he adds. "Please see that they are all there."

"If any one of them is all there," I remarks, "it'll be the first time this season."

"Has young Grant gone crazy?" yelps Pat when Coote exits. "Or is it me that's beginning to hear voices?"

"Neither," says I. "That's the latest gag in business—steaming up the hired hands with service badges, slogans, house songs and yells, loyalty spiels and the rest of the hashish."

"Does it do any good?" inquires Heenan.

"It must," I returns, "or big business wouldn't be playing it up so hard. If you can hop up a fathead into picking up a gun and getting into a war he don't know anything at all about, why can't you get that same fathead all excited about peddling pants that he does know a little something about?"

"Just with gab?" asks Pat.

"Just with assorted gab," says I; "and you don't even have to see the bimbo that's doing the gabbing. Down where I live there's a lad who sells chisels. He's taking a correspondence course in high-pressure peddling and several nights now I've heard him sobbing over his lessons."

"Must be a nut," growls Heenan.

"The woods are full of them then," says I. "You ought to see one of those talks. They get a baby to believing that the safety of the country and the virtue of American womanhood is in his hands, and the only way to keep 'em from going to pot is for him to increase his sales of chisels in 1927 at least 20 per cent over the year before."

"I see," nods Pat. "You figure Cootie's going to pull the same line, substituting base hits for chisels?"

"Something like that," says I.

"Well," grunts Heenan, "he'll get fat working those Æsthetic Pants gags on the Sox. Imagine Cootie busting into Wild Bill Kenney's home to investigate his private life or getting him to sing hymns out in meeting. I think I'll quit now before I get laughed out of the league."

"Hold your Charley horses," I advises, "and give the kid a chance. You don't know what he's going to do; you're just guessing and so am I. Maybe Cootie really has something that'll wake up the team. That gang of yours don't rate any brainier than a bevy of pants peddlers, and if he could steam those lads into panting for Æsthetics, he

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"The Hit-a-Week Yell," Orders Coote, Going Through the St. Vitus Movements of a College-Cheer Leader. "All Together!"

That Night I Finds Coote Alone in the Hotel Lobby, Looking Into Space

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

Grand Duchess Caroline of Saxe-Weimar

Grand-Ducal Residence Palace at Weimar

Grand Duke William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar

BEHIND a marble column in the great hall of the palace of Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe stood a little girl, awkward and shy, watching with fascinated stare the slim figure of Emperor William in his gold-braided uniform. She trembled when his eyes seemed to rest upon her face. Her large brown eyes grew rounder and rounder as she regarded the Emperor—the ideal of her girlhood. That little girl, needless to say, was I. It was in the year 1903. The place was Bückeburg, the capital of my guardian, mother's oldest brother, Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe. The occasion was the wedding of my favorite sister, Caroline, to His Highness, Grand Duke William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar. It was here that I saw the Kaiser for the first time.

Uncle George had arranged to celebrate my sister's nuptials at Bückeburg, because the multitude of royalties who were expected as guests at the wedding overtaxed the modest resources of Greiz. Bückeburg was our second home. In Greiz, Prince Henry XIV of Reuss—Younger Line—ruled in place of my unhappy brother, Henry XXIV. That was in accordance with the ancient laws of our house. The regent performed his task admirably. Nevertheless, Greiz seemed less homelike under the rule of a stranger.

A Flood of Distinguished Guests

MY UNCLE'S court chamberlain, though competent to discharge his duties, was flustered by the arrival of so many royal personages at once. He had hardly welcomed the rulers of two neighboring principalities, when a royal salute, fired from the castle, announced Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Simple, dignified, every inch a queen, the ruler of the Netherlands, with her consort, Prince Henry, smilingly received the plaudits of the crowd.

Ambassadors and delegates from many states of the empire were assembled to honor the bridal couple, in addition to numerous members of the houses most intimately concerned—Reuss, Weimar and Schaumburg-Lippe. Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg, friend and comrade in arms of the bridegroom, was his best man. I also remember the Prince of Ratibor, the Hereditary Prince of Baden and his wife, Princess Hilda of Hesse, Ago von Maltzan, now German ambassador in Washington, and many others. So numerous were the guests that they overflowed from the palace to private houses in Bückeburg. The palace glittered with swords, jewels and decorations.

My three older sisters had met the Kaiser when he was my uncle's guest at a hunt in the forests near Bückeburg. That was shortly before the young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar came riding into the palace to woo Caroline. I, being what Americans would call a subdeb, was too young to be introduced to His Majesty.

Uncle had promised to present me to His Majesty at the wedding. My heart beat like a drum at the thought of meeting him; yet when the moment came I was strongly tempted to run away. I managed to acquit myself with credit when I shook hands with the Kaiser. The world, including my sister's wedding and all the wedding guests, was obliterated for the time being.

To me, the first meeting with the Emperor was an unforgettable experience, a supreme moment of life. To the Kaiser, it was a matter of scant importance. I was a little princess, the fourth daughter of Prince Henry XXII; he was a mighty monarch. William II had ascended the throne half a year after I was born. He was nearly twenty-eight years older than I, a husband and a father. I was scarcely sixteen. How could he previsage ever so dimly, in the little girl who blushingly stood before him, his future wife? How could he, how could I, how could anyone know that within fifteen years

the Emperor, exiled from his own land, would be constrained to seek the hospitality of his fellow guest, Queen Wilhelmina?

I was still rooted to the spot where the Kaiser had received my salutation. The Emperor passed on, chatting affably with my uncle. As I lifted up my eyes, they were arrested by the sweet, sad face of my sister. Queen Wilhelmina was talking to her gently, compassionately, woman to woman. How fragile, how youthful Caroline looked! What a winsome picture she made with the Queen! My heart suddenly ached for my father. Would he approve of this wedding? Would my sister be as happy as Queen Wilhelmina?

Father had often talked to me about the youthful Queen of the Netherlands. Her mother, Queen Emma, was related to us. She was my mother's cousin. My father was accustomed to pay an annual visit to the Queen Mother. Even as a child, Wilhelmina surprised those who met her by wisdom uncanny for her years, without pretentiousness or sophistication. Conscious of her royal mission, the child queen prepared herself painstakingly for her career.

Few people realize how diligently men and women fated to wear a crown must labor in order to equip themselves for their job. It's no fun being an heir to a throne! Queen Wilhelmina surely spent more time on books and less time on dolls than other little girls. I know how severely my father trained himself to do justice to his little country. And I know from the Kaiser's own mouth the heroic regimen to which he was subjected as a boy and in his early manhood.

Queen Victoria of Sweden, Née Princess of Baden

A Splendid But Loveless Match

QUEEN EMMA has been twice our guest at House Doorn. Both the Queen and the Queen Mother sent gorgeous baskets of flowers to my wedding with Emperor William. However, I was discussing my sister's wedding, not my own. Both my first marriage and my second were still in the clouds, on the lap of the gods.

Grand Duke William Ernest was a devoted bridegroom. But there was one in the gay assemblage whose heart was filled with melancholy forebodings. Even the bridal veil could not quiet her tears. They were not tears of joy.

My sister Caroline was not happy. It was a splendid but loveless match. She wore a crown, but her heart was breaking. Caroline hardly knew the grand duke. She abhorred the life that awaited her in Weimar. She was only eighteen, two years older than I. Not strong-willed enough to refuse a match without love, she had permitted herself to be inveigled into this marriage against her judgment. The one ray of light in the misery of her engagement to the grand duke was the thought that she could give her sisters a home. She succeeded in giving us a home, but she paid for her sacrifice with her life. She needed happiness as a flower

craves sunshine. Without happiness, the crown became a burden that crushed her.

Queen Wilhelmina, with the unfailing intuition of a clever woman, read Caroline's thoughts. Gently she put her arms about her, as if to stay and comfort her with her caresses. Alas, we cannot lay our burdens on others. We must bear them alone.

At this moment, as if to belie all gloomy predictions, the first notes of a waltz wafted into the room. The herald announced the beginning of the gala dance in honor of His Highness the Grand Duke and Her Highness the Grand Duchess of Weimar. The music stole into our ears and took possession of our feet. Caroline led the dance, dancing now with the Emperor, now with her husband. But her heart was elsewhere. Every now and then, when she felt herself unobserved, a forlorn look, half fear, half anguish, crept into her beautiful eyes. And yet there were moments when she was pleased. What girl would not be at her own wedding, under such dazzling auspices? She was grateful for the splendid gifts showered in plentiful profusion on the bride of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She was most deeply touched by the presents from home.

The inhabitants of my father's residence took a personal pride in the fate of his lovely daughter. Their eagerness to present to their princess some token of their love was pathetic. Every gift from Greiz, no matter how humble, received a place of honor in her palace in Weimar.

Two weeks later my oldest sister Emma married Count Erich Künigle in Greiz. What a difference between this simple wedding and the ornate ceremony at Bückeburg! There were no royal or imperial guests, but my sister and her bridegroom were happy; they loved each other. The bridegroom was not the scion of a reigning house, but to my sister, love seemed more than a crown. Count Künigle was a nephew of my father's chief forester. Emma had met him in our little hunting château when he came to visit his uncle. Almost immediately she lost her heart to him. She confessed her love to my father shortly before his death. After some hesitation, father gave his consent.

The engagement was made public one year after my father's death. Many of our high-born relatives objected to this love match, but my sister never regretted her choice. I, too, would never hesitate. Between love and a crown, I would choose love. A loveless life is a wasted life. The pomp of princes, the plaudits of the multitudes or the clink of gold cannot still the hunger of the heart.

Mother of Kings

WE CHILDREN missed Caroline sorely. She was the favorite of us all. Her departure loosened somewhat the ties that bound us together. After the marriage of Emma, only three of us, always excepting my unfortunate brother, whose ailment made him a stranger in his own home, remained—Ida, the youngest, Marie and myself.

Saabor Castle. In Oval—The Grand Duchess Caroline in Her Winter Garden in the Weimar Castle. At Top—The Palace Gate at Buckeburg

Shortly after Emma's wedding, my new brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, invited Marie and myself to witness his entry into his capital, Weimar.

The Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar lies between Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria. It also has a common border with Reuss. Like all the Saxon states, its rulers are Wettins. Saxe-Weimar is cut in two by Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, another principality ruled by the Wettins. Coburg-Gotha is a mother of kings. Queen Victoria was a princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha also gave kings to Portugal, Belgium and Bulgaria. Their descendants, Wettins all, still rule in England, Belgium and Bulgaria.

In the Tomb of Princes

THERE was a time when Saxe-Weimar was the intellectual capital of Germany, when Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland—a matchless constellation of poets—revolved around Karl August of Saxe-Weimar. Weimar, in those days, was the fatherland of genius.

The grand-ducal palace in Weimar, like the château in which I was born, had burned down at the end of the seventeenth century. It was rebuilt lavishly thirty years later. It is a magnificent edifice, surrounded by a delightful park, ever green with memories and with trees. Both the park and the palace contain reminiscences of the illustrious lords of song who will be remembered when most grand dukes and grand duchies are forgotten.

With open-mouthed wonder, my sister Marie and I followed Caroline's explanation of the literary treasures concealed in the palace. She led us to the four rooms dedicated to the four great poets whose names are immortally linked with Weimar. Each room is decorated with frescoes borrowing a motif from the works of those deathless four—Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland. I mused for hours in Goethe's garden, a few minutes' walk from the grand-ducal park, and in the house of Schiller, his twin star in the heavens of literary Germany.

"And if you want to read, sister," Caroline said to me, "there is the Green Château which contains our modest library." I was delighted, bookworm that I was. But even my enthusiasm balked at reading one hundred and eighty thousand volumes!

Weimar certainly appreciated literature and knew how to honor its writers. The mortal remains of the two immortals, Goethe and Schiller, rest in the tomb of the princes of the house of Saxe-Weimar, a few steps from their friend and protector, Karl August.

All Weimar was garbed in festive attire to welcome its ruler and his young bride. Jubilation and merriment everywhere! I saw many familiar faces in the crowded streets. Half of Greiz, my native town, seemed to be mingling with the inhabitants of Weimar. They had traveled far to see their beloved princess enter her capital as a grand duchess. They marked her smiling face. Unlike myself,

(Continued on Page 154)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1927

The French Debt

THE Prime Minister of France has notified his countrymen, through a statement to the Chamber of Deputies, of his intention to seek from the United States better terms in settlement of their debt than those contained in the unratified understanding with the American Debt Funding Commission. By "better terms," it is safe to infer, is meant a lower figure. At the same time, France has undertaken to make the payments stipulated under the unratified agreement, without, however, incurring the obligation of having these payments interpreted as acceptation of the agreement.

A few days after the statement of Poincaré on the American debt, the Prime Minister received, with a heavy majority, a vote of confidence, in the Chamber of Deputies. This vote of confidence was secured on the basis of a motion dealing with repression of radical activities in France; but we may be sure that approval by the Chamber of Deputies of the stated position of the Prime Minister on the question of the American debt played a rôle in the vote of confidence.

Anyone reading the terms of the debt agreement adopted for France and the United States, but still unratified, will find it difficult to understand how the beginning of cash payments constitutes, as the French appear to think it does, an option upon the reopening of negotiations looking to different terms of settlement. Possibly it was feared that if cash payments were not made the agreement might be denounced by the United States. In any event, the present situation may be taken to indicate a political frame of mind more characteristic of French than of American psychology.

The American Debt Funding Commission has concluded its functions. A reopening of the debt question would probably require congressional action. Whether it is the intention of the French Government to appeal to our Administration for congressional action on the French debt directly, or for the appointment of a commission to negotiate a new settlement, is not clear. In any event, we do not regard the question as being open in the sense of making an option worth while.

France evidently desires to secure terms comparable to those accorded Italy. We do not believe that France could present to Congress, or to a new American commission, evidence confirming the view that the French capacity to pay is relatively and comparably no larger than that of Italy. We do not believe the French are in position to suggest that the commission sent by them to negotiate with the Debt Funding Commission of the United States was technically incompetent; nor do we believe that it would be possible to show any notable change in French capacity to pay as the result of developments during the interim. In short, we do not believe the French have a better case or can make a better showing.

Therefore, it must be inferred that they are counting upon the American attitude's having changed. We see no reason for believing that the American attitude has changed in reference to technical judgment on French capacity to pay; and we do not believe that the American attitude has changed in respect of French obligation to pay. From the standpoints alike of Franco-American relations, stabilization of French currency, and restoration of French economy, we regard the reopening of negotiations and prolongation of the debate on debt payment as both unfortunate and fruitless. A commercial asset lies in prompt settlement. This the British were astute enough to discern and they have reaped a gain thereby. We do not wish to suggest that the attitude of the French has been dilatory in the diplomatic and ethical senses, but there can be little doubt that it has been dilatory from the standpoint of commercial practice between nations.

Uncle Sam, Landlord

LANDLORDS are not as a rule the most popular of persons; large landlords less so. The greatest owner of land in this country is Uncle Sam himself. But the facts connected with his ownership receive very little notice in the East, since practically all of these Federal holdings lie in the Far West, in the so-called eleven Western states. In that immense, if not heavily populated, area the sequestration of a large minority of all land from state and local control is a problem of real magnitude and a fairly constant source of irritation.

Nor is there any easy solution. Much of the reserves administered from Washington would be valueless at present in private hands. They would yield no taxes to state or county. Vast spaces are required for watershed and forest protection; in private hands they might not serve this function, and if owned by the state, they would still pay no taxes.

Yet in the Western mountain and desert states the feeling is often expressed that the tax burden would be less if only the various classes of government-owned land were available to the assessor. Indian reservations, national parks, forest reserves and public lands—all these are withdrawn from the local taxgatherer.

Speaking generally, we question the wisdom of tax exemption. The more property reached, the less the burden on any single class or group of ratables. Yet everyone who has a decent regard for the country's future recognizes the necessary function involved in nationally owned parks, forests and Indian reservations. The question is one of net gain and loss.

Fortunately, at the last meeting of the National Tax Association a committee was appointed to discover, if possible, the extent to which the costs of state government have been increased by the existence of large areas of federally owned land. This association, it may be explained, consists of large numbers of state taxing officials, as well as bankers, lawyers, accountants, professors of political economy, representatives of large tax-paying interests and others with a professional interest in taxation. In the past its recommendations on fiscal subjects have had weight with the Congress.

The committee has asked the governors of the eleven Western states to furnish definite figures as to the increased cost of state and local government due to federally owned land areas, and equally definite figures as to the amount spent by the Federal Government for highways, education and other purposes both within the states and upon the reservations themselves. Figures are asked also as to sums received by the states from grazing fees, oil royalties or any other source connected with the public lands.

While official figures are desired, the committee also wants data from unofficial sources. Any citizen who has pertinent information should forward it at once to the Chairman, Prof. Harley Lutz, Department of Economics, Stanford University, California.

Too long this subject has been discussed from the standpoints of sentiment, emotion, sectional prejudice and political expediency. Those who oppose national parks, national forests and provision of land for the Indians, now have the opportunity to present definite financial arguments, if any such exist.

The Reciprocity Movement Gaining

THANKS to the efforts of an energetic group of bankers and publicists, much has been accomplished during the past year in the way of securing reciprocity between the states in the matter of inheritance taxes; and the manifest injustice of duplicated and reduplicated levies on the same estate has been proportionably abolished. When the effective dates of legislation recently enacted have been reached, says a report just submitted to an important body of bankers, there will be twenty-two states of the Union, counting the District of Columbia as a state, which have joined this reciprocity movement. The importance of this undertaking will be manifest when it is said that the arrangement embraces nearly fifty-eight per cent of the population of the country and sixty per cent of its wealth.

It is gratifying to note that the passage of reciprocity acts is not a sectional matter, for states in all parts of the Union with diverse local interests have fallen into line. No sounder argument has been made against reciprocity than the selfish plea of certain attorneys who specialize in representing the estates of nonresident decedents, that it would be likely to cut into their business. With the majority of estates, these levies are mere nuisance taxes, in that the expense of adjusting them and the labor involved are entirely disproportionate to the amount of the tax eventually exacted.

Another five years should witness a complete ironing out of the inheritance-tax situation. Within that period we have a right to expect that the Federal inheritance tax will be repealed and that universal reciprocity will have done away with the unjust duplicated state taxes.

An Amended Cancellation Plan

READERS of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have offered two interesting amendments to the plan presented in these columns for the extinction of the war debts owed by European nations to the United States. The original suggestion, which also came from our readers, was that the philanthropists who believe that the war debts should be canceled be permitted by the Treasury Department to turn in Liberty bonds with the understanding that they be credited to the account of any specified debtor nation. This simple and rather obvious proposal was hailed with delight by those who see the situation from the American viewpoint. Several readers, however, visualizing the spectacle of Mr. Mellon's clerical offices being overrun by a swarm of cancellationists, Liberty bonds in hand, demanding instant attention and proper official receipts, have pointed out with justice that the original suggestion is imperfect in that it involves too much red tape and would make unreasonable demands upon the staff of the Treasury Department. They propose, therefore, that the surrender of Liberty bonds be made at the embassies or the consular offices of the beneficiary powers, and that the bonds be duly earmarked for reduction of the principal of war loans. There can be no reason for unwillingness to accept this constructive amendment.

Another of our readers, a bright Western woman, whom we suspect of a highly developed sense of humor, suggests the formation of strong local committees in university towns and other cancellationist centers, whose duty shall be to call upon avowed cancellationists and solicit the surrender of Liberty bonds in behalf of the cause they have espoused, taking care that the fullest publicity be given to the liberality or lack of liberality of their contributions.

We are glad to pass these suggestions on for what they are worth.

THE MACHINE WRECKERS

By Gilbert Seldes

WE WERE watching the fire which, last April, made a volcano of the tower of the unfinished Netherlands Hotel in New York. It was a singularly impressive sight against the natural background of Central Park, and it was as unreal as fireworks, because the building was empty and no lives in danger. The scaffolding had caught fire at the thirty-eighth floor, so far above street level that no water could be pumped high enough to reach it. A few feeble streams had washed the twentieth floor; for the rest, the firemen had to stand idly by, and most of them were busy only in protecting adjoining buildings.

"That," said a friend of mine excitedly, "is how it will all end. The houses will grow higher and higher, until they will escape altogether from human authority. The machines will get bigger and more complex—until we will lose control over them altogether. And we'll be lucky if they don't turn against us and tear us to pieces."

A week or so later a handful of wires burned out in a Subway construction and 25,000 New Yorkers were compelled to take a holiday, although none of the buildings in which they worked had been touched by fire. Only the machinery which they used, instead of eyes, ears, noses and feet, had broken down—I mean the elevators, the telephones, the electric-lighting system and the ventilators. Hotels were suddenly isolated and had to install a runner system for relaying messages; the officers protecting life and property were marooned. A thoughtful observer, noting how easily the life of the city had been thrown out of gear, might speculate on what would happen if by some convulsion of Nature our supply of power should be interrupted for three months. Could Americans in great cities learn quickly enough how to trim a wick or make a tallow dip, milk a cow, bake a loaf, or weave a bolt of cloth? Or are the dismal prophets right who say that the whole mechanical civilization is fragile and that we are so dependent upon it that we are gradually losing the use of all our own faculties?

If anyone had followed this line of thought, the events of a month, as picked out of the newspaper headlines, would have become impressive. Here are a few items:

March 27. Prof. Bradley Stoughton, of the Department of Metallurgical Engineering at New Haven, said last night: "There is nothing stable about our civilization, and it is liable to be destroyed, unless the age of materialism which scientists have forced us into is brought to an end."

April 10. Hoots and cheers met the first performance in America of the Ballet Mecanique in which George Antheil, young American composer, attempted by means of twelve pianos, an automatic player, gongs, sirens, wind machines, and aeroplane propellers to express in music the spirit of the mechanical age.

April 16. A monoplane being groomed for a transatlantic flight, turned maliciously upon its pilot and designer and severely injured them.

The same night thousands of music lovers throughout the country listened in to the orchestra at Symphony Hall, Boston, playing for the first time an orchestral fantasy entitled Flivver 10,000,000. The well-known American composer, F. S. Converse, inspired by the familiar legend, The Ten Millionth Ford is Now Serving its Owner, added a Ford motor horn to the usual instruments of the orchestra in this composition, which does for the Ford car what the French composer Honneger did for the locomotive in his Pacifique 291.

A few more general items of news might be added.

Gandhi's boycott of European industry is causing a revival of the crafts of hand spinning and weaving in India.

It is reported that Russian peasants, passing a factory, cross themselves three times to ward off evil.

During the early months of 1927 an epidemic of suicide broke out among college and high-school students in the United States.

Keeping music and monoplanes, Asia and America in mind, and trying to work out a connection between them,

(Continued on Page 149)

ANOTHER UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Yes, My Daughter's Attended All the Best Art Schools Both Here and Abroad, But She's Just One of These Would-Be Artists." "Why, What Do You Mean, Mr. Blunt?" "Well—She Would be an Artist if She Had Any Talent!"

Something Goes Wrong With the Machinery in the Shaving-Cream Factory

Elegy in Any Churchyard

YES, here we lie beneath the sod,
The tree, the slab, perhaps the steeple;
While here you ask, "What sort of odd,
Fantastic half-wits were these people?"

Well, then, to speak for every shade,
We slaked the thirsts that you are slaking,
We thought and felt like you, and made
The same mistakes that you are making.

We wrought in matter, dream and rime;
And, like yourselves, who likewise doubt it,
We lived and had a darned good time,
For all our sighs and groans about it.

—Arthur Guiterman.

"What Would Your Mother Say if She Saw You Smoking That?" "That's All Right—She Has Lots More o' Them"

The Cartoonist's Family Picnics

"JIMMIE, unconsciously plant your foot in that raspberry pie while getting squirted in the face as you open a jar of pickles. Eloise, take a loaf of Vienna bread, convert it into a ukulele and sing Blue Skies as you lean carelessly against that chocolate layer cake. Herbert, help yourself to the hard-boiled eggs and indulge in a lively game of marbles. Nellie, ensconce yourself among those bun sandwiches as if they were boudoir pillows and string button radishes for a necklace. And, Harold, take the baby over to the pump and give it a shower bath. There, that's great! Now hold it, everybody, and I'll work fast!"

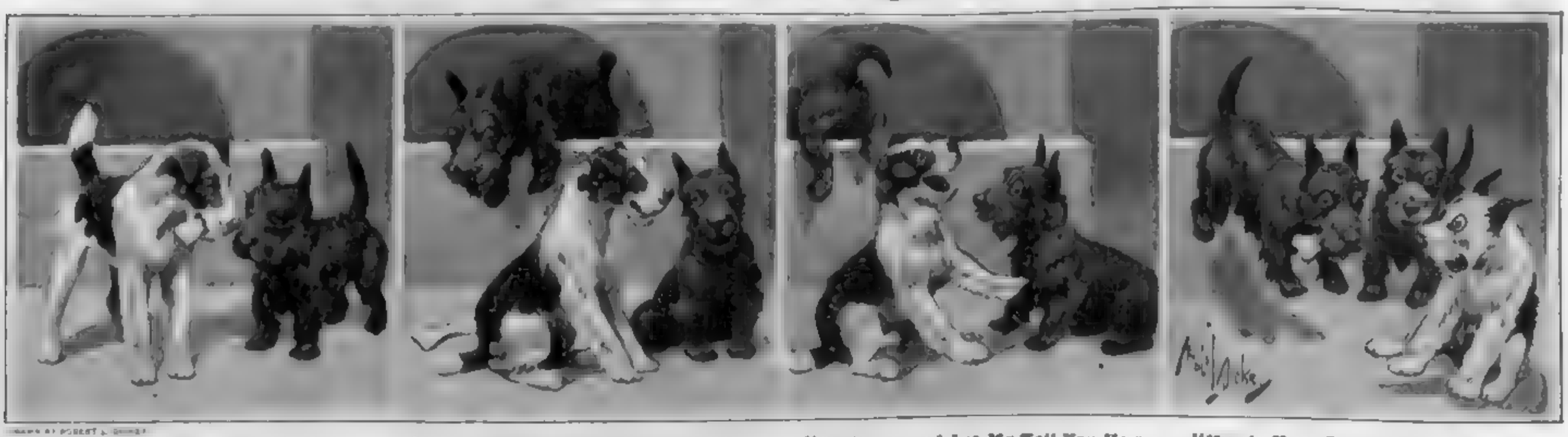
A dishevelish good time was had by all.

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

(Continued on Page 110)

The Cop: "Y' Need Any Help?"

McNab and His Neighbors



"'Tis a Fine Meaty Bone Ye Has There, Mr. Fox"

"Mrs. McNab, When it Comes to Using the Old Bean, I'm There

"Sit Down and Let Me Tell You How I Outwitted Old Airedale for the Possession of That Bone!"

"Here's Yere Bone, Fox! I Canna Say Which I Enjoyed Mair, the Bone or Yere Lang Story"

They are slow-cooked!

SERVE HOT
SERVE COLD

The public preference is for slow-cooked beans. This is shown by the tremendous popularity of Campbell's Beans.

Of course many people do not realize why Campbell's Beans are so delicious. They only know they are delicious.

The splendid advantage of these famous beans is that they are as wholesome as they are tempting to the taste.

For slow-cooking gives them not only such delightful flavor, but also makes them readily and easily digestible.

Remember this when you go to the store for beans. Insist on the slow-cooked beans—Campbell's. Everybody, from the children up—will like them better.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

MY DEAR

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

As He Reached the Massive Hall Door—Which the Duchess Had Signaled a Scandalized Butler to Open for Him as Quickly as Might be—Let the Mad Fool Go—Jenny Reached It Too

XIV

JENNY had ascended the wide staircase of Rosamund's parents' Harcourt Square house. She had looked with awe at the quite famous double staircase, so wide and vast, going up from and then down again into the hall in a great loftily curving semicircle. She had never conceived of a staircase like this in a private house.

Arrived at the top of one staircase, in the center of the upward curve of the semicircle, she saw a lift awaiting her, attended by a page, to whom the footman handed her over. So she came to Rosamund's own self-contained flat that stretched over the whole top floor of the mansion. In a room the like of which she had never seen, Rosamund was waiting to receive her.

"So glad to see you," said Rosamund, taking her hardened little hand. "We'll lunch at once because I know you are as busy as I am."

"I have to get back to Mr. Le Maur at 2:30. I'm sitting the whole day."

"Don't let him make a slave of you."

"I like it. He'll pay me more."

"Oh, of course," said Rosamund. "I had forgotten that."

Then, into a dining room, smaller than Rosamund's big lounge room, where an incredibly charming table was set. Lace cloth, old silver, old Bristol glass, food that seemed to melt away as you put it in your mouth, a drink in a tall glass jug that she had never seen before—a drink with fruits in it.

"Cider cup?" said Rosamund easily, explaining it tactfully in the form of a question.

The quick little page waited upon them handily.

"You can go away, Peter," said Rosamund when he had served grapefruit. "I'll ring for you."

And the regiment of forks and knives and spoons.

"It's nothing," Jenny said to herself. "It's only like learning to read and write. No person can know how before he has an opportunity to learn."

She took her lead earnestly from Rosamund.

"We must talk a lot," said Rosamund, "and quickly. It's 1:30 now."

"Ask me questions," said Jenny breathlessly.

Rosamund sighed. "You think that's the quickest way?"

"Much. You can ask just what matters, and I can answer."

"Why do you think I want to ask what matters?"

"I think you—you want to help me."

"Not quite," said Rosamund. She had mostly a temporary curiosity to study the genus model as personified here. "But still, if there's anything I can do ——"

"You can."

"Just tell me."

The squirting grapefruit juice embarrassed Jenny, but again she admonished herself: "These aren't the things that really matter." And she said humbly, "Lady Rosamund, I want to educate myself more in—in ——"

"Dear Miss Croft, go on. I'm so interested."

"—— this sort of thing, Lady Rosamund. All these knives and forks. I've never seen a table like this, and Lady Rosamund, I've no time to lose in learning."

Her candor and humility struck Rosamund very pleasantly. She knew the sort of upstart and ignoramus who tried to bluff herself through the dividing hedge between the classes.

"How brave and nice of you," she said. "My dear girl, if you're always as fearless as this, these little trifles won't mean much difficulty for you. Look," she said simply. "Spoon, consommé; fish knife and fork; meat knife and fork; ice spoon; you'll see as we go on with luncheon. Really, you're a perfect dear to tell me about it."

"You'd have seen."

"Yes, but I shouldn't have said so; and you needn't."

"Do you mind me coming in these clothes?"

"My dear Miss Croft, why should I?"

"Your servants ——"

"Really, it is not my servants' business. They are here to do what I want. That's all."

"Oh!"

"Yes," said Rosamund. And then she added comfortably, "All these little points are such trifles, and so easy to learn."

"Some people would laugh at me, I suppose," Jenny said.

"Some people have such a rudimentary sense of humor that they'd laugh at anything. My own friends wouldn't laugh. I don't know such people. I like wits, not fools."

Then she said, smiling, "Tell me, are you going to the theater with that rather nice boy who asked you last night?"

"No."

"But why? I should if I were you. Men will help you most, you know."

"I do know." Then Rosamund saw in her face a wisdom far beyond her own—a good-humored, satirical, half contemptuous, defensive wisdom that spoke eloquently for itself. "But I don't want other men."

"'Other' men?"

Over Jenny Croft's face ran that light and color that Le Maur had so greedily pounced upon.

Rosamund said to herself: "In love. Some awful hooligan, I dare say. Some low brute she adores and who'll just use her. These people are all the same. These women—no sense of self-protection." She spoke to Jenny:

"Going to be married? With a career such as Victor le Maur could find for you before you? Isn't it a sacrifice?"

"I hope I'll be married some day."

"Do tell me about him," and Rosamund said to herself: "Interesting. I wonder what the tale will be." She loved to watch leashed passions almost as much as she loved unleashing them.

The page Peter was busy about them, and Jenny, not having learned yet to think of servitors as so many automata, was dumb before him.

"Now," said Rosamund encouragingly, when the interruption had passed.

"He's a gentleman," said Jenny impetuously; "one of your class. Not mine."

Rosamund felt, in that revelation, that she had heard all. The girl couldn't possibly believe—having all that wisdom in her—that she would marry a gentleman! She advised: "I wouldn't take things so seriously if I were you. It's dangerous, you know. And men disappoint us so."

"They do, don't they?"

"He's disappointed you already?"

"Not exactly—disappointed." She thought of the flowers still blooming in her room. Disillusion could not live beside those emblems.

"Do you see him often?"

"He's gone. I don't know where he is."

"Ah, my dear girl, you see!"

"But we were going to be married."

Rosamund looked at her silently, almost pityingly; her look made Jenny cry, "You don't believe it, but we were!"

"Well, why did he run away?"

Jenny reflected that to tell more might be to expose the discreditable career of Bad John Danby around the neighborhood of the Whitechapel Road, and with all a woman's instinct to guard her own, she drew back.

(Continued on Page 32)

When Buick speaks *the World* listens

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 30)

"It wouldn't quite do for me to tell you."

"Tell me this anyway: What do you hope from all you're doing?"

"To make myself fitter for him when we meet again."

"Do you expect to meet again?"

"I don't know."

Rosamund counseled in her husky languorous voice: "Now, my dear Miss Croft—or shall I call you Jenny?—take my advice, the advice of one who has seen far more than you have: On your journey toward a highly improbable meeting take all you can. Let nice young men give you a good time. You need money to spend on yourself. You can make it. Buy clothes. You'll feel so different! What did you, now, feel last night in that dear little frock from Divinité?"

"I felt different."

"Of course, Jenny, learn life; live life. Give up—give up faithfulness," she said, after hesitation. "It will never, never pay you. It never does pay a woman. A woman should be faithful to one person—herself. All wise women know it. Our cunning Victorian grandmothers knew it. They were very, very faithful—to themselves. Their pose of piety and modesty was perfect. It paid them! About lots of us modern women there's too much gallantry, too much courage. Our grandmothers weren't gallant. They ran away from mice and all other pests. They let men have the dirty work of catching them; they themselves were better amused. My poor little fool, never be heroic. Leave all the Galahad and Spartan business to men. Ten to one they will decline it—look at this lover of yours—but occasionally you'll find one who knows no better than to accept the rôle. Make the best of him, and for the rest of the time, manage on a lower plane with the others."

They looked at each other; Rosamund's face, hard in a sophisticated mischief; Jenny's still entranced. She heard Rosamund with deaf ears. She felt inarticulate and yet exalted, as she always felt when she thought of Bad John Danby the profligate, of Jack the lover.

At last she said, "You say you know more than I do——"

"I've traveled over half the world," said Rosamund. "I'm an unmarried modern, living my own life, with my own income to keep me immune when I need immunity. This—and my social advantage, if you'll forgive me—gives me such a freedom as you have never dreamed of."

Still the girl's face, like the face of a mystic, fixed in her delusions! It was pitiable—stupid, but pitiable.

"You say you know more than I do," Jenny repeated. "It may be that we know different things. It may be that I know as much as you do."

"And yet you want my knowledge!"

"I want to add your knowledge to my own."

Rosamund, a little startled, gazed at her. She uttered, with a lame little laugh:

"If you don't take my advice; if you don't take the gifts the gods are offering you; if you don't use men for what they are worth—and not many women of my world would so advise a woman in your world; I dare because, well, just because I am I—if you don't do this, how are you going to spend your life when you're not sitting to Victor le Maur?"

Jenny told Lady Rosamund of Dealy's, appalling her. "Don't be such a fool."

"I want money."

"What for? Now tell me."

"To—to—to build with."

"Exactly. Now, my poor good girl, a woman should build on other people. Men—they're her building material. Oh, our grandmothers knew! They considered all men as bricklayers and plasterers."

Again they sat silent, regarding each other. Rosamund, as she had said, dared to give this possibly predatory girl the advice to prey—on other people's men; for even as she gave it she had thought to herself that she had now stopped adventuring; she had nothing to lose; she had decided irrevocably the night before to marry a fine young man whose particular future would keep him, in the main, out of artists' studios, out of the range of such particular preying. Such a girl would never endanger her. Upon her fine young man she would build and build and build. Power, place, passion—they would build a very palace of life and no detrimentals, male or female, would enter. So she spoke from the security of her decisions; advising this waif of fortune shrewdly for her own good. There was only one good road for such girls. Let her walk it.

Into the quiet of the dining room came the chime of a clock striking softly 2:15. Jenny rose.

"One moment," said Rosamund with suave kindness. "I'd like to help you. Really, I would. Dear thing, those clothes must go! They mustn't be seen as far west as Victor's studio anyway. I speak for your good. Now——" She was all tact and sense. "Listen. You mustn't be proud. That would be silly. I'm going to tell my maid to pack a little thing or two and address them to you at the studio. We're much of a height. Don't say no. It's going to be done. Won't it further your great ambition?"

To be glorious for him! Jenny knew it would further that ambition.

And though she didn't want this girl's gifts somehow, didn't want to wear upon her own body clothes that Lady Rosamund had worn, Jenny hesitated so long, flushed so deeply, had such a longing light in her eyes, that without a word her thankful consent was taken. Her hardened hand was again holding Lady Rosamund's cared-for one.

"Good-by," said Rosamund cordially. "And take all my advice; every bit of it. Don't go in for slow self-destruction."

Jenny went out with a strange feeling that out of sheer gratitude she would have liked to tender to this aristocrat exactly the same advice.

"Learn off me," said Linda.

"Learn from me," said Lady Rosamund.

And both—the cast-off model dwelling in a slum and the lady of title, dwelling like a princess—equally unconvincing!

"Going to show you about a little, Jenny," said Le Maur that afternoon. "You'd better dine with me at the Café Royal one night. You'll see other models there; and Dauphin and Orchard and Selincour will see you again. They can't have you yet. But still, presently perhaps you'll be sitting for them. Come tonight. No. I'm not asking you. I'm telling you to come. . . . Rubbish! I'm not going to stand nonsense from you. Healthy dinner'll do you good. I'm going to teach you to drink a bit too. You're all right for the work I'm doing, but I may want you a little different by and by. . . . Hold that pose, now." And then: "If I take you what are you going to wear?"

The boxes—two cardboard boxes—had already arrived by messenger from Harcourt Square. She hated them and loved them.

"What are those? This isn't your private address for your litter!"

"They're from Lady Rosamund Lacey."

"Oh! . . . . We'll rest a bit; open 'em."

He exclaimed, over the clothes and the turban displayed, "She knows, Rosamund does. You're in luck, girl. And tonight you come out to dinner with me."

Many profanities met her protests regarding Dealy's work. She defended herself: "Well, I've told you I want to earn money!"

"Oh, money!"

"Yes, money. There isn't so very much after all in just modeling."

(Continued on Page 34)

"She Knows, Rosamund Does. You're in Luck, Girl"

CAR INTERIORS AS INVITING
AS YOUR FAVORITE ROOM

THE more nearly closed car interiors approximate a favorite room at home, the greater the comforting satisfaction. How great this satisfaction can be is known only to owners of cars upholstered in CA-VEL.

Fresh, glowing beauty surrounds them as they roll away on a round of calls or errands. They sink back on soft, inviting upholstery with the same relaxation and contentment they enjoy when seated in a corner of the living room divan.

Preserving this charm and atmosphere of home is one of the important contributions CA-VEL velvets have made to finer motoring.

Another is their enduring quality. Their alluring beauty remains fresh and bright through years of hard service. The glowing surfaces of these lovely, lustrous pile fabrics never become ruffled, never injure the filmiest garments.

The finer closed cars are upholstered in CA-VEL—the same colorful velvets used by fine furniture makers and interior decorators. Don't deprive yourself of the joy and satisfaction this beautiful and enduring textile will give you. When you buy again select a car upholstered in CA-VEL. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

C A-V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 32)

"No," said Le Maur, "there isn't a fortune in just modeling, but it can introduce lots and lots of good things to a girl with any wits at all."

He leaned down over Jenny as she knelt on the floor, turning the turban in her hands, and kissed her lips. She struck him instantly in the face. His lip bled. He laughed quietly. It put him in an extremely good humor.

She rose, the turban dropping.

"Now, I suppose, I'll clear out."

"I'll follow you and murder you if you do. You'll stay. You may be fighting like a wildcat before you're through. Who knows? Who cares? The light's going. We're through with work. Run up to the dressing room and put on those clothes."

She sat beside him in the artist's culinary paradise on one of the cushioned seats that flanked the walls. They saw, indeed, Dauphin, Orchard, and a Spanish black-and-white illustrator who had rather a vogue, each with his last and favorite model. The girls were strangely lovely or strikingly bizarre. The whole atmosphere of the place excited and moved Jenny. And everyone—men and girls—stared at her, spoke of her to each other. She was Le Maur's latest.

"Let's have steaks and a bottle of Burgundy—they've the real thing here," he said. "And afterward, a soufflé; and Napoleon brandy with the coffee, eh? You may as well begin to learn, child."

It followed that she went home in the sleek clothes of Rosamund at eleven o'clock. Le Maur would not hear of taking her back to the studio to change into drabness. He had a little house in Westminster and wanted to get back to it.

"Never heard of such nonsense. The studio's closed. Michel's gone. Never mind about my latchkey. What do you think you are, girl—Cinderella? You get on home in your fairy clothes and be thankful."

It followed that Heiner was coming in from an evening at a dancing palace, and dogging her flying footsteps up the alley, was on the dim stairway with her. Under the low-burning flicker of a naked gas flame he took her all in.

"My word! Jenny's made up her pure young mind to be a swell after all! Don't blame you, sweetheart. Knew it would happen one day. What's this old town for if not for girls like you to get their pickings out of? Say, I've a bottle of nice port wine. Come in and have a glass. Who'll know? 'Sides, if you're going to walk about here in duds like that, who won't know!"

She flew upstairs like a deer. He was not too steady on his feet and could not have caught her had he tried. The slam of her door came down to him as he stood laughing a little fatuously at he didn't know or care what. He heard, too, the click of the key turning in her lock. Another time she would go back to the studio and change. She would. She would.

The sweet smell of the small lilac trees assailed her gratefully, and she saw that all the buds of Jack's azaleas were now bursting forth into full blooms. What a full day, how crowded with sensation; the feverish, hungry toiling of Le Maur at the first picture he was painting from his first sketch of her; the lunch and that free, startling talk with Rosamund in her aerie far up in her parents' house; the clothes with Rosamund's scent still in them; the dinner at the Café Royal. She felt a wild wave of excitement outrun the wave of her vexation with Heiner. When she had lifted off the close turban that had invested her, Le Maur had said, with an incomparable insolence, she held it for a while in her hands, turning it about, looking at it, suspecting its magic. Dress and luxury, wines and soft lights, the enchantment of music subtly rendered—these did strange indefinable things to a woman.

"How strong a girl has to be!" said Jenny out loud. And then she sat down, her chin in her hands, staring at the lilacs and azaleas, thinking for a long while. The pile of work that she should this evening have finished for Dealy was stacked up on the table. Her sewing machine stayed silent under its cover. She went to bed, thinking—thinking—thinking in the darkness.

But early the next morning, all the same, she rose and dressed in Rosamund's cast-off clothes—the sleek suit, poetically built shoes, silk stockings, for she herself had hardly a seasonable change from the drabness she had left at the studio—and got to work. It was only five o'clock, the morning light pouring in, the alley below scarcely stirring. She worked without a break till nine, when the last trouser leg was seamed. She drank a cup of tea; took her accustomed bread and jam.

Then she folded and packed the work, setting off with it to Dealy's en route for Chelsea.

It followed now that the Leaves must see her as she passed through the lower hall. George was leaning, in shirt and trousers, in the doorway with his first pipe of the day, and his wife was on her knees scrubbing. George raised the eyebrow of judgment; he was a strictly moral man. But his wife, after the first look, scrambled from her knees, wiped her hands on her apron, dived after Jenny, and with a finger and thumb felt the quality of the fine cloth of her sleeve.

"Good luck to you, Jenny! My, I wish I'd taken the best road when I was your age, and they'd look at me." And turning back, she said viciously, with a look at George, "If one man lets you down, find a better, quick, is what I says to girls."

And every woman listlessly shaking a frowzy mat at a front door felt a sour gladness in her; and Linda, pattering out to the local Charwomen's Registry bureau, called, "My! You're a good business girl after all."

It followed also that Matthew Hamilton, turning into the alley on an errand of charity, saw Jenny Croft, and that his heart leaped, stood still, and thudded again against his bony ribs. Like Mrs. Leave, he hastened after her. Catching her up, he could only stammer, but his burning eyes spoke for him, begging for an answer to their questions.

"Jenny"—at last—"you—you—you're prospering?"

"Fairly, Mr. Hamilton, thank you. I've had these nice clothes given me by a lady—a friend of Mr. Le Maur's."

"They look striking in—in—look striking here."

Jenny felt for a moment as if her heart must break, but she knew that hearts must stand up to life and beat on. She continued with a valiant gait to Dealy's.

The hunchbacked cutter looked at her, saying slyly, "Well done, my gal."

Then she went westward. But now, with every mile that passed, she felt less strange and lonely. Now she was dressed, if beautifully, suitably to the environment. The black turban, which looked as if freshly swathed and molded about her head, was no longer questionable. It had a long arrow—apparently of diamonds—gleaming across the front of it. Mrs. Leave's eyes had flown with awe, stupefied, to this arrow. Jenny knew that the arrow, if not of real diamonds, was a thing of comparative value. Lady Rosamund had not even troubled to remove it. The world was very, very rich.

"Well, Jenny," said Le Maur, "how do you find life today?" He was reading the Times cursorily, and just then he happened on some item of news that arrested him. "Come here," he said. "Look. This should interest you. She was very kind to you yesterday, you little gutter-snipe."

Jenny read that the engagement was announced, and that the marriage would take place at the end of the season, of Lady Rosamund Lacey and Mr. John Roe Riverside, nephew and heir of Sir Lucas Riverside, Bart.

"Get ready," said Le Maur irritably. "I want to begin. No time to waste today."

While she posed once more for the picture afterward called Hypocrisy, standing hour after hour with that marvelous muscular control that so satisfied Le Maur, she thought of Rosamund as a beautiful bride. There would be no tragic desertion before that wedding. It would be a privilege for any man, however highly placed, to marry this exquisite aristocrat. Mr. John Roe Riverside could congratulate himself.

And suddenly, after an hour of posing, out of a silence, not slackening the pose by a hair's breadth, she cried:

"Any man would be proud to marry her!"

Le Maur did not hear. He was in his frenzy. He painted his big pictures quicker than any other man in London or Paris. He toiled on and the perspiration ran in steady trickles down his pallid face. Again they worked all day; every moment till the light failed. She was actually tired that day. He found the greenish pallor that he wanted, and the dark shadows lying like pools under her eyes.

If he had known that she hadn't slept till dawn, and risen soon after dawn, stitched for four hours, and breakfasted on cheap tea and bread and jam, he would have cried, "That's what I want! Go on doing it!"

They grew smooth and easy too soon, once they had discovered the way.

When at last he let her go she went in her drabness, carrying the gift of Lady Rosamund home in a cardboard box. Matthew Hamilton again met her at the entrance of the alley as he hastened out after soothing some ghastly domestic quarrel, to which he had been summoned directly after evensong.

With a wan, stern, and yet uncertain smile, he noted her appearance: "Jenny's herself again. Take care of yourself, Jenny. Good night."

Jenny continued thinking of Rosamund the radiant bride walking down the secure and honored road of the beautiful women who are rich, too, guarded from their cradles, crowned with prestige. For Rosamund no sharp elemental dangers; no downfall so dire that she could not rise again!

That night Jenny gave away her tall cake—the white wedding cake all touched with bright silver. The eldest Leave child had a birthday next day. She thought with a quaint practicality that the very best grave for the cake was in the hungry stomachs of little children.

XV

JENNY did not buy the more expensive weekly publications; such a habit was entirely foreign to her mode of life. Otherwise she might have seen "Lady Rosamund Lacey and her fiancé, Mr. John Roe Riverside," lettered under a fine studio photograph, here and there. But she did not see anything of the sort.

Neither, during the ensuing three months, did she again see Rosamund, nor indeed, many of the fashionables from whom she hoped to learn so much. A few dropped in to the studio now and then, but mostly Michel was ordered to keep them out.

For Le Maur was in his frenzy. Outrage was roughly finished, startling Jenny. Modesty was roughly finished, angering her. It was wicked, cruel of him to have given that covering of gauze so much suggestion. She was a defenseless girl clutching at wisps of impalpable covering, with a shame and shrinking on her face.

Hypocrisy was nearly finished; a subtle, arresting picture, with the barefooted woman covering herself with the purple cloak up to her chin and nearly to her heels. He gave no finishing touches; just the rough work was here in all its genius.

One summer day he came in a little late. Someone had persuaded him to an important ball the night before, and nerve racked as he was before he went, he was more nerve racked now, and exhausted to the point of hysteria. Yet, when he came in with his noiseless tread and saw Jenny, the hysteria of his jangled overworked nerves calmed. It was Michel, the ever-understanding, who pointed her out to his master.

She was playing with his Persian kittens, lying on the floor, curved into a crescent moon; she had forgotten all except the kittens, and a sunbeam lay flickering right across her gorgeously bright head, which pillowed itself on the bare floor. A puzzled kitten, chasing the sunbeam, had chased it to her hair. The kitten's little paw was flirting with the sunbeam in her hair, and the other kitten played with a string that she drew back and forth upon the floor. She had on a tight dark faded cotton dress, and the shoes and stockings that Greengrove Alley knew. For she was still conserving that gift from Rosamund until—until the day would dawn—the day when she would hear of Jack; knew where he lived, and could plan so cleverly, so lovingly, for their surprise meeting.

And this morning she had just the white look that Le Maur prized. The heat brought it—the heat and the long hours of his work and the further hours of Dealy's work. But she was happy. She had forgotten, just for a minute, all her struggle toward the vague goal. She was happy with the kittens, lying on the floor, playing. The first intimation that she had of Le Maur's presence was his voice, very cautious, quiet, unstartling.

"Hold that pose."

It was an easy morning that, the mind resting in infantile play, and the body resting, prone on the floor; and sometimes Michel looked out from the kitchenette, where he mixed cocktails and smoked his cigarettes, and smiled all to himself. Young girls and young little animals, thought Michel; very pretty.

They did not stop for lunch. The kittens fell into baby sleep and curled up into balls of fluff against her, but Le Maur worked on.

When he stopped he said exultantly, "I shall paint you like this on the grass under a tree; an autumn tree in a London park. A few leaves will flutter down. You are a waif. You have nothing and winter is coming. Do you care? No. Do the kittens care? No. You have the sunbeam and the amusing leaves. The picture is called Happiness."

He said to her one day, half in earnest and half out of his mischievous experimental humors: "As soon as the season is over and I've let the duchess have the little show of my pictures that she wants, I shall go to Venice. A rest in Venice can be the drowsiest rest on earth if one likes to make it so. Just a little travel in your educational program? Would you like to come to Venice, Jenny?"

While his brush painted the autumn tree of his fancy, in the picture to be called Happiness, his words went on painting for her the lagoons of Venice and the white houses and the blue skies.

"You should come," he said. "I don't mind taking a woman. If it isn't you it will be someone else."

That night Linda sat in Jenny's second room, where the geranium had now entirely recovered from its earlier despair, and she cried with an access of youthful vigor, "You go, kid. My word, there are fools in this world! You'll be crazy if you don't go."

"No." (Continued on Page 78)

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THE ROUND-UP WAGON

By Will James

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN springtime comes to the range and the cold winds and snows give way to warm breezes and green grass, is when long wagons that's been stored away through the winter begin to be wheeled out from under the long sheds to be sort of looked over and fixed, wherever the fixing is needed.

There's months ahead when them wagons will be needed to haul grub, pots and pans, ropes, rolls of bedding, branding irons, cowboys' belongings, wood and water, and all that's needed to make a round-up camp. Them is the round-up wagons, and there's no heart ever flutters more than the cowboy's when the time comes for them same wagons to primp up and make ready to line out for the open range. The winters are always long at the scattering cow camps, and even with all the hard riding that's connected with them places, it's always sort of lonesome, and spring always seems awful slow to come.

It's never really spring with a cowboy till them wagons are pulled out from under the sheds, and till he sees the round-up cook, with a big pan of hot water and lots of soap, a-scouring away at the chuck box and all places where grub is to be loaded. It's then round-up time and spring has come sure enough

On the Open Ranges

When we speak of the Wagon in the cow country, it means a heap more than what the name hints to, and here I'm going to try and tell of what all it takes to make up what is called the Round-up Wagon on a good-size cow outfit.

It's only about six years or so ago since I held my last job on such a Wagon as I want to describe, and to tell the truth, that cow outfit didn't only run one of them spreads, but they run three. The outfit is still running strong and the same as it was then, and I want to say that regardless of what all's been wrote and said on the passing of the West and the cowboy there's still quite a few such outfits. Their range is not fenced in and the land is not farmed. They're still running cattle and paying wages to cowboys.

First in line with the Round-up Wagon comes the pilot. The pilot is one of the boys who knows the country well and rides ahead to pick out the best crossing at the creeks and rivers, so as the outfit that follows won't get in a jam. The outfit follows him wherever he goes across country, and seldom is a road, if one is found, ever followed.

A ways behind the pilot comes the chuck wagon, all covered with dried, smoked and salted victuals, sacks of beans and flour, and sometimes sugar. At the back of the wagon is a high box with supposed-to-be-dustproof partitions for all the utensils. That chuck box also holds lick—sirup—pieces of salt pork, and all the main things to sort of season the grub with; and then there's one or two drawers that holds a few old cinch buckles, spare buttons, a spur without a mate, and all sorts of things a feller might need sometime. As a rule, all them things should be in the jockey box that's on the side of the wagon, and where the axle grease and such is kept, but as them boxes usually get filled up too soon, another safe place has got to be found.

Close to the chuck box is a penned-in place where many pots, big Dutch ovens, the round-up-pan pot hooks and all rub sides; then ahead of that is the heavy stuff in sacks and barrels, and all wrapped in a big canvas is the staff of life, the carcass of a beef. The cook's private bed roll rides on top, and there's bows along the wagon so that in stormy weather the whole is covered with a big canvas and kept dry.

The cook is boss and driver of the chuck wagon, and he's got to be able to drive as well or better than he can cook before he can qualify to handle such horses as his four or six horse team usually are.

In Such Places the Camp is Moved on Pack Horses or Mules

Following the chuck wagon comes the bed wagon. That wagon is loaded high with fifteen or twenty rolls of tarpaulin-covered blankets and soogans. It's the kind of bed rolls that gives the cowboy a sure chance to rest in all kinds of weather through the short time he has to rest in. In that same wagon is a couple of bales of whale line—lasso rope—which some outfits are good enough to furnish their riders with; then there's picket ropes for the night horses, and the rope cable which is used for the round-up corral for the saddle horses. At the bottom of that wagon can also be found a couple of sets of crutches for the boys that's layed up with a broken leg or ankle.

The flunky drives that wagon, and as a rule that young feller's main trouble is of handling the ribbons—lines—of his four horses so that he can keep up with the cook and pilot without upsetting his wagon or having his team run away with him before the next camp ground is reached.

Close in the dust of the bed wagon comes the wood-and-water wagon. That extra wagon is used in prairie and desert countries where wood and water ain't as plentiful as it might be. That wagon is mostly to save time when it's necessary to make a dry camp; when a meal has to be got up in a hurry and some branding has to be done. The nighthawk—rider who herds the saddle horses at night—is the man who drives that wagon. As a rule he's too sleepy to care how fast the pilot leads out, and where to; all he cares about is to get to the next camp ground so he can have his sleep. If the pilot don't set too fast a gait, there's still some more to follow close—that's the remuda—the herd of saddle horses. The leader of them likes to follow the last wagon. There's on an average of two hundred saddle horses in a good-size remuda—about ten horses to the man—and furnished by the company.

All that which I've just described is what goes to make up the Wagon, and goes as one. It's sometimes called the Works, the Spread or the Layout, and makes camp where it's most handy for the riders while they're combing the country of cattle. The Wagon moves to a new camp ground most every day, and before sunup. The moves seldom take more than two hours from the time the old camp starts being tore down till the new camp is set up and the cook has his fire going again at the new camp ten or fifteen miles away. I used to know a cook who'd let his team run away near every time he moved camp, and, of course, the rest of the outfit followed—men and horses all enjoying it to the limit. Most round-up-wagon horses of such a outfit as I'm telling of here would be no good for anything else. They are spoiled to that job, fat and sassy all the time, and they are like relay horses in a racing team.

A Friend in Need

The Wagon is the cowboy's home while he's on round-up. Wherever it's camped is where the herds are brought to be worked—branding or cutting out. It's at the Wagon that he gets his fresh horses, his meals and his rest. And the Wagon is always at some place handy for that purpose. The Wagon is out and covering the range near all summer in some countries, and from calf-branding time till the beef is shipped in the fall. It always uses the same camp ground every year at the same time, and the work of each man, from the horse wrangler to the top hand and wagon boss, is like clockwork, and running on a system that would tally up with any smooth-running big business.

There's many other kinds of Wagons outside the one I've just tried to describe. In some countries, and even with big outfits, they crowd everything into one wagon. The cowboys are allowed only so much bedding, and no more, and other things are cut down according. That's mostly in countries that's rough and when some kind of road has to be followed. Then there's range land to the south where wagons are plumb useless on account of it being so rough and brushy. In such places the camp is moved on pack horses or mules.

But whatever kind of a Wagon it might be—whether it took three wagons or just one to make up the Layout, and whether it was all scattered on pack horses or mules—there's one thing I can never say against the Spread, and that is that it ever failed us. It never mattered whether it rained or hailed or snowed and the whole country was a bog, it was always there, and the cook was always by the fire a-tending to his pots when we came in to the new camp with a herd.

I Used to Know a Cook Who'd Let His Team Run Away Near Every Time He Moved Camp

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Intuition Versus Logic in Business

By FRENCH STROTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NOW that Henry Ford is officially rated a billionaire, more business men than ever will devote a million or so spare hours trying to figure out his system. Nothing seems to enchant the mind of man more than the idea that highly successful men have a logical system for making money. We are forever hoping that we can reduce a Rockefeller or a Ford to a simple formula. If we can, of course we can use the formula ourselves, and then we will be a Ford or a Rockefeller! That's logical too. And so we hope and figure on.

It seldom occurs to us that maybe logic has very little to do with their success. The fact is, most big business men themselves attach a lot more importance to things other than conscious reason, in dealing with business problems. Not what they think about a proposition, but how they feel about it, largely guides their decisions.

When the self-made merchant advised his son never to deny his wife a request before breakfast, nor to grant one after dinner, he was advising him to act according to sound business practice. A man seldom knows when his logic is faulty, but, with experience, he learns to know when his nerves are in the right place. And most business successes are achieved by the intelligent use of a sensitive set of nerves. Not slow cold logic, but quick warm emotions underlie good business judgment.

"Then, When He Does Start, the Very First Thing He Encounters Is a Situation That the Plan Doesn't Cover"

Trying Everything Once

SUCH successful business men as Owen D. Young and Bernard M. Baruch, and others of the first rank, have told me that they put their faith in intuition. Mr. Baruch defines intuition as "the unconscious use of logic, based on experience," and adds that it includes, as well, an "animal instinct, inherited from the ancestral experience of the race, that enables us to scent danger."

Herbert Hoover analyzed the matter this way; he said, in effect:

"There are two types of mind, the doctrinaire mind and the practical mind. The doctrinaire is set on what he calls 'fixed principles.' He will use endless efforts to lay out a logical plan of action. He will try to forecast all possible contingencies of events, and then he will try to anticipate all these possibilities by a precise statement of principles to govern action when the possibilities arise. He will spend endless time on his plans, before he will start to do anything. Then, when he does start, the very first thing he encounters is a situation that the plan doesn't cover. He then retires from action and starts tinkering at the plan again. His action is forever being paralyzed by his theory.

"The practical man does not worry about principles. He sees before him a sort of ideal or goal. He has a definite idea of what he wants to accomplish—not in detail, but in substance. Having that goal in mind, he proceeds at once to action. He doesn't know exactly what kind of action he ought to take, except that it must be directed to getting toward the goal. Probably the first thing he does is wrong. That doesn't worry him. He simply drops that and tries something else. The failure merely told him that he had picked the wrong road. But he knows that if he tries enough times he will find the right road. He is not dead set on picking the road. What he is set on is getting to where he is going. He succeeds by trying."

Thomas A. Edison is a trial-and-error man, and not a logician. He once told me so himself, at great and fascinating length. He declared that this method was the secret of his success as an inventor, and that, on the other hand, empirical reasoning was the greatest enemy of progress. One of the examples he cited is a perfect illustration of the difference between the logical method and the experimental method of working. Mr. Edison had rheumatism. His doctor tried several remedies without success. At length Mr. Edison became impatient. "See here," he said, in effect, "do you doctors really know how to cure rheumatism?" The doctor replied that there were several ways of treating it known to the profession, but sometimes none of them succeeded.

"Do you know what rheumatism is, before you try to treat it?"

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, "we are sure of that. It is caused by the formation of uric-acid crystals in the joints."

"Then isn't the obvious way to cure it to give the patient something that will dissolve the crystals?"

"Yes, but the trouble is there is no known drug that will dissolve them."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, Doctor So-and-So reasoned out from his chemical knowledge that such-and-such a drug ought to do it, and he tried it and it didn't work. Other doctors and chemists have tried other drugs, and they didn't work either. They have tried the more probable combinations, so we are reasonably sure that none of them will work."

"But," demanded the relentless Edison, "did anybody ever try all the possible combinations?"

"Why, no, I suppose not," the doctor replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Edison, "but I will." He thereupon secured a large quantity of uric-acid crystals, bought several thousand cheap glass tumblers and put a few of the crystals in the bottom of each. He then ordered a sample of every drug listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia. Using only one drug to a tumbler, he poured a solution of each one of these drugs over the crystals, and then went about other business for three days. He then inspected the tumblers and found that the crystals in four or five of them had been dissolved. He promptly threw away all the rest and took these few back to his doctor.

"There," he announced, "are the drugs you fellows ought to be using to treat rheumatism." And when Mr. Edison told me the story several years ago, one of them was still the drug chiefly used for that purpose.

Mr. Edison himself drew the moral from this experience. "The way," he said, "to find out how to do a thing is to try everything you can think of. Know before you start, what you are trying to accomplish, and then try everything. Don't waste time trying to reason out how you think it ought to be done. The chances that you will reason rightly are a million to one against you, because we know so little about Nature that we can't figure all the possible combinations and their results. But if we use such knowledge as we have about the properties of matter and the principles of mechanics, to guide our experiments, and then try all the experiments we can think of, and then watch the results carefully, we will probably find what we are looking for."

A great Teacher offered the same advice, as a general rule of life: "Seek and ye shall find."

Experience Through Experiments

IN OTHER words, use acquired knowledge—experience—as a basis and then act—so that you will gain more experience. You get the new experience first and you reason about it afterward. You succeed by experimenting, and then you explain your success by reasoning backward.

"But," you protest, "if that is true, what permanent value do you gain by the experiment?"

The answer is: Several things. First of all, you have gained renewed faith in the experimental method, which is of priceless value to you, because that is the only method or system that ever gets results. Secondly, in the process of trying the experiments and watching the results, you have stored up a quantity of permanent, unconscious, nervous impressions of the things that helped and the things that hindered success. These impressions are experience. Their value is that they enable you ever after to recognize intuitively—unconsciously—every one of those things that hindered you and every one of those

(Continued on Page 145)

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WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	WHAS–*Louisville*
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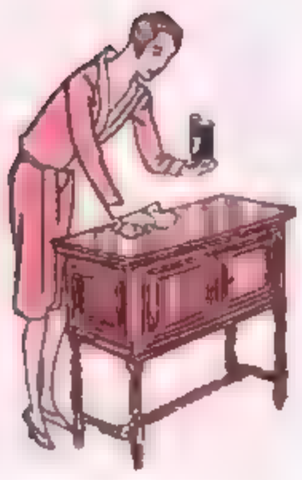

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The Battles of Phantom Cities

Pratt, Kansas, From a Photograph Taken in March, 1886

Main Street, Pratt, Kansas, as It Appears Today

By ELMER T. PETERSON

BILL RAINS, Charlie Coulter and George Watkins of Leoti went over to Coronado one pleasant Sunday to treat the folks to some beer and were inconsiderately killed. How this breach of courtesy could occur when it was the guests who were furnishing the beer was always a puzzle to the people of Leoti. The partisans of Coronado, on the other hand, were nonplused as to why the three were not brought down sooner, and why the whole outfit of seven Leotians were not killed. There was some complaint on the streets of Coronado the next day, in fact, over the erratic markamanship of the hosts. All of which illustrates what a wide gulf of opinion sometimes results when there are two points of view concerning the same event.

It would seem to be a comparatively simple matter to learn the facts concerning such a conspicuous and deplorable circumstance as the killing of two men, the fatal wounding of a third and the injuring of four others, in broad daylight and on the street of a small town, with plenty of spectators. But after forty years of trying there has never been a story upon which both sides could agree. So the best way is to give the accounts printed by newspapers of the two towns and let the reader be the judge.

Before giving this climactic summing up by the opposing counsel, however, it is necessary briefly to review the origin of the difficulty. Obviously there must have been some irritating circumstance back of the tragedy. In order to forestall invidious geographical comparisons, the town of Leoti was established in the exact center of the newly organized Wichita County, not far from the Colorado line in Western Kansas, in the year 1886. Almost simultaneously the town of Coronado sprang up, about three miles east, and immediately both were in the thick of a mêlée over the honor of having the county seat.

To understand why there should be two candidates so close together it is necessary to remember that the process of making a county seat in this part of the prairie country in the boom days of the 80's was largely a process of exploitation by town companies and individual town-lot promoters.

A Metropolis in Embryo

THE inhabitants of any given town in this general area thought that if they could only get the county seat, their municipality would eventually become a metropolis, being situated approximately halfway between Kansas City and Denver. The fact that in this general area there were at least forty counties, each with from two to seven contending towns, did not seem to affect the optimistic expectations of each particular town. The boom was so expansive and happy-go-lucky that no one noticed the inconsistency of the concatenated ideas.

A section of government land, or 640 acres, cost a town company not more than $800 when bought outright. This was divisible into more than 5000 town lots, the prospective value of which would be $100 each, or a total of more than $500,000.

So the boomers of Leoti and Coronado fought with exceptional enthusiasm. Their respective clienteles were, of course, equally enthusiastic, believing that they were fighting for their very homes and the chance to become well-to-do, as pioneers in the great city of the future they saw in their dreams.

Coronado had 300 inhabitants within a few months and Leoti had 400. Coronado had four newspapers and Leoti had at least two. The towns grew to have from 1000 to 1500 population each. The air was electric with promise, for the great farmers' boom was on, following the cowboy régime. Homesteaders were taking up free government land, with a farmer on nearly every quarter section at one stage.

As in the case of many other counties there was a dispute over the findings of the census taker. The editor of the Leoti Standard, in Volume 1, Number 1, issued September 19, 1885, made this ominous announcement:

"We did not come to make war on anything or anybody, but if war is declared you may expect to find us in the front rank, hurrahing for Leoti City and Wichita County."

Leoti began to give away town lots to tempt immigrants, and Coronado offered similar inducements. On April 15, 1886, the Standard editor said to the editor of a Coronado paper:

"We have been extending the olive branch until our arm has become lame. Now look here, bub, who started this racket? . . . That olive branch act of yours won't work, sonny, though well executed for a tenderfoot."

In view of the fact that the Standard editor had been on the ground only seven months, it is obvious that life was swift, conferring the patronizing air of a seasoned veteran after brief experience.

Then he made these references:

"The crazy loon that imagines he is publishing a newspaper over in the wants-to-be-but-never-will-be county seat. . . . We shall certainly insist on his being awarded the medal as the champion bare-faced liar of the universe." Apologizing to his readers, he said: "But if we besmirch our columns every week or so by noticing the idiotic ravings of the diminutive ass who imagines he is publishing a newspaper over in the other town, we feel we shall fall far short of our ideal."

In grandiloquent headlines he referred to "LEOTI, THE PRAIRIE QUEEN. FAIREST OF THE FAIR."

The Coronado Star, in order to hold up its end of the controversy, published every week for several months a map which showed Coronado at the intersection of two imaginary railroads, with no other towns visible. The east-and-west railroad, the Missouri Pacific, was eventually built.

The election for permanent county seat was called for February 8, 1887, but was postponed until March tenth.

The interim was filled with stratagems and bickerings and intrigue, and on Sunday, February twenty-seventh, came the climax. In order to give a clear and perfectly rational idea of what actually happened, the accounts given by the Coronado Herald and Leoti Standard are quoted. The Herald said:

"During the time one Gerow was taking the wishes of the voters of this county in regard to the temporary county seat, certain parties in Leoti sent to Wallace to secure the services of one Charles Coulter and his six-shooter, both too well known in Western Kansas to the sorrow of many good people. Coulter came and for the promise of $750 undertook the job of making Leoti the county seat. His first appearance was at the polls north of Coronado with about 150 imported toughs to receive four dollars per day. Coronado voters dared not go near the polls. Again on the day of registration he, with his companion, Rains, stood at the polls with guns and dictated who should register and who should not. Coronado men left the place of registration to avoid bloodshed. During the time they were at the polls the unarmed Coronadoites were covered with rifles in the hands of Coulter's friends, stationed in the town of Leoti. Later that day Coulter and Rains held up two Coronado men with guns and killed a valuable horse belonging to them."

Two Accounts of One Occurrence

"UP TO this time not a single Coronado man had exposed a weapon or lost his temper. On Sunday morning, February twenty-seventh, while the people of the town were at church, William Rains and A. R. Johnson came to Coronado from Leoti and asked a druggist here for a bottle of beer. They were informed that there was not any beer in town. Not seeing anybody on the street, they remarked that 'it would be a good time to round up the —— town.' They returned to Leoti and recruited their forces with Charles Coulter, Frank Jenness, A. N. Boorey, Emmet Denning, George Watkins and a case of beer.

"When they arrived at Coronado they proceeded to make everybody they met drink with them and tried to make a sick man get out of bed and dance at the muzzles of pistols. Later Coulter commenced to knock men down with his pistol, while Frank Jenness would single out men to cover with his pistol. But such sport was too timid for drunken desperadoes, so Coulter opened the ball by shooting Charles Loomis twice, while Rains shot him—Loomis in the arm. Up to this time not a single weapon was drawn by a Coronado man, but after these three shots were fired by Coulter and Rains, it seemed for thirty seconds, from pistol reports, that every man in and near the crowd was shooting. When the smoke cleared away the old maxim was verified: 'Death loves a shining mark,' and in Coulter and Rains it certainly had struck two daisies."

The Leoti Standard then gives its version:

"On Sunday morning the town of Coronado was the scene of one of the most cowardly and dastardly crimes ever perpetrated in any community that had any pretense of being civilized, it being the shooting from the back of seven of our best and most respected citizens. The victims were Charles Coulter, instantly killed; Wm. Rains, instantly killed; George Watkins, fatally wounded; Frank Jenness, shot six times; A. R. Johnson, wounded three times; A. N. Boorey, shot three times; Emmet Denning, leg broken by shot.

"The bitter fight caused by the county-seat fight, and the way Leoti has beaten her opponent by might of right, and right of might, is well known. Coronado had been

(Continued on Page 43)

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Springfield After the Collapse of the Boom, 1897

(Continued from Page 41)

satisfied until Sunday to carry on the fight by trickery, fraud, lies and forgery, and in this way had managed to make the town and people despised by all who had the slightest insight into the matter. A note was placed in Mr. Coulter's hands on Sunday, inviting him over that afternoon and telling him to bring a friend or two with him and have a good time. It had been customary to visit back and forth, so in the afternoon the crowd of seven went over. They arrived about two o'clock, and after a couple of hours of pleasant chatting with their friends and acquaintances, they all got in the buggy and started off.

"As they drove by the bank building Frank Lilly, standing in front of the bank, applied some foul name to Mr. Rains, at the same time making a motion as if to draw a gun. Rains sprang from the buggy and said that Lilly would have to fight for that. Lilly replied that he had no gun, whereupon Rains handed his gun to one of the party in the buggy and offered to fight with his fists. Lilly refused and Rains took his revolver and returned it to his pocket. Meantime Coulter, Denning and Johnson had gotten out of the buggy. Charles and Red Loomis and John Knapp were standing near the bank at the time. As Rains put up his gun he remarked that he could easily whip Lilly. Lilly retaliated by calling him a liar, at which Rains drew his revolver and struck him over the head, mashing his hat, but not knocking him down. The men in ambush, who were awaiting the signal, now opened a volley of some sixty or seventy-five guns on the unsuspecting crowd—from Leoti. Every man was shot; shot from the back. The four men on the ground were brought down, and of the three in the buggy, Watkins and Jenness fell out. The horses were shot and started to run away, with Boorey still in the buggy.

"After falling from the buggy Jenness got on his feet and started toward Leoti on a run. A number of shots were fired at him, five taking effect. The men of Coronado now ran out and commenced shooting at closer range, and after Coulter and Rains both were dead, put the muzzles of their guns against them and fired."

Reciprocity

THE newspapers of the two contending towns sometimes inadvertently permitted the truth to be read between the lines.

It was evident, of course, that Coulter could not employ 150 toughs to carry a county-seat election and pay expenses out of $750, when each tough cost him four dollars a day.

It is also obvious that the Coronado citizens could not have been as meek and submissive as pictured by their editor, and, on the other hand, it was admitted by one of the Leoti papers that Coulter and Rains were "turbulent citizens." The rest of the Leoti force were ordinary citizens or farmers, it seems.

Prosecution of a number of Coronado men followed, but presumably the discrepancies in the accounts of witnesses were as wide as those of the two newspapers, and the case was dropped. Leoti won the county-seat election, the Coronado Star making this observation:

"Coronado casts 349 legal votes, while Leoti, as usual, casts a fraudulent vote of 802. Coronado is as certain of becoming the county seat of Wichita County as that the sun will rise tomorrow morning."

On March seventeenth the Star explained other details of the tragedy by saying: "Yes, these two quiet, peaceable, law-abiding citizens—Coulter and Rains—walked into this office a few days before they passed in their checks in company with another Leotian, and held the muzzle of a six-shooter at either side of the editor's head, while their companion proceeded to horsewhip him.

"These men who were shot came over to Coronado on that fatal Sunday of their own free will and without invitation, bringing a case of beer with them. They forced citizens to drink under the muzzle of a revolver. They shot the drug-store floor full of holes."

Coronado whistled to keep up its courage, saying:

"A year ago we were surrounded by a hotel building, a lumber office, and two shanties. Today buildings whose aggregate cost is $60,000 to $75,000 are around us on all sides. Where the antelope stood trembling on our town site now stands a church edifice that would grace the avenue of any city, and numerous residences that would be an ornament to any city in this or any other country."

Then came the Populist uprising, and the farmers of Wichita County said, "A plague o' both the houses." They started Farmer City, between Leoti and Coronado. Owing to the sagging of the boom the governmental technic was become lax, and on August 24, 1888, the commissioners took some of the county records from Leoti to Farmer City, alleging that the county-seat election was fraudulent. But this move failed and Farmer City's business houses and the inevitable newspaper moved to Leoti.

Leoti is still the county seat, and after severe deflation has come back to a population of 400 or 500. Coronado now has one lone inhabitant, the tender of a railroad pump house. A small frame railroad station, closed, is the sole reminder of the visions of the four newspapers and the hopeful population of 1000 or more.

Not far from Wichita County, southeasterly, is Finney County, which makes an inverted L over and beside Gray County, where once Cimarron and Ingalls fought a bloody battle. The part north of Gray County is called Garfield Township, but in the boom days it was Buffalo County. North of Cimarron was Ravanna and north of Ingalls was Eminence. Ravanna was the rival of Eminence. The two county-seat wars were conducted in parallel and almost simultaneously. In fact, according to some accounts, they were conducted cooperatively. If Cimarron needed a few extra votes it secured assistance from Ravanna, and in the same manner Eminence helped Ingalls. And the courtesies of the season were reciprocated.

The Strategy of Honest Votes

AT ONE time there were seven towns in Buffalo County, whose name was later changed to Garfield County, and all were flourishing. From one high point a person could see Ravanna, Kalvesta, Lorenz, Essex, Eminence and Loyal. Ravanna had 400 population, Eminence had 200 and the other towns had from twenty-five to forty.

Ravanna won the county-seat election, but the treasurer was an Eminence partisan and permitted his friends to take the books. There was a skirmish in which about twenty-five shots were fired, but there were no casualties. After some litigation Ravanna maintained the honor. When the boom collapsed it was discovered that the county lacked a little of being the constitutional size geographically, so it was dissolved and attached to Finney County. No railroad has ever come through old Garfield County. Now there are no towns there. The ruins of the old stone courthouse still stand at Ravanna. Eminence has a store and a dwelling house. The country was depopulated, and the coyotes, with their demoniacal laughter, jeered over the fight between two vanished towns for the county seat of a county that is only a memory.

The Courthouse at Richfield, County Seat of Morton County

Anthony won the county seat over Harper, in Harper County, by the highly irregular and unethical device of counting only honest votes. There was some doubt as to the propriety of this procedure, for the pastime of stuffing the ballot-box, buying votes and intimidation was so general in the county-seat contests that any deviation from the custom was looked upon with suspicion.

Of course this does not mean that Anthony was more honest than Harper in those days of fifty years ago, when the contest had its inception. The resort of honest votes was a form of tricky subterfuge, it was thought by some of the Harper adherents. As a matter of fact, the Supreme Court of the state

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Woodsdale in Its Palmy Days, Now Extinct

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LADY LITTLEMYNCE

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

MR. GEORGE H. JAY, Agent, 5 Finch Court, London, studied the card which Gus Golding, his all-but-confidential clerk, had just brought in to him. "Miss Beryl Lanyon, isn't it?" he said reflectively. "What's her form, Golding?"

"Fidgety, flushed blonde, sir. Very young, 'stonishing pretty, could be sweetish—in the mood. Temper like a whiplash—today anyway. Very edged young lady, I judge, sir."

"Well-to-do, prosperous-looking girl, should you say?" pursued Mr. Jay blandly.

"Well, I don't know, sir," admitted Gus frankly. "She's not an easy one to place. She talked to me as if I was a punctured spare tire."

"Um," lowed Mr. Jay reflectively, wondering vaguely if she would talk to him in the same way. Some of them did, and the gentle George Henry was getting a little weary of it and them, for few left as much as they came to fetch.

Still, business was business—more than it ever was, for it had been only during the past year or two that he had managed to get what he considered an adequate, both-handed clutch on Jade Fortune and he was by no manner of means disposed prematurely to relinquish it.

He instructed Gus to show Miss Lanyon in. "Maybe a money party, if there's any money left in England, which I doubt. Not because I've had it all—ha-ha!" he told himself, and rose to receive the whiplash blonde.

Before six words had been exchanged George H. perceived that the good lad Gus had been entirely correct. She was one of those tall, slim, level-browed, blue-orbed young things who seem to know of no direction in which to look but square at the person they are addressing. At present her eyes were sparkling like jewels, her red, red lips were compressed and her lovely cheeks were flushed with a flush that came straight from Old Mother Nature to the consumer. She was businesslike, too, if to be as direct as a bayonet really is businesslike.

Fixing the gentle George in the natural dead center of his left iris she stated crisply that she had heard of him—apparently it didn't much matter where and how—and desired to consult him on a financial point. George, noting that, in spite of the air with which she wore it, her raiment was not quite so smart as it looked, nodded without much enthusiasm. So many had consulted him on financial points—points that were directed dead straight at his note wallet.

"I wish to know, Mr. Jay, whether the law considers that ten shillings a week allowance is enough for a girl of nineteen whose guardian is guarding the girl's private income—left her by an aunt years ago—of five thousand pounds a year. Because that's what my Aunt Prudence is doing to me. Ten shillings a week!" Her exquisite nostrils quivered as her flashing eyes drilled into those of George H. Jay. "I know it's an absurd question, of course, but I wish to ask it. Why, good gracious, is it right for the ward of a very rich old lady to go walking with lisle-thread tops to her stockings!"

She stared angrily at George H. Jay, as though he had done it.

"People don't believe me," she said passionately, seized the hem of her skirt and forthwith abundantly proved it. "There! What do you think of that, Mr. Jay—for a rich woman's ward with a private income of five thousand a year? You can't help believing it, for I suppose you know lisle thread when you see it."

Certainly it was lisle thread. Mr. Jay, staring, fascinated, confessed it rather awkwardly. She released the skirt hem, seeming a little mollified.

"There! What Do You Think of That, Mr. Jay—for a Rich Woman's Ward With a Private Income of Five Thousand a Year?"

"Well, then, will you please give me your opinion?" she said.

"Certainly, Miss Lanyon," replied George H. "I think it's a shame—giving my private, human opinion. But legally speaking—though I confess very readily, anxiously, even, that I am not one of those lawyers—legally speaking, there may be other aspects."

"Aspects?" flashed the lovely Beryl. "What do you mean? I don't in the least understand what you mean, Mr. Jay."

Patiently enough, George explained that there might be quite a lot of little things standing, so to speak, between Beryl and unlimited all-silk stockings—notably the terms of the will under which Aunt Prudence so very prudently administered her niece's five thousand per annum.

"For example, it is possible that your Aunt Prudence—Mrs.—er ——"

"Oh, Lady Littlemynce," said Beryl. "I live with her at Littlemyncing Manor, near Guildford. . . . Go on, please."

"It is possible that Lady Littlemynce has sole control of your fortune until you are twenty-one," explained George Henry. "Even the ten shillings a week may be a—er—concession. That is, Lady Littlemynce may even be straining the conditions a little to allow you that. I cannot tell you until I have seen the document—the will. I merely suggest it as a possibility, Miss Lanyon. What may seem at the moment an excess of economy on the part of Lady Littlemynce may prove to be generosity, kindly consideration ——"

The laugh with which the whiplash blonde stilled his fruity voice was bitter for one so young and fair. "Pardon me, Mr. Jay," she said, "but it's perfectly obvious that you've never met my Aunt Prudence. Why, do you know, they call her the marvelous miller down in the village, and they're not usually a witty lot—the villagers."

"The marvelous miller?" murmured George H., with the raised brows of inquiry.

"Yes, yes—because she grinds so exceeding small," explained Beryl impatiently. "She's stingy, don't you understand? Worse than old Sir Humphrey Clamperdown, our neighbor, and everybody has heard of him! Years ago Aunt Prudence jilted him because he wasn't stingy enough in his ideas to please her, and then he deliberately trained himself to be the meanest man in Surrey—just to show her what a treasure she had lost. Now he does nothing but collect rare jewels. He won't even give Leslie Falconer, his only nephew, an allowance. But you've heard of him."

Mr. Jay hadn't, but he accepted her intimation that he had. "Um—yes, I see. Well, now, what do you wish me to do, Miss Lanyon?"

"Get me some of my income worth having, Mr. Jay, if you can—though you can't. And if you fail—as you will—arrange something or other for me so that I can buy a lot of decent clothes. I may as well be frank with you. You see, Leslie Falconer, Sir Humphrey Clamperdown's nephew, comes home from New Zealand next month, and he's by way of being my fiancé, don't you see? I've simply got to get together a few rags for him. It's important. Do what you like about Aunt Prudence—naturally, I don't care—but do get me some cash, don't you see? Life means nothing to me as things are, and if I've got to greet Leslie in lisle-thread tops, why, I shall quite deliberately do something serious, Mr. Jay."

George H. shook his head gently. "Oh, come, come," he said. "We must contrive something. Yes, no doubt something can be managed. Don't allow yourself to get downhearted, Miss Beryl. We'll go into things. Now I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Ask anything you like, Mr. Jay," conceded the girl intensely.

George H. took full advantage of the concession, and by skillfully heading her off every time she swung round, as ladies will, to her grievance, he managed, within the next half hour, to get himself quite well-informed about all the parties concerned in the lisle-thread outrage.

He liked Beryl a great deal better at the end of the little séance than he did at the beginning, for she really had something to complain about. And when presently she departed, the gentle George had enlisted himself so thoroughly under her banner that he would have needed very little persuasion, indeed, to have advanced her all she felt she needed for the purchase of the panoply of welcome to fortunate Leslie Falconer, fiancé to Beryl and heir to Sir Henry Clamperdown. For he understood her situation perfectly. In spite of her five thousand a year—some day, when she was older—he had no doubt that she ranked as little more than a comparatively poor relation to Prudence, the Lady Littlemynce, of Littlemyncing Manor.

"Beryl's is probably chicken feed compared with Lady Littlemynce's," mused the gentle one, thinking it carefully over with the aid of a cigar. "Yes. Unless I seriously miss

(Continued on Page 46)

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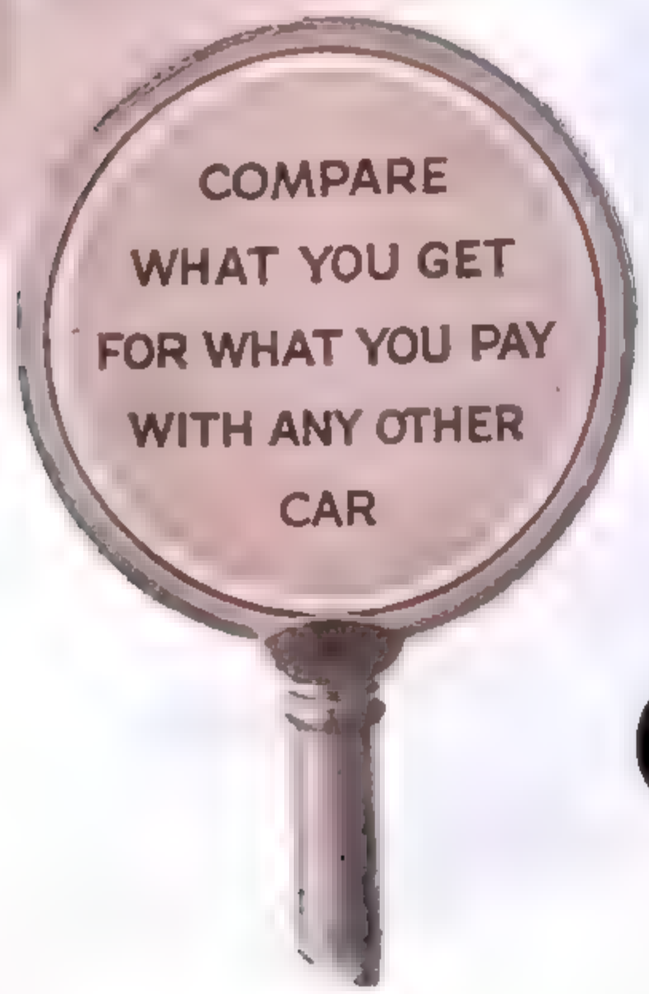

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 44)

my guess Beryl has been brought up by a champion specimen of the careful rich."

He frowned, concentrating on the curious name. "Littlemynce! Littlemynce! There was a biggish man of that name in the City once," he muttered.

He reached for the telephone and had speech with one likely to know about that. Presently he hung up, beaming.

"Yes, it's as I thought. That old lady, the—what was it?—marvelous miller, must have half the money in Surrey salted away somewhere, and is still reaching out for more. I shall have to look into the thing on Miss Beryl's behalf—decidedly. Um—don't quite see where mine is coming from, but no doubt there'll be a little something for Honest Old George somewhere or other by the time we've finished. Must do the best I can. Certainly. Not a right thing that lovely little soul should be condemned to lisle-thread tops, while the cook flaunts her all-silk all-ways. Nunno! There's room for everybody in this —— Better pop down to Somerset House and take a glance at the will that secured Beryl her five thousand a year," he mused. "Though it's large numbers to one that the Littlemynce lady has charge of that income until the girl's twenty-one, or married, or something of that sort."

He found it even so. The silk-stinted child could not touch a solitary sou more than Lady Littlemynce approved until she was twenty-one unless she married before that age, nor could she marry without the Littlemynce sanction and, presumably, blessing. And if she anticipated the legacy by borrowing on it she lost all.

"H'm!" said George. "Never expected anything else. It seems to me that Beryl's in what one might describe as a bit of a dilemma." He scowled at London, selfishly busy all about him. "But five thousand a year represents a capital sum of one hundred thousand—in the lump—and it's a shame that a charming, high-spirited little soul like Beryl should lack a little advice about it. That's what she needs about her money—advice—good advice. And although I don't see where my fee is coming from I'm going to see what I can do for her. Yes, sir, old George H. Jay. That bony old aunt of hers is too tight in the wad to please me. And so's old Sir Humphrey Clamperdown—the treasure Aunt Prudence lost for life—ha-ha! Pretty little wit that child's got."

He strolled a few more yards, musing: "It may be all normal enough. Looks to be so. Lord knows there's nothing abnormal about discovering a brace of tightwads among our aristocracy. But somehow there's something in this business that's kind of calling me to it."

And because, behind his breezy manner, he was not lacking in sheer, hard-boiled nerve, he decided to call on Lady Littlemynce and also Sir Humphrey Clamperdown. Probably he would achieve no more than to stir things up a little. Still, as every lawyer knows, it is when he stirs things up a little that the honest man comes into his own.

Gentle George was smiling in fond and passionate approval of himself as he neared Finch Court. It was not vanity; it was just honest admiration for himself. Was there another agent to the aristocracy in the whole world who, having heard the beautiful Beryl's plaint—lisle-thread versus silk tops—and having satisfied himself that Prudence, Lady Littlemynce, was supported in her parsimony by the full weight of the law of the land, would spend as much as the price of a postage stamp in pursuing the matter? Now, was there? There was not!

Yet, as surely as the parched camel, tottering across the desert, firing only on one cylinder of his nine-cylindered stomach—so to express it—smells water somewhere beyond the mirages, so Privacy, London, smelled his commission somewhere behind the apparently trifling troubles of the dainty little whiplash blonde.

II

A COUPLE of days later the gentle Jay, seeing nothing better immediately demanding his barbed attention, went down to interview the Lady Littlemynce. It was a tolerably forlorn hope and George knew it. He was amazed that she received him at all, but within a few seconds of their meeting he perceived that she had permitted him to make her acquaintance merely because she wished to see whether, by fortunate chance, he looked like a person from whom something little but sweet might be minced.

That was her forlorn hope, however, and the interview was brief and markedly to the point. The moment the lean, dark, thin-lipped old lady gleaned that somewhere behind the bland civilities with which George was easing himself along, lurked the question of a slight raise in Beryl's allowance, she reached a bonesome and talony hand toward the bell, but checked it halfway there, staring at Mr. Jay with a real interest in her hard gray-green eyes—the look of one who gazes upon a genuine freak or curio.

"Do I understand Mr.—er"—she glanced at his card—"Mr. Jay, that you have had the stark assurance to present yourself here with the intention of attempting to dictate to me, the trustee and guardian of Miss Lanyon's property, what shall be the amount of pocket money I choose to allow her?" Her tone was bleak and icy, but genuinely interested.

The gentle one bowed. "In effect, that is so—in a kind of way, Lady Littlemynce," he said.

"But I simply don't understand," said the lady, staring. "I am not angry, Mr. Jay—the thing is too ludicrous. But I really am curious. You seem to be a man of business"—she refreshed her memory with another glance at his card—"yes, a man of business. You have an office, it seems, and one supposes you transact business in that office. But how any man with any intelligence at all can waste his time—and mine—in coming here to me upon such a fantastic mission passes my comprehension, Mr. Jay."

Her tone changed. "Heavens, my good man, the thing is too absurd! Go away—go away at once!" She dug a deliberate finger at the bell push.

So George went away, entirely unruffled. A man does not make much of a success as an agent to the aristocracy unless he can keep his temper. "The old lady's soul is made of pure rubber," was the only comment he permitted himself as he was passed out.

He lit a cigarette and stepped into his car—a discreet little coupé rather like a doctor's runabout. Five minutes later he was being shown in by a seedy-looking old manservant to Sir Humphrey Clamperdown.

Either Sir Humphrey was fifteen years older than Lady Littlemynce or he had done a far, far greater mileage, for Mr. Jay's first impression of him was that if only he had had a pair of crossed bones hooked to the back of his neck he would have looked well on a pirate's flag. His manner was harsh, and the eyes of good Lady Littlemynce were warm and tender and languishing compared with his.

"Well, well, what is it, Jay, what is it?" he snapped.

Tactfully, George pointed out that his nephew and heir, Mr. Leslie Falconer, was shortly arriving home from New Zealand. He would arrive penniless, George stated, but he was engaged to marry Miss Beryl Lanyon, who presently would inherit a fortune of five thousand a year. Rather skillfully conveying that he was acting on his own initiative, the gentle one delicately suggested that Sir Humphrey would probably see the advisability, the sheer common sense, of advancing to his nephew the trifling allowance necessary to enable the lad to make a proper and gentlemanlike appearance before his soon-to-be-wealthy fiancée.

Sir Humphrey gasped as this incredible proposal impinged upon his brain.

"Allowance! Allowance! What the devil do you think you are talking about, man? Allowance! Why should I give the lazy young hound an allowance? I've never heard such a thing in my life. What d'ye mean, man? Who are you? How the devil dare you? What? Coming here to Clamperdown Court with a proposal like that! God bless my soul, the man's mad—mad as a hatter!"

He struck the bell like a startled rattler. "Here, show this man out of it!" he commanded. So George was shown out of it.

Well, he had expected nothing else, and he was glad to quit Clamperdown Court anyway. He glanced back at the gloomy, paintless ruin of a place, every window heavily iron-barred, as he went down the drive. "Might be a jail

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Lady Littlemynce Looked With Fierce Eagerness Into This Box, the Others Craning Over to See

P. A. says "Come again!" in every puff

THERE'S a warm invitation in every cool puff on a pipe packed with P. A., if you get what I mean. You sort of look forward to each intake, the way you watch the mails for a letter from your best girl. Good old Prince Albert! Never wears out its welcome.

Why, the instant you open the tidy red tin and get a whiff of that wonderful P. A. fragrance, your mouth waters for a *taste* of such tobacco. Did I say "fragrant"? I hope to tell you! The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing on Prince Albert.

And when you load-up the old jimmy-pipe and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as the blast of a traffic-cop's whistle. Sweet as his words: "I didn't mean *you*." Mild as the Gulf Stream, yet with that full, rich tobacco body that satisfies to the very limit. No bite or parch—ever.

I'm getting mine with a pipe and P. A. every day. I want you to get yours. All you have to do is step around the corner and tell the man-behind-the-counter you want a tin of Prince Albert. He hears *that* hundreds of times a day from men like yourself. Try P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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You Can't Beat The Band

—for proof that your Ford requires this special oil . .

LEFT *A photograph of a Ford transmission band, removed from a car which chattered badly after four months service.*

BELOW. *A transmission band removed from a Ford also after four months service. This car showed not a sign of chatter. It was lubricated by Veedol Forzol.*

EVERY Ford mechanic knows what every Ford owner *ought* to know—chatter is caused by incorrect lubrication.

The mechanic sees that fact proved every time a Ford groans to a jerky stop in his shop to have the transmission bands relined or replaced. For invariably, engraved in the fabric lining of the bands themselves, is the story of another Ford owner who believes the mistaken theory that "any oil will lubricate a Ford."

Why the wrong oil causes chatter

The Ford system of lubrication differs from that of any other car. *One* oil must lubricate the motor, and, *at the same time,* lubricate the transmission. The dual task requires more than an ordinary *motor*-oil. It demands a special kind of oil, an oil made exclusively for Fords.

For ordinary *motor* oils, even those "recommended for Fords," are neither designed nor qualified to lubricate the Ford transmission. They fail to impregnate the fabric lining of the transmission bands and keep it soft, pliant and even in texture. The fabric soon becomes worn and rough in some spots, and glazed like china in others.

Then, when you start, stop or reverse your Ford, the bands slip, grab and slip again. Your entire car is wracked by excessive vibration. It becomes uncomfortable to ride in, and liable to premature repairs.

An oil that ends chatter

But there is one oil, Veedol Forzol, which was created *solely* for use in the Ford car. This oil was perfected by Tide Water technologists, after four years of study and experiment, after thousands of laboratory tests and hundreds of road tests.

Veedol Forzol not only masters deadly heat and friction in the Ford engine and keeps it sweet-running, quiet and free from repairs, but it correctly solves the problem of Ford transmission lubrication. This oil keeps the fabric bands thoroughly saturated, flexible, positive in action, and free from chatter.

So completely does Veedol Forzol answer the two-fold problem of Ford lubrication that it results in definite savings in the operation of your Ford. These savings are known as

"The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol"

1. Eliminates chatter—saves bands.
2. Gives 10 to 25% saving in gasoline.
3. Gives 10 to 25% saving in oil.
4. Reduces repair bills.
5. Resists destructive heat and friction.
6. Resists fuel dilution.
7. Increases ability to coast.
8. Reduces carbon 10 to 25%.

Today Veedol Forzol is used by more than a million Ford owners and endorsed as no other oil for Fords has ever been endorsed.

Stop today at the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Then you'll know what it means to have a Ford that is free from chatter, quiet, smooth-running and economical.

Always ask for Veedol Forzol by name.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Copyright 1927 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

VEEDOL FORZOL
The Economy Oil for Fords

Buy from dealers displaying this sign

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or an asylum," muttered George. "No doubt the bars are on account of his jewel collection. Huh! I wonder. Must see about that. Something queer about that collection of rare jewels, to my mind."

He lapsed into thought, heading Londonward, for he had already made inquiries about grim old Sir Humphrey, and the result of these inquiries did not entirely match with a collection of jewels so vast and priceless that it needed protection by iron bars so excessively irony that they would have kept rhinoceroses at home with the greatest of ease.

George was not normally a very sentimental man, but two days later he found time to be glad that he had not lost his temper with Sir Humphrey, for a letter from little Miss Lanyon awaited him at the office announcing that the old jewel collector had suffered a fatal heart attack on the previous day. Everything he owned had been left to Beryl's penniless fiancé, landing off the New Zealand liner in two days' time.

Gentle George studied this letter for a long time, and when presently he put it down he lit a cigar with rather less than his usual zest. For it was tolerably obvious that if old Sir Humphrey had really been as rich as the little whiplash blonde had said he was, then the services of Mr. Jay seemed no longer seriously required—always a saddening conclusion at which to arrive. George had very little doubt that the homeward-bound Leslie Falconer would speedily solve the problem of pretty Miss Beryl's lisle-thread tops for her. No devout lover of these days can allow his lady to take her walks abroad in stockings that even her cook would disdain and continue to regard himself as truly devout. Something would be arranged between the young couple which would not legally infringe the conditions of the will relating to Beryl's inheritance.

"For example," mused George, sort of wistfully, "Leslie could give her a small fistful of Sir Humphrey's jewels. If she cared to exchange a few of these into hosiery, millinery, lingerie and similar diablerie—ha-ha—who is there to stop her? Not Lady Littlemynce, I fancy. . . . Still, it's hardly likely they'll feel it necessary to pay me money for telling them that. . . . No. And I've no doubt that if Leslie's got the nous to slide another fistful of the jewels in the direction of old Lady Littlemynce, she'll regard him as such a highly eligible and suitable husband for her niece that her sanction to the marriage will be more than instantly available. . . . Yes. And I don't suppose the old lady will feel desperately anxious to pay me for advising her to do just that. . . . No. So everything looks like ending happy ever after for everybody except old George Henry, who will be left out in the blizzard, as usual—huh!"

It was very sad, but there was nothing to be done about it; and, rather ruefully, Mr. Jay touched his bell and requested the slick Gus Golding to bring him the papers relating to the case of Lady Blanche Golightly, who had recently impulsively pawned her heirlooms, and having spent the money, naturally wanted her heirlooms back so that she could pawn them some more, and had retained the gentle George to arrange the matter for her. It was an unpromising case, and Mr. Jay was conscious of a feeling of real relief when, just as Gus put down the Golightly papers, an idea flickered up in his brain.

He thrust the papers back at Mr. Golding. "Remove that rubbish, Gus. I'll deal with it later," he commanded, and leaned back to enjoy the new flavor which had suddenly come into his cigar. "It's all beautiful and even lovely for Beryl and Aunt Littlemynce and Leslie, provided old Sir Humphrey really had a big collection of jewels to leave behind him. That would freeze me out certainly. But suppose he hadn't—suppose he didn't. What will Leslie do about that? Suppose the old fellow left nothing but a house with a mortgage on it. I know he lost nearer ten than five thousand on that wildcat Rhodesian rubber swindle last year, and it must have cost him a jewel or two out of his box to foot that bill! A man that has allowed himself to be lured into the claws of one wildcat is always the sort of man who is liable to be reclaimed for reclawing. I ought to know that—had enough clawing myself. I'd better look into it. For if Leslie arrives broke and finds nothing waiting with which to repair himself, arrangements will have to be made. And that's how Honest Old George gets a living—making arrangements for other folk."

He then proceeded to make a few for himself. Apparently these were fruitful, for he applied himself to them during the next few days with an industry so stern and tenacious that it constantly surprised him.

They got to know what he personally would have described as his honest old face pretty well at one or two stockbrokers' offices during those few days, and his honest old nose was poked so persistently into other folks' business in Hatton Garden, where the jewel dealers haunt about, hovering over little parcels of stones, that they began to wonder whether he was the man who made the great haul of the Duchess of Derbyshire's jewels five years before and was now seeking a safe market for them.

But gentle George had a hide like a walrus, and moreover he had useful friends, at low rates for cold cash, almost everywhere, and he learned much; so he was by no means surprised when, some three days later, the dainty little lisle-thread lady led into his office a big, dark, silent, sunburned, slightly gloomy youth, in excessively shabby navy blue, with a well-worn shiny-peaked marine engineer's cap, whom she introduced rather sharply as Mr. Leslie Falconer, and announced in tones that were decidedly whiplashy that old Sir Humphrey had left Leslie nothing whatever but a great old ugly house, bearing up under the weight of a mortgage so thorough and so heavy that one could feel every worm-eaten beam in the roof groaning under the weight of it.

"That's bad, Miss Beryl—too bad," said George H. as soothingly as he dared.

"Bad! It is utterly vile!" corrected Beryl curtly, and the good-looking gloomy youth beside her nodded briefly.

The girl flushed, with the sparkling eyes of just anger, seized Leslie's largish hands, turned them palms upward and thrust them under Mr. Jay's eyes, completely ignoring the feeble and embarrassed resistance of Mr. Falconer. "Look at those, Mr. Jay—close—look close and just give me your opinion of them, will you?"

For a girl with an allowance of ten shillings a week she had a fairly imperative way with her. George looked. It was a tolerably ghastly pair of paws that Beryl presented for inspection—cracked and calloused and corny on the palms, broken-nailed and extensively chipped and skinned in patches, so deeply ingrained with oily grime that, quite obviously, Leslie would never have clean hands again until they wore clean. They were beyond the aid of ordinary washing. They looked as if Mr. Falconer had been scraping out motor crank cases by hand for the last ten years.

"Good Lord, my boy, what got your hands like that?"

The gloomy one lifted a lip corner.

"Work," he stated tersely.

"What work?"

"I worked my passage—odd hand in the engine room and relief man in the stokehold—er—that sort of thing," explained Leslie, and gently repossessed himself of his hands. "They'll be all right."

No doubt they would, but an infant could have seen that Beryl deserved a softer pair for caressing purposes, unless, indeed, she preferred to be petted by a person with shark-skin paws.

George H. looked at Mr. Falconer with a new interest and a considerably increased respect. It was evident that the sharp little lady had picked a lad for herself who was, perhaps, something more of an all-rounder than many of the slicker, sleeker youths he so frequently encountered circulating more or less aimlessly about town.

A man who had never done much in the way of hard manual labor himself, Mr. Jay, surveying furtively the hall-marked hands of Beryl's darling, and hoping his would never get that way, made up his mind that he really must click himself into a slightly higher speed on behalf of one who had so evidently been through the mill.

"H'm—so Sir Humphrey left nothing but a mortgage to his natural heir," he said, his glassy eyes thoughtful. "Must see what can be done about that, decidedly."

The girl made a gesture of impatience. "Nobody believes that Sir Humphrey was as poor as he seemed to be," she said. "Even my aunt—who wasn't at all good friends with him—let slip that she knows perfectly well that he had a tremendous collection of jewels. But she accused him of having been a jewel miser and said that probably he had hidden them all away in some place where they will never be found."

"Hah, did she now!" ejaculated the gentle George rather excitedly. "Did she say anything else about it?"

Beryl shook her shining curls. "No—except that, after thinking about it quite quietly all through breakfast, she said that on second thought she had changed her mind. Probably Sir Humphrey had thrown his money away on some secret extravagance—a thing, she said, he was always prone to—and had encouraged the rumor about his big jewel collection in order to keep his credit good, whatever that may mean. . . . But Leslie and I don't care what happened to Sir Humphrey's stupid old money, if he had any. I've got plenty, if I can only get at it. Leslie won't mind sharing it with me until he can get a post which will make him independent of my money—something better than stoking a vile old steamer, I mean. And the reason we called was to engage you to think out some way or other of getting me enough money for us to get married on immediately, Mr. Jay."

George nodded like a mandarin. "Quite, quite. You can't go on like this—the thing's absurd—deprived of the simplest necessities."

Quite unconsciously, his eye drooped to the slim silk-clad ankles. Beryl smiled suddenly. "Ah, you're thinking of the stockings! Well, I overcame that difficulty, Mr. Jay. I borrowed a pair of cook's to meet Leslie in," she said gayly, then became serious again. "Can you do anything to help us, Mr. Jay? If you cannot, please say so frankly."

"Frankly, Miss Beryl, I can," declared George H. His visitors brightened visibly. "Yes," insisted Mr. Jay most benevolently, "I believe I can help you a great deal. But don't misunderstand me, Miss Beryl. I can give you no help in the way of advice concerning your engagement."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jay, but we don't want that, I assure you. Do we, Leslie?" declared Beryl very eagerly.

"But in a practical sort of way I may be able to be of assistance. I can let you have some money—quite a lot of ready cash, if that would be of any use."

Her—and the somber Leslie's—eyes sparkled. "Oh, but that is just the very thing we want, Mr. Jay!" she cried naïvely. "Some money." Her face shadowed again. "But I mustn't borrow. Everybody is always warning me against borrowing money in case of losing my income."

"Yes, yes, I know—it's a shame," said George. "But there is no reason why Mr. Falconer should not borrow a trifle of money from his and your old agent, I believe."

"Not if you'd care to lend it," said Leslie with conviction.

"I do care," stated George. He opened a drawer and lifted out a small lump of money in the form of a folded cake of clean white five-pound notes—forty of them—two hundred pounds in all. He shuffled them about a little on his blotter so that they looked most profuse and plenteous.

"How lovely!" sighed the little lisle-thread lady.

But Leslie looked a shade uneasy. "Look here, Mr. Jay, I may as well tell you I've got no security to offer you," he began blurtsomely.

"We shall come to that, Mr. Falconer," George reassured him blandly. "I don't think you need worry too much about that. In any case your word to repay me some day, coupled with Miss Beryl's verbal promise to see that some day I shall be repaid, will satisfy me. There are two hundred pounds there, and in any case I suppose the difference between the mortgage on Clamperdown Court and its market value is more than two hundred pounds."

But Leslie still looked uneasy. "No, it isn't. The solicitors told me only yesterday that my uncle was too sharp for the mortgagee. The place has gone to the dogs so badly that it's not worth the mortgage on it. It's got the dry rot—and the wet rot, too, I should think. It never was much, and now it's next to nothing. I wouldn't live there even if I could afford it."

"H'm!" said Mr. Jay to that, fiddling with the notes. "You mean to sell it?"

"Either that or let it go to the mortgagee," said Leslie.

"A pity—great pity," said Mr. Jay. Then he seemed struck by an idea. "Well, now, don't hurry anything, Mr. Falconer. Be advised—take this loan of money for yourselves, and as you have no security to offer just oblige me by giving me the first chance of buying Clamperdown Court at six thousand—the amount of the mortgage—at any time I like between this day and the day the next payment of mortgage interest falls due—probably next quarter day, which would make, roughly, a three months' option on the place. I'll be honest with you—they call me Honest George Jay about here—and say that I shall try to sell it for a profit in spite of what your solicitors say. What do you say to that?"

"Say, Mr. Jay? I say it looks like finding a shovelful of sovereigns in a coal bunker. I agree."

"Fine!" said George, beaming on them both and rustling the notes ever so loudly. He had fiddled them into such an untidy scattered mass that they looked like ten times the amount. He made a motion like pushing the whole lot across his desk with both arms.

"Perhaps you'd care to count them while I prepare the option," he said; and leaving them to play about with this sudden fortune he went out to dictate a swift little document to Gus Golding.

When he returned they had just finished a loving little quarrel around the point of division, Leslie insisting that Beryl should take a hundred and fifty and he fifty, Beryl utterly declining anything but fair halves.

George benignly referred the point. "Make it halves now and ever hereafter, my dear young folk. Take the advice of a man who has had so long an experience of these things that he sometimes feels his name should be George Methuselah Jay—make it fifty-fifty all your lives, and start now." They started then. "That's good," approved G. Methuselah.

The option was then signed and George touched on one more point: "Remember, Miss Beryl, that two things are vital. Don't borrow money and, above all, don't get married yet. Don't slip off to a registry office and get married—yet. It's urgent—it's vital—it's desperate. Don't get married—not at present, I mean."

He caught the faint blush on the charming face of the girl and knew that he had warned them against doing exactly what they had intended doing. Really anxious, he preached a ten-minute sermon on the folly of sacrificing five thousand a year for the sake of marrying on Monday—so to speak—instead of Thursday—as it were—and then, having convinced them, let them hurry away to spend their money.

III

THE somewhat sour old retainer, Peter, who had been the only other inhabitant of the big ramshackle old barn of a place, Clamperdown Court, got to know Mr. Jay

rather well during the next few days. Leslie Falconer spent as little time as he could there, and George seemed to have developed an interest in the place—or in Peter. It was not too far from the gentle Jay's own little country place to make a motor-car run over through the mellow summer evening anything but a pleasure. And as George usually had a cigar or two to spare, and maybe a little something that old Peter said warmed up the very marrow of his aged bones, he soon found himself more or less eagerly expected. His chats with the old man as they strolled about the place together grew intimate—and interesting.

Peter had worked for Sir Humphrey all his life and knew as much about the Clamperdowns as they had known themselves. For an old man he was still enthusiastic about his late employer. Any virtues in the character of the late Sir Humphrey had been natural to him, said Peter, and any defects had been caused by Lady Littlemynce, whom Peter had hated from the day she had deliberately turned down the good-looking Humphrey, a nephew of the then reigning Clamperdown, in favor of the already well-to-do Littlemynce.

Never in his conversation with the old man did George mention the jewels which Sir Humphrey was said to have collected, but none of which either his lawyer or his banker had seen for years. But at last old Peter mentioned them, referring to them rather garrulously, with many chuckles. George passed the bottle and let him run on. It was late when he finished and the bottle was low, but as Mr. Jay strolled back to his car his aspect was not that of a man who had let any time run to waste. His first action when he arrived home was to refresh his memory with a glance at his three months' option to buy Clamperdown Court.

Six thousand pounds was the amount of the mortgage and George's option figure was six thousand. The place was hardly worth the money, but George smiled as he put the option safely away—with its many little companions, for Mr. Jay loved options, particularly free ones, and collected them with avidity.

"Yes, that's a good option," he told himself, "and I can hear a little bird singing in my mind that says it will be required soon."

It was an admirable example of the old Finch Court anteater's beautiful timing that he spoke the exact truth. His instincts had so attuned themselves to the situation that it was entirely without surprise that next morning at his office he received Gus Golding's announcement that Miss Beryl Lanyon and Mr. Leslie Falconer had called again.

George saw, without any amazement, that they had done exceedingly well with the money he had advanced. The little blonde had never looked so charming as now in her new and well-chosen raiment, and as for the gloomy youth she loved he was not merely feeling but actually looking all but worthy of her. His smile had got into working order again and they must have boiled his hands or something of that sort, for they were now to what they had been as twilight is to pitch dark.

"We can't stay long, Mr. Jay," anthemed Beryl, "because we still have some of the money you lent us left and we are very busy ——"

"—— spending it — ha-ha!" added George breezily. "Well, well, why not?"

"Yes, isn't it lovely? But what we called to say was that my aunt wants to buy Clamperdown Court. Isn't it odd? At least she telegraphed from Harrogate today to say that she was coming home this afternoon, and in the telegram she invited Leslie to come and stay at Littlemyncing, and said that if he didn't intend to live at Clamperdown himself she would be agreeable to taking it off his hands in order to let it to an old friend of hers, a Mrs. Nigel Mactyte. And we are sure she means it, because it must have cost her at least eighteen pence to put it in the telegram and she has always hated extravagance on telegrams."

The child came closer to George and a wheedling, coaxing note made itself manifest in her exquisite voice: "Of course you will see that if Leslie obliges Aunt Prudence and sells her the house, we might wait quietly, behaving perfectly, until Mrs. Mactyte is happily settled down at Clamperdown, and then, when everything is nice and Aunt Prudence is happy, we might persuade her to agree to my being married to Leslie and having my money."

She was standing quite close to the gentle one's chair now, rather like a child about to beg a favor from papa. "But Leslie says that he isn't free to sell the place because of that old option thing he let you have," she continued urgently. "And if that's true, Mr. Jay, we want to ask you to tear the option up or burn it or something so that we shall be free to sell the house to Aunt Prudence. You know, you won't like the house if you buy it. It's horrid, isn't it, Leslie?"

"Ghastly," said Leslie.

"It's frightfully damp, isn't it, Leslie?"

"Mushrooms and things grow on the walls sometimes," stated Leslie somberly.

"And it's dreadfully depressing, Mr. Jay."

"Gave me the blues when I lived there," confirmed Leslie.

"So, please, Mr. Jay, tear up the silly old option and let Leslie sell it to Aunt Prudence for just the amount of the mortgage money, and in return Leslie will place all his business in your hands when he has got some, and I will mine too. Or, if you like, I would pay you anything you like when I get my own money. So you will destroy the option, won't you?"

George H. looked at the lovely little flushed face and soft shining eyes so close to him and marveled. The sheer innocence of these charming kids! Begging to be allowed to throw away, in their blind, well-disposed, youthfully generous guilelessness, the great chance of getting sweet old Aunt Prudence in a place where for sake of what she wanted she could be made to yield to them what they—much more reasonably—wanted.

Yes, they needed an agent if ever anybody in the world needed one! Well, they had come to the right man when they came to Old Privacy, London. He patted the pretty hand so anxiously resting on his chair arm.

"My dear, I can do better for you than you can do for yourselves in this matter," he said. "Remember, I am your agent, as well as the owner of the option. Now there is no use in paying a highly skilled and well-known agent to work for you and trying to do the work yourselves. If you attempt to negotiate this thing with Lady Littlemynce, she will shear you closer than lambs and you will get little if anything in return. I am not criticizing your auntie, Miss Beryl, nor would I say one word against her, for that is not my way; but I have, as a matter of duty, to warn you that only an agent of the very first class—a trained, experienced man rather ahead of the front rank of his great and difficult profession—can adequately handle this delicate but highly promising situation. You need me, you two, as few have ever needed me. Be advised. Leave all to me. It will pay you a thousand times over, in spite of the high fees the thing will involve. If Mr. Falconer deals with Lady Littlemynce he will do so in a spirit of—er—conciliation. But I shall deal with her in a spirit of—um—confiscation. Take my advice. Go away and be happy and spend your money. Leave the collar work to old George H. Jay. Give me a free hand—and if you aren't on your honeymoon in a couple of months from now you can call me no conjurer!"

Mr. Falconer nodded vigorously. Beryl glanced at him and agreed instantly. "It is gloriously kind of you, Mr. Jay, and we should be ever so grateful if you did everything for us," she said.

"I will," promised George spaciously, asked a few questions about Lady Littlemynce's movements, and then let them leave him for more thrilling company—their own.

The jolly miller of Finch Court leaned back, lighting a cigar like a man who has earned it. "Hey! When old Mr. Miller meets Miss Mincer then comes the tug of war," he said, and laughed so breezily that all the windows nearly started rattling.

IV

THE crafty Jay proposed to open his proceedings with a spell of masterly inaction, but Lady Littlemynce was out for business, and large meat-fed tigers would not have stopped her when she was set on acquiring what she felt she needed. They might have hindered her a trifle, but she would have found an alleyway around them.

She called on George next day rather like a medium northeast wind calling. She had been pretty rough with Honest George Jay when she felt she had not the slightest use for him, and George would have been entitled to employ a certain stiffness in his manner to her if he liked. But he prided himself on being a first-class agent, and the best of these are not engaged in the business for the purpose of revenging themselves pettily for old slights and ancient snubs.

With a little straining of his entire system George H. might have received a queen with more deference, but not much. Lady Littlemynce construed his politeness as weakness and unwisely started rough. "Those children tell me that you have persuaded this boy Leslie Falconer to place his business in your hands, Mr. Jay," she said rather acidly, when she was settled in her chair.

"Why, yes, Lady Littlemynce; yes, that is so—in a way—in a quite definite sort of way, that—um—is the case."

"Huh! Well, frankly, I don't see the necessity. But there is no holding the youth of the present day. They do precisely as they please and there seems to be no way of steadying them. . . . Well, Mr. Jay, I desire to purchase from Leslie Falconer that rather terrible old ruin, Clamperdown Court, and he wishes to sell it to me. It appears, however, that you have rather skillfully maneuvered yourself into the position of owner of the property—provided you decide to exercise an option which you have extracted from this young man. Well, now I am prepared to purchase this property at a sane and reasonable price, in order to oblige an old friend—an old schoolfellow. I wish to lease the place to her at a low rent, and naturally therefore the purchase price must be low. Are you prepared to sell it, Mr. Jay? And if so when are you prepared to give possession?" She snapped it out like a woman accustomed to buying many things—at her own price and not infrequently on her own terms.

"Possession?" said the gentle one musingly. "Why, I can give you possession on the day you complete the purchase."

"Could you, indeed?" said the Lady Littlemynce satirically. "But I should like possession—if I purchase—upon signing the contract to buy and paying the necessary deposit."

George Henry beamed kindly upon her. "Why, of course you would," he agreed blandly, "just as almost every other purchaser of property would. But unfortunately I should be unable to give you that premature possession—just as every other vender would find himself unable."

Something behind the blandness and benignity in Mr. Jay's voice must have struck her, for she left unuttered the sharp rejoinder she had opened her lips to make, and thought a moment. "Very well, that can be dealt with later. It is improbable that we shall come to terms in any case, for I tell you quite bluntly, Mr. Jay, I am not to be bled in this transaction."

"Naturally not," said George. "I should wish to supplement that observation with the statement that I do not propose to attempt to bleed you, Lady Littlemynce."

She seemed interested. "You mean that, Mr. Jay? Very well; how much do you want for the place? Be good enough to name your lowest figure at once. My time is limited—and I never haggle."

"Splendid!" said George H. benevolently. "My time is literally cramped and the thought of haggling has never entered my head. I am prepared to sell you the freehold of Clamperdown Court, Lady Littlemynce, with all the land attached to it, the timber upon that land, the house, the wonderful paneling in the house and everything in it or attached to it, lock, stock and barrel, for the sum of ten thousand pounds freehold and ——"

She bounded to her feet like a rubber lady. "Double its value! I will never submit to such extortion as long as I live," she stated, rather screechily.

"So be it, Lady Littlemynce," said Mr. Jay solemnly, and rose from his chair.

"But, my good person, the property is absurdly not worth it!" she shouted loudly.

George proceeded to collect what much endurance had convinced him was rightfully his own. "And why, may I inquire, Lady Littlemynce—why should I worry

(Continued on Page 100)

A Scene in Bryce Canyon, Utah

Prize-winning in the gay nineties; preferred today

In the mauve decade, at the Chicago World's Fair, the gold medal was awarded to a living room group by Karpen. There, the late Honorable Francis Armstrong, former mayor of Salt Lake City, saw the suite, agreed with the judges, bought it. Today it still serves, thirty-four years young, beautiful and staunch, destined to take its place among priceless antiques in generations to come.

Years have intervened. Karpen furniture has become richer in tradition. Its fame and preference among connoisseurs and home-makers have grown mightily. Its style has kept ever apace with decoration. But its old-fashioned quality remains constant.

In the modish Louis Quinze love seats you see here, clothed in splendid Aubusson tapestry, there is that same integrity which won the first prize in 1893. Looking backward gives you the power to look forward to the many prideful years you will enjoy from any piece that bears the Karpen nameplate, whether for your living room, library, sun room, or hall.

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LIKE Home-Made candy? You'll say it is HOME-MADE

You can make Oh Henry! right in your own kitchen. Just to prove we're holding nothing back, here's the way to do it:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

For Oh Henry! began in a tiny kitchen, probably much smaller than yours. And if Oh Henry's! Kitchen today is the largest in the world, it's simply because so many people found out how good home-made candy can be. So walk right up to the nearest candy counter and pick out that generous, homely, homelike Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

STYLE

(Continued from Page 17)

Frankie Cudlip's brow was creased with the furrows of concentration. It was pretty deep wading. He had always thought that you either had style or you hadn't it, and not an hour ago Ben had told him that he had as much style as Jack Delaney.

"I'd like to prove to you," Mr. Morton proceeded, "that you're making a mistake in limiting yourself to sharpshooting. I don't think you realize what a dangerous position you're getting yourself into. It means going deeply into your nature. Shall I do it?"

"Go to it, Mr. Morton! You bet!"

"The biggest trouble a young man has," the authority obliged, "is finding out how he best expresses himself. They say, when he succeeds, that he has found himself his work or his tempo or what not. When he does work that is not a natural expression of himself, we call him a square peg in a round hole—a natural-born actor trying to be a dentist, for example, or a fine musician trying to be a salesman.

"Even when a man has found the proper medium of expression—a musician being a musician, a doctor being a doctor, a fighter being a fighter—even then he must continue to hunt for the form of expression that is most natural to him. In other words, a man must be 100 per cent himself or he isn't delivering the best that is in him. Am I making sense?"

Frankie had run the fingers of his right hand into his kinky blond hair and was grasping a handful of it. His eyes had become sapphire blue and they shone.

"Yes, sir!" he cried.

"When we narrow it down to fighting," Mr. Morton went on in his low, wheezing voice, "we find that we have the natural-born defensive fighter and the natural-born aggressive fighter and a hundred shades in between. I could typify any man you named from John L. Sullivan to Gene Tunney. Let's consider Dempsey, the most aggressive fighter we've had in years."

"But Ben Archer just got through telling me that my style ——" Frankie eagerly began.

"I haven't come to you yet," said Mr. Morton. "I'll take Ben Archer next. Ben Archer, in his prime, was one of the best fighters of his weight who ever entered the American ring. He found his style at an early age. He grew up in the John L. Sullivan tradition, but he wasn't carried away by it. It took real courage in those days to do what Ben Archer did. He was always calm and cool-headed. He had one punch in a left that never slept. And he had courage enough never to let the crowd rattle him into rough fighting. He won his championship and retained it for three years by sharpshooting."

Mr. Morton paused. He was looking at the tablecloth and making patterns with a finger nail.

"The trouble with Ben," he said with a sigh, "is that he thinks he was right and everybody else was wrong. He thinks that the only way to become a champion is to perfect yourself as a sharpshooter. He trained Billy Nepke and Frisco Paul and took them almost to the top. Now he's got you almost to the top. But Billy Nepke and Frisco Paul didn't reach the top. What about you?"

Frankie Cudlip hastily reached for his glass of water and drained half of it at a gulp. Chester Morton looked up. His small eyes, set deep above those bags of flesh, were glowing.

"You will either find yourself before your fight with Nicky Costello or be knocked out in the third round. If you want me to tell you what I think you ought to do, I will."

Frankie said nothing. It wasn't necessary for him to say anything. The expression in his eyes was sufficient.

"I've watched you in four fights," said Mr. Morton. "And I've been studying you in the past half hour. You have never been yourself on any occasion when I have seen you in the ring. You are not the cold, calculating, deliberate sharpshooter you think you are—that Ben has tried to make you think you are. You're better than that, Cudlip. You have that rare quality in this day of box-office fighting—a fighting heart. You love to fight. You love to be aggressive.

"You aren't going to beat Nicky Costello by letting him walk into your left. You've got to go in there and fight like hell. You're getting nearer and nearer the top, Cudlip, and the nearer the top you get, the harder they come. The easy ones are all behind you now. You've got to realize before your fight with Costello that Ben Archer's way just doesn't happen to be your way."

The waiter came with Frankie's tenderloin steak. At Mr. Morton's elbow he placed a cup of black coffee and a slice of mince pie. Frankie ignored his steak and watched the great amateur boxing authority attack his pie and coffee. He fairly wolfed his food. In no time at all both plate and cup were empty.

Frankie was thinking rapidly. Instinct advised him that Chester Morton had told him the truth about himself, yet he could not on such short notice throw off the teachings of Ben Archer.

"I might get knocked cold in the first round!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Morton indifferently.

"But I won't!" declared Frankie.

"No, not if you put your back into it."

Frankie continued to think. Mr. Morton wasn't exactly the kind you poured your heart out to, but he did have some swell ideas. Maybe Mr. Morton could give him some valuable pointers on the baffling problem of Polly Madison.

"Look here," Frankie said earnestly. "If my ring style is wrong, maybe my style is wrong in other ways."

A vague look entered those eyes that had seen the best of them go up and up—and down and out!

"I'm in love with a young lady," Frankie began. "She's a very refined kind of girl. She's a perfect lady in every respect. And I'm nothing but a roughneck. I mean, I'm nothing but a roughneck. But I'm crazy about her. I'd do anything in the world for her. But I'm scared stiff of her. I mean, I want to marry her. I love her. She's the most beautiful, sweetest-natured ——"

"I don't know anything about love," Mr. Morton checked him. "I don't know anything but fighting." He eased himself out of his chair. "Think it over, Cudlip. Be yourself. Don't be a Ben Archer any more. Good night."

He was waddling away before Frankie could begin to voice the gratitude that filled him. And he was hardly out of the door when Frankie was assailed by doubt. If Frankie went to Ben Archer and told him what Chester Morton had said, Ben would blow up. He would declare that Chester Morton was hipped on aggressive fighting, and there would be nothing but cat-and-dog fights until he met Nicky Costello.

Frankie held his breath as his imagination played with that fight as Mr. Morton wanted to see it fought. Nicky was aggressive. He was a mountain lion: another Kid Levine, but tougher, cleverer, better. Aggressive Kid Levine had almost taken him in the eighth round. Aggressive Nicky Costello would take him sooner. Mr. Morton had given it a name—the third round!

From the problems of the fight with Nicky Costello, Frankie's mind slipped to Polly Madison. Maybe Ben was wrong about her too. Maybe she would like him better if he stopped handling her with kid gloves.

"Polly darling ——"

He tried to picture Polly melting into his arms, sliding her hands up into his hair, puckering her lips for his kiss. But somehow that picture wouldn't take form. Much more easily he could see her big brown eyes flashing fire, could see her drawing up her body to queenly erectness and laying him out cold for getting so fresh.

"Polly darling ——"

He would wait. He would content himself with phoning her in the morning and making the usual Sunday-night date to take her to the movies. He knew he wouldn't dare hold her hand. He would sit there in the darkness beside her and do nothing—like the big sap he was. Because she was a lady. He couldn't be rough with Polly. It wasn't his—well, style.

Style, Frankie pondered—what was his style?

When Frankie—Cuddler—Cudlip climbed through the ropes on the night of his fight with Nicky Costello a bull-like roar went up to the rafters. He lifted his taped and bandaged hands above his head, clasped them and bowed swiftly in several directions, meanwhile executing a little shuffle with his feet. He was surprised at the uproar which greeted him. Then it occurred to him that they were roaring because they were sure he was going to be defeated. They were sure his sharpshooting methods would be ineffective against Nicky Costello.

Shouts reached him, and none of them were flattering. One that he did not hear caused a wave of laughter to sweep over one end of the arena.

Ben Archer, ineffectually trying to conceal his nervousness, was chanting, "Now don't let this guy rattle you, Frankie. He's gonna try to trick ya into swappin' 'em. Just keep stickin' that left into him. Let him keep walkin' into that left till he knocks hisself out."

Frankie was beginning to feel bristly. His eyes in his pale, intense face were inky spots when Nicky Costello came swarming through the ropes in the opposite corner—a mystery in a purple-silk bathrobe. His long head was closely clipped and he seemed equipped with unlimited confidence. He ignored Frankie and laughed and chatted with his seconds and trainer.

Frankie, looking him over, drew a deep breath and felt a tremor in his insides. His heart was banging against the wall of his chest. His mouth was dry. There was a tingling in his triceps. He relaxed. Ben was softly massaging his stomach, tirelessly repeating the familiar refrain, as if he would fill Frankie's consciousness with sharpshooting lefts to the exclusion of all else.

Frankie, listening, glanced down to where Chester Morton was sitting. Mr. Morton was gazing indifferently in his direction. He was looking at Frankie as if he had never seen him before. But behind those expressionless beady eyes, Frankie knew that he was saying:

"Come out fighting! Come out fighting!"

And Ben was droning, "Just pick him to pieces with that left, Frankie."

Frankie leaped up with relief as the referee beckoned to him. His expression, as he gazed down at Nicky Costello's thick hairy legs, was sullen. He glanced about the ring for slippery spots; saw none; half listened to the earnest voice of the referee: "Clean breaks. . . ." A light in the tin dome hissed and went out with a click. . . . "Give us a fight tonight boys. . . ." Someone close to the ringside blared above the hum of preparations and the chatter of telegraph sounders, "Catch him when he's posing, Nicky, and spin him around!"

"Show us some action tonight, Frankie," earnestly, from the referee.

"You bet," said Frankie.

Then he was pawing the resined canvas in his corner like an eager race horse, wondering just what he ought to do. The hoarse whisper of Ben floated up to him:

"Don't get rattled, Frankie. Make him like that left!"

(Continued on Page 57)

Inwardly and Outwardly Magnificent

—and how these new Chandlers do perform!

FAR and wide, by word and manner, America is registering unfeigned admiration for the new Royal Eights and new Sixes by Chandler.

In numbers swiftly multiplying, these new Eights and Sixes are brightening and enlivening the nation's highways and byways from ocean to ocean. Cars beautifully distinctive in body design. Magnificent in all the little fine points of luxury and comfort. Fairly bubbling over with energy and stamina; and very smooth, very quiet.

On the road you'll notice how very few cars ever try to pass a Chandler on the hills—or attempt to outstep its quick getaway in traffic. That very fact reveals the prestige and respect that Chandler has earned by the surpassing results of its Pikes Peak power principle.

Chandler goes the limit, too, in offering a wide variety of models: Cars in four chassis sizes, in a total of twenty-eight beautiful body designs—all models possessing the "One Shot" centralized lubrication system, and dozens of other important advantages. And with the Sixes priced at $945 to $1895, and the Royal Eights at $2195 to $2295 (f. o. b. Factory), *price* is still another reason why Chandler is making such galloping gains in sales. Look around. Compare!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION · CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

ROYAL EIGHTS · BIG SIXES · SPECIAL SIXES · STANDARD SIXES

"A city that is set

DREAMER of pillar and spire where only emptiness was: toiler with laden back and sweating brow, at grips with the stubborn stone: master of doubt and fear, creator of new usefulness, wealth, beauty—The Builder has been with us always, naming the ages of the world by the building he has done.

Some built their houses on the sands, and the winds blew and the rains beat upon them, and they vanished. Some arose and, conquering, swept the world's treasures into their palaces, achieving only a name for cruelty and greed. But pure devotion raised cathedral fanes, and from devotion grew the spirit of building for common good. And then men began to set the cities of their industry upon the everlasting hills.

Goodyear has set its city "on an hill."

Stone upon stone it is rising, out of the good work of Goodyear men and the good will of the American people.

Into its soaring walls goes steadily something besides ambition, or pride, or wish for gain.

Something not less than an unalterable purpose that "cannot be hid" cements and reinforces the whole mighty structure.

What is this purpose on which Goodyear builds, and how shall it triumph?

It is the incorruptible aim to build into every product that bears the Goodyear name the utmost in simple goodness and value.

This is true from the largest tire and the longest

on an hill cannot be hid"

—MATTHEW v:14

belt down to the smallest rubber heel or piece of packing.

To make each of these an example in excellence, Goodyear draws on every resource of vast investment, unresting research, ceaseless test, and that vigilant self-criticism which is the price of betterment.

To all of this, Goodyear adds the fact as well as the ideal of Service—making and marketing its goods in such wise as to place them at the disposal of all men.

And then it follows them into use, with a policy that helps the buyer to get out of them the whole of their inbuilt value.

If you would see the fruits of Goodyear purpose, look at the "city" of Goodyear.

One of the youngest of all the great companies in a world-wide industry, it is already the leader—with a leadership gloriously earned.

Others have made their millions of tires, but Goodyear has made its *hundred* millions!

Others use rubber in tremendous amounts, but Goodyear alone uses nearly one-seventh of *all* the rubber produced annually on the earth!

On the highways, the streets, in the home—in ships, mills, stores, factories—on the land, the water, in the air, Goodyear products serve the advancing world.

Goodyear belting stands supreme in the transmission of industrial power.

More people walk on Goodyear rubber heels than on any other kind.

Goodyear is unchallenged in its supremacy as maker of rubber goods for commercial aviation and the aeronautical arms of the national defense.

This past year, in total sales on *all* products, Goodyear outranked any other rubber company in the world!

Such is the "city on an hill" where Goodyear purpose strives.

Yet the most inspiring phase of that city—the shining towers that still would stand if every physical plant and machine were to be utterly destroyed—are the confidence and faith that millions of people have learned to place in Goodyear's work and word.

These are at once the foundation and capstone of the city of Goodyear.

Their preservation is the concern of every Goodyear man whose creed is "Protect our good name."

GOODYEAR

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Cold that keeps

Make Your Own Ice

Just have the Kelvinator freezing unit installed in your present refrigerator. Then you will always have plenty of ice at any time of the day or night—week days or Sundays, even in the hottest weather. And it's so easy—in a few hours you can plug in for "cold that keeps." Exactly the right temperature to keep your food fresh, wholesome and pure—allowing you to buy in larger quantities at lower prices.

If you need a new cabinet, you can choose from Cabinet Kelvinators to fit every household requirement. Model 272, "Sealtite" construction, costs but $210.00 installed. (Rocky Mountain district and Pacific Coast slightly higher.) Steel-clad, 2-inch cork-board insulation all around—will not crack, warp or chip, and is light and easy to move about. A good example of the value and quality built into every Cabinet Kelvinator. Telephone or visit the Kelvinator Dealer nearest you or write us for further information.

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The combination of Nizer with Kelvinator as Divisions of Electric Refrigeration Corp. affords a complete line of correctly engineered applications for domestic and commercial purposes with worldwide service. Nizer-Kelvinator ice cream cabinets are in universal use because of their dependable, economical operation.

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Kelvinator

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Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

Better Always Better

DU-100

(Continued from Page 52

And down in the front row the dull, expressionless eyes of Chester Morton were saying:

"Come out fighting, and fight like hell!"

What was he going to do—rush out fighting, or stroll out sharpshooting? Ben Archer had a single-track mind—he was a one-idea guy, but maybe Chester Morton wasn't a good guesser, after all.

The bell rang. Frankie strolled out to meet his opponent. Nicky Costello came rushing out like the human mountain lion he was. They met with a crash of leather on flesh—Nicky Costello's leather on Frankie Cudlip's flesh.

Frankie prodded him with his left; saw a clean opening for a right hook to the jaw, passed it by in favor of a left jab to the heart, and covered up when Nicky Costello closed in again.

They sparred. Nicky Costello was already trying to pave the way for an opening for his death-dealing right. The crowd, having tasted blood in those first exciting ten seconds, shouted for action. Advice began to fly.

"Spin him like a top, Nicky!"

"Come on, Nicky; send him back to the laundry!"

"Chop him down, Nicky!"

"Let him swoon and then sock him, Nicky!"

"Hit him in the cafeteria, Nicky!"

Nicky Costello did his best. He swung. He jabbed. He punched. Frankie slipped into a clinch with the knowledge that he was matched with a man who was far better than any man he had ever met in the ring. He was tougher, he was faster, he was smarter.

When the referee separated them, Nicky Costello followed him, slugging, hammering, swinging. He beat down that rapier left as if it were a straw. Frankie sent it darting with all his cunning, all his power. He aimed at the liver, the heart, the face. And Nicky Costello came crashing through with swings and uppercuts.

The arena became a riot of roaring. Men turned green as they implored Nicky Costello to "give him the works." Nicky presently obliged. The blow was an uppercut which clipped Frankie glancingly on the chin point. It traveled less than eight inches. Then Frankie was on the canvas with consciousness flickering wildly. He was on his back and the world was a vast confusion.

"Two!" said a voice ten thousand miles away.

A face intruded into the phantasmagoria that was Frankie's mind. It was the pale, lovely face of Polly Madison.

"Three!"

She was smiling at him and she was saying something about style. Something, he gathered vaguely, was wrong with his style.

"Four!"

There was a burst of noise. It became a mighty reverberation in Frankie's ears.

"Five!"

A faint, pleading wail: "Get up, Frankie. You ain't out!"

Suddenly all the things that Chester Morton had said to him were alive with meaning. It was as if distant and unrelated stars had rushed together to form a great, shining sun. Frankie sat up and shook his head at the count of seven. The roaring became louder and louder. Thousands and thousands of lungs were emitting thunder because he was down—licked—out cold!

He drunkenly observed that Nicky Costello was leaning nonchalantly against the ropes in a corner. How he hated him for his nonchalance! Hatred pulled him to his knees; brought him, tottering, to his feet.

He should have fought his way with alacrity into a clinch. He should have clung for dear life—clung until his head was clear and some of the glassiness went out of his legs. That would have been the sensible thing to do.

But Frankie didn't want to be sensible; he wanted to fight. Strength from some miraculous reservoir surged into his arms as Nicky Costello charged down on him to finish the kill.

They met in a fury of flashing wet gloves. And Frankie was firm in his hallucination that he was immune from the most terrific blows. They glanced painlessly from his heart, his chest, his face. He bored in with head low, swinging. He was dreadfully punished before his chance came. But he knew he had won seconds before the opening came. He knew it from the look on Nicky Costello's face—a look that changed from surprise, to perplexity, to keen anxiety. It was a clean, terrific left swing to the chin.

Nicky Costello sagged loosely to the canvas.

Frankie staggered to the nearest neutral corner, discovered that he had entered his own corner, and, taking himself in hand, strolled across the ring, to lean nonchalantly on the ropes. He carried with him the fantastic image of Ben's face, green and distorted with terrified incredulity.

He listened for the count of nine, then glanced over the ropes to where Mr. Morton was sitting. All about him men were standing on seats, pawing at one another and bellowing. It was the first roar of such thunderous size that had ever been created for Frankie. The taste of sudden popularity was sweet to him, but he wanted most of all some sign of approbation from the man who walked with kings. Chester Morton was not standing, nor was he even shouting. But he grinned like a cat when Frankie airily flipped a dripping glove at him.

Ben Archer retained control of his emotions as far as the dressing-room door. Then he cut loose.

"I suppose ya think ya've done yourself proud with that grand-stand play!" he snarled.

"For crying out loud, Ben, I took him, didn't I?"

"By sluggin'—yes! Threw away everything I ever taught ya and mixed it like a lousy stevedore in a dock fight!"

"Well, that's my new style, Ben."

"Ya call that style?"

"Sure—my particular brand—me! Don't get sore, Ben."

"I ain't sore; I'm just disgusted. After all the time I've spent on ya, makin' a stylish fighter out o' ya—teachin' ya all the nerves and weak spots in the human anatomy ——"

"I won't forget them, Ben. Only after this we're going to fight my way. Your style isn't my style, Ben. That's what I mean. I'm through sharpshooting."

Ben looked long and earnestly into his steady blue eyes.

"Roll over there and let me rub ya down," he snapped. "Style, eh? The fight game ain't what it used to be. Time was when a fighter minded his trainer like his own mother. Now you fresh kids think ya know everything. Style!" he sneered. "I suppose a pile driver is stylish!"

"It's stylish for driving piles," Frankie pointed out.

As soon as Frankie had had his shower and was dressed, he hastened out into the crisp fall night and stopped a cruising taxicab. He was embarking upon an adventure the very contemplation of which had, until just now, filled him with foreboding. Now he rode with head high, eyes confidently asparkle and with reiterated instructions to the driver to step on it.

Before a brick apartment building in the West Nineties he presently alighted. He paid his fare and strode inside.

Polly Madison opened the door to his vigorous ring. She uttered a little cry of pleasure at seeing him. Frankie closed the door firmly behind him. He tossed his hat into a chair. She eyed him with wonder. He strode toward Polly with outstretched arms. He infolded her in them. Holding her in this vise, he kissed her.

"Frank," she finally managed to gasp, "what on earth has got into you?"

"Kid, I've got a new style," announced Frankie. "We're going to get married tomorrow."

Everybody's young on the beach in summer. 'Be ready for sunburn wherever you are

Summer rays can scorch like flames

ease Sunburn *INSTANTLY* guard happy hours

Go down to the water again—anywhere outdoors under the warm sky . . . Millionaires can't buy more joy.

Enjoy every minute of summer. But don't let sunburn set your skin on fire—convert an afternoon of pleasure into days and nights of stinging discomfort.

Wherever you are, at once, today, you can treat sunburn as physicians do. Soothe the smart *instantly*—ward off dangerous infection, heal the scorched tissues. Just keep a tube of Unguentine at hand!

Unguentine is used by hospitals from coast to coast. Spread it on liberally. Under its protective film sunburn heals with amazing speed. Even in the worst cases, fever and illness are prevented. Healthy and brown, you are carefree, happy again.

You can use Unguentine *before* exposure, too. Severe burn is prevented, and you tan normally. At your druggist's, a convenient tube for your outing kit—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

FREE—a generous tube of UNGUENTINE

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-1
Norwich, N Y

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, 'What to do,' by M W Stofer, M D

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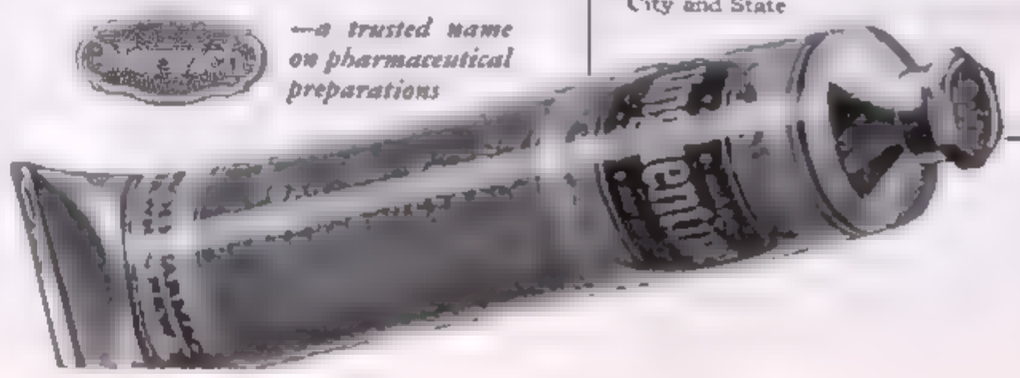
—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations



The Restful Car

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

SERVICE, Packard service, under strict factory supervision and at standardized charges, is available everywhere. Authorized Packard service stations have doubled and redoubled in number during the past six years. And more are constantly being established—keeping pace with the rapidly growing fine car market created by the Packard Six.

Packard cars, both Six and Eight, are built to serve long and well and Packard's interest follows them through all their years. A part for any Packard ever built is available today at the great service headquarters in Detroit.

Packard service begins on the drawing boards of Packard's engineering department. Convenience, accessibility, simplicity—these points receive unusual consideration in the design of Packard cars.

So, in addition to such modern improvements as "Instant" chassis lubrication and other features which protect the car's fine precision and reduce routine care, service when needed is made quick and inexpensive for the Packard owner.

Packard service has done as much as Packard cars themselves to establish the Packard reputation.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

AND THEN I JUMPED

(Continued from Page 7)

Now we were promoted to VE-9's for simple formation flying. I spent one hour and fifteen minutes in transition flying and three hours in formation work. The ships fly in formations of three, each student taking turns in leading the wedge. We closed our primary course with three hours of transition flying in changing over to the service-type plane. Altogether I had seventy-two hours and fifteen minutes in the air at Brooks Field.

While we were at Brooks a civilian plane crashed within sight of the field and the pilot and his passenger were burned to death.

This tragedy so unnerved several of the class that they resigned. It is no reflection on any man's courage that he should change his mind about making flying his job, whether by reasoned weighing of the facts or in the emotional reaction of such a horror; but the air, though it has ceased to be recklessly hazardous, still demands of its thirty-third-degree initiates a single-minded devotion that is superior to ordinary risks.

All our work at the advanced school at Kelly Field was done on service-type planes, and here the class again was diminished, for some men can fly slow training-type planes well who are lost on speed ships; or if not lost, yet not deft enough to qualify to Army standards. Again we had to make our first flights in dual-control planes with an instructor ready at hand to correct any blunder.

We began with figure 8's, accuracy in landing to a mark, landing on strange fields, then turned to forced landings. The training for these emergencies calls for the student to cut off his throttle at 1000 and 1500 feet and make 180 and 360 degree turns, respectively, in landing to a mark. Unless the ground is utterly forbidding, such a maneuver will take care of ordinary contingencies in a forced landing.

When the class had been weeded out to thirty-three, the survivors were given a few hours in all types of service ships, then divided in four parts for specialized training in the four branches of army aviation—pursuit, bombardment, attack and observation.

The selection was governed by three considerations: The student's preference, the instructor's opinion of his qualifications, and his training record; but in as much as almost all of us were candidates for pursuit—the flashiest branch—the controlling factors were the last two.

Time to Take Leave

The eight of us chosen for pursuit were given sixty hours' air work in SE-5's and MB-3's, the two wartime types of pursuit ships, both fast single-seaters. Our instructors all were veterans of the A. E. F. and we were put through all known formations and acrobatics. Acrobatics have the further vital importance to the combat flyer of training him to outdodge his enemy and maneuver him into a fatal disadvantage. It is air boxing, and the best boxer wins so long as the contending planes are of approximately equal speed, climb, strength and maneuverability.

It was while I was flying an SE-5 in a nine-ship attack formation that I made my first emergency parachute jump. Lieut. R. L. Maughan, one of the crack pilots of the Army and winner of the Pulitzer Trophy in 1922, played the enemy and flew a DH-4B at about 5000 feet and several hundred feet above the clouds. Lieutenant Blackburn commanded the attacking squadron, which was divided into three units of three ships each. I was flying on the left wing of the topmost unit, Lieutenant McAllister on the right and Cadet Love at the apex of the V. We dropped down on the theoretically unsuspecting Maughan, Love attacking straight on, McAllister from the right and I from the left. A lone plane caught in such a vise has a poor show for its white alley.

After Love had pulled up I continued to dive on Maughan's DeHaviland for a brief spell before pulling up to the left. I passed above the DeHaviland and saw no other ship, when I felt a slight jolt, then a crash that threw my head forward against the cowling. My plane seemed to turn around and for an instant to hang motionless. In that moment I closed the throttle and glanced to the left, to see another SE-5 with McAllister in the cockpit a few feet away, wings locked with my ship and the fuselages approximately parallel. McAllister apparently was unhurt and getting ready to jump.

I saw that my right wing was damaged and had folded back slightly, covering the forward right-hand corner of the cockpit. Then the two planes began to mill around and the wires to whistle. The damaged right wing vibrated faster and faster as the ships fell, smacking my head at the bottom of each oscillation. It was time to go and I removed the rubber-band safety from the safety belt, unbuckled the belt, climbed out past the trailing edge of the hurt wing, and with my feet on the cowling, on the right side of the cockpit, which then was in a nearly vertical position, I threw myself backward and away from the plane with as much force as I could.

The Eight Greatest Pilots

A jumper's first interest is to avoid the path of the falling wreckage, which in this case was descending in nearly a straight line. I located the rip cord with one hand, but I did not pull it until I had dropped several hundred feet and into the cloud bank. During this interval I was falling in line with the two planes and only slightly to one side. This may explain why I had no sensation of falling, in as much as the one object on which I could fix my eyes was moving in the same direction and at approximately the same speed.

I had turned one half revolution in this time and was dropping flat and face downward. When I yanked the rip cord the parachute performed perfectly. The risers jerked on my shoulders, the leg straps tightened, my head pulled up and the 'chute blossomed like a magician's flower.

The two ships shot past me about one hundred yards to one side and continued to spin to the right, leaving a trail of lighter fragments in their wake. I watched them, still in close embrace, until they crashed in the mesquite some 2000 feet below me and burst into flames several seconds after the impact. I looked up and saw McAllister floating above me.

Those who know the mesquite of the Southwestern border will appreciate that it is not inviting vegetation for a parachute passenger. The cowboy's chaps were invented as a protective armor against this briery brush. I saw a plowed field on the edge of the mesquite. The 'chute was drifting toward the field, and to help it on its way, I pulled on the shrouds in the opposite direction, causing it to slip. As I neared the ground I was drifting backward, an awkward position in which to land, but I managed to whirl myself around in the harness just as I struck on the side of a ditch less than one hundred feet from the edge of the thicket. Although the impact knocked me off my feet, I was not hurt in any way, and my only casualties were my goggles and my camera, which fitted tightly in my hip pocket, yet had worked out in the drop. The parachute still was held open by the wind and did not collapse until I pulled in one group of shroud lines.

Lieutenant McAllister came safely to earth not far away, but not within my view. This was the first and only air accident in our class—an unusual record. It occurred only nine days before our graduation.

I think it was during the ensuing nine days that we flew to Bay City on one of several long cross-country hops which were part of our advanced work in navigation. The longest of these was to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Our instructor, one of the best-known pilots in the Army, flew ahead on the Bay City jump. The weather was fine leaving Kelly Field, but we soon encountered fog and low-hanging clouds. Part of us flew over the clouds, others beneath and just above the tree tops, and we all reached Bay City, to find the instructor missing. Captain Hoyt, the senior of our flight, sent a crowing telegram back to Kelly Field, reading: "All students arrived safely stop Instructor missing stop."

We flew back to Kelly very well pleased with ourselves, and were the more so when we found Hoyt's wire posted on the bulletin board and our instructor dodging the kidding of his fellow pilots. Like the wise old head that he is, he had landed as soon as he ran into the fog, waited a while to see if it would clear, and when it did not, had called it a day and returned to Kelly. This was the sensible thing to do. It is the novice, never the veteran, who takes needless risks to no purpose.

We were a cocky lot, however, and when we flew our ships in review at Kelly Field and were given our commissions and our wings in exercises at the Officers' Club by the general officer commanding the division at San Antonio, each of us knew privately that he was the world's greatest pilot. We were just-graduated students with plenty still to learn, but we were good pilots or we never should have finished out the year at San Antonio. .

Most anyone can become a fair-weather flyer, but the Army demands pilots who can fly anywhere, anytime in any type of craft from the trucklike bomber to the racing-type pursuit ship. When I stepped into the latest types of French and British fast pursuit planes, and our own new P-1—all new to me—and flew them as easily as my own Ryan monoplane, I was doing only what any man who has won his wings at San Antone is expected to do as a matter of course. These wings, of course, are the silver insignia an Army pilot is entitled to have embroidered on the chest of his uniform. If I talk a lot about them it is because I still remember what a dazzling goal they were for me at San Antonio. The student fastens his eyes on the wings of his instructor the day he lands at Brooks Field and his eyes never shift until he has won his own pair.

Compulsory Safety

I had been in the air 230 hours in the year at school, 155 of them in advanced flying, and I was by no means a stranger at the controls when I entered school. Yet I have seen advertisements offering to teach anyone how to fly with two hours' instruction.

My success in holding a course in the transatlantic flight without using a sextant goes back to the instruction I got at ground school in instruments, maps, map making and other aids to navigation, much perfected, of course, by experience in the air mail.

I first saw the earth-inductor compass—my chief reliance in the Paris flight—at Brooks Field. Soon after school opened an army plane came in from Dayton with the newly perfected compass as part of its equipment, and we all were given a look at it and had its principle explained to us.

From San Antonio I went to St. Louis, where less than three months later I had to make my second emergency jump. Sergeant Bell of the Missouri National Guard air unit at Lambert Field there had built a ship of his own design which he asked me to test. To all appearances it was stable and sound in design. The plane behaved nicely for eight or ten minutes, then slipped into a left-hand spin at about 2000 feet, and all that I could do would not right it. I finally jumped with only 300 feet margin; the parachute opened at once and a fairly good landing was made.

It was more than a year later, September 16, 1926, that I had to go overboard a third time. By then the contract air-mail routes were in operation and I was flying for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, operating Route 2, the 278-mile jump between St. Louis and Chicago. I took off with the mail from Lambert Field this afternoon at 4:25 o'clock, made the scheduled stop at Springfield at 5:10 P.M. and Peoria at 5:55 P.M. Leaving the Peoria field at 6:10 P.M. there was a slight ground haze, but the sky was virtually clear, with only scattered cumulous clouds. Darkness overtaking the ship about twenty-five miles northeast of Peoria, I took up a compass course, checking on the lights of the towns below until a low fog rolled in under me a few miles northeast of Marseilles and the Illinois River.

Lost in the Fog

The fog extended from the ground up to 600 feet and as I could not fly under it, I turned back and dropped a flare for the purpose of landing. The flare failed to work, so I again headed for Maywood, the Chicago air-mail port, hoping to find a break in the weather in that neighborhood. I discovered meanwhile by examination that the cause of the flare failure lay in the short length of the release lever, and that the flare might still be used by pulling out the release cable.

Continuing on a compass course of fifty degrees until 7:15 P.M., flying above the fog in bright moonlight, I saw a dull glow coming up through the mist, then several other patches of diffused light from below, visible only when looking away from the moon. From their location I knew them to be the lights of suburban Chicago towns bordering Maywood; but though the mail field turned its powerful searchlight straight up and burned two barrels of gasoline in an effort to attract my attention, I never was able to locate the exact position of the field. The field force at Maywood, of course, knew that I was overhead and just what my predicament was.

I dropped down to the top of the fog bank repeatedly in trying to catch the field lights, and flew in a circle. After thirty-five minutes of this I feared that I might have drifted over Lake Michigan, so I headed west to avoid the lake and in the added hope of picking up the lights of the transcontinental air-mail main line, west out of Chicago. Making westerly for fifteen minutes and seeing no break, I turned southwest, now hoping to strike the edge of the fog belt where I had first encountered it, just south of the Illinois River.

In five minutes the engine quit and I cut in the reserve. The motor failed to pick up at once, and as the altitude was only 1500 feet, I shoved my flash light in my belt and was about to release the parachute flare and jump when the engine finally took hold again.

A second trial showed the main tank to be empty, and only twenty minutes' flying time left accordingly.

The fog still was unbroken and the odds heavily against getting down. I tried to open the mail pit and throw the sacks overboard to protect them against burning, but the front buckle stuck, and as the risk of fire was slight with the gas tanks empty, I gave it up and began to climb for a good jumping altitude, when I saw a ground light for several seconds. It was the first light for nearly two hours, and in as much as I had a quarter of an hour's gas supply left, I glided down to 1200 feet and pulled out the flare-release cable as nearly over the spot where the light had appeared as I could calculate. This time the flare functioned,

but only to illuminate the top of a solid bank of fog, into which it vanished without showing a trace of the earth.

Seven minutes' gas supply now remained in the gravity tank. Seeing the glow of a town through the mist, I turned toward open country and nosed up again for altitude. At 5000 feet on the altimeter the motor coughed and died. I stepped up on the cowling and out over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the rip cord after about 100 feet of fall. The parachute, an Irving seat-service type, worked perfectly. I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position and the 'chute opened. I had lost the rip cord in the two previous jumps, but this time I saved it.

Before I came to earth I had an experience unique of its kind, so far as I know. I had pulled the flash light out of my belt and was playing it downward on the top of the fog, when I heard the plane's motor pick up. I had neglected to cut off the switches before jumping, the motor being apparently dead. Evidently when the ship nosed down, a little gasoline drained out of the carburetor, and now my abandoned bus came into sight in the moonlight about a quarter of a mile away and going full blast in the general direction of my parachute, and we played hide and seek most of the way down.

When I saw it coming the first time I had stuck my flash light back in my flying suit preparatory to using both hands in dipping the parachute out of the course of the wild plane, if necessary and if possible. The orphaned ship was making a left spiral about a mile in diameter and it passed approximately 300 yards away from my 'chute, leaving me on the outside of the circle.

I could not decide whether the plane or I was descending the more rapidly, but I side-slipped the 'chute away from the spiral orbit of the plane as rapidly as my strength permitted. The plane vanished, to appear again in a few seconds on the second turn of its corkscrew descent, and it became evident that our rates of drop were about equal. This time it passed me by a wider margin. I counted five spirals, each a bit farther away than the previous one, before we both were swallowed in the fog bank.

A Back-to-the-Land Movement

The fog was evidence that I was not more than 1000 feet from the earth. I reached for the flash light, but it had fallen out of my pocket. Now I could see neither the moon and stars nor the earth. It was pure chance what lay below. I crossed my legs to avoid straddling a branch or wire, guarded my face with my hands and waited. Presently I saw the outline of the ground and a moment later I was down in a peaceful Illinois cornfield, the September stalks well over my head. The parachute had lodged on top of the stalks. I packed it hurriedly and stumbled down the corn row. The ground visibility was not more than one hundred yards in the open, and in the cornfield I was shut in by nearly total darkness.

I came to a stubble field and some wagon tracks shortly. The tracks were certain to lead either to another road or to a farm, so I followed them and within a quarter of a mile approached a farmhouse. I was about to enter the farmyard and knock at the door of the house when I noticed motor-car headlights playing over the highway in front of the farm in a fashion that suggested that the wrecked plane might have been located.

Turning away from the farmhouse, I called to the stationary car, and a voice called back asking if I had heard an airplane crash. The people in the car turned out to be the occupants of the farmhouse, and I was fully five minutes making them understand that it was my ship that had smashed up. How could I be looking for the wreck if it was my wreck, seemed to be the difficulty in their minds, and I did not convince them until I showed the parachute as evidence. Such nocturnal adventures are possible to the farm lands since the air mail came into being.

A Plane With Wide Acquaintance

The men in the car were certain that the falling plane had barely missed their house; in fact, they could find it within a few rods; so we spent a quarter of an hour peering about the farm before we gave it up and went to the house to telephone near-by farms and to notify Chicago and St. Louis. These telephone inquiries disclosed the fact that every farmer within a three-mile radius was similarly certain that the plane had grazed his house, but none yet had found the wreckage.

I had just put in the long-distance calls for the two air-mail termini when the phone rang and a neighbor two miles away reported that he had located the smashed ship in his cornfield. The fog was so thick that we had to drive with great care, and a small crowd had gathered by the time we reached the scene. The plane was wound up in a ball-shaped mass. One of the farmers was right; it narrowly had missed his home and had hooked its left wing into a grain shock a quarter of a mile beyond. The ship had landed on its left wheel and wing and skidded eighty yards along the ground, going through one fence before coming to battered rest on the edge of the cornfield 100 yards short of a barn directly in its path.

The mail pit had been laid open and one sack was on the ground, but the mail was undamaged. When the sheriff arrived from Ottawa we took the sacks by automobile to the Ottawa post office to be entrained at 3:30 A.M. for Chicago.

The fourth and last jump to date came under similar circumstances of being lost above the clouds until the gas supply was exhausted, and not far distant from the scene of the third jump. It happened a few weeks later, November 3, 1926. Again I had taken off from Lambert Field at 4:20 P.M. with the Chicago mail, made a five-minute stop at Springfield, Illinois, and headed for Peoria.

Weather conditions telephoned to St. Louis earlier in the afternoon gave flying conditions as entirely passable. It now being late autumn, darkness fell when I was twenty-five miles north of the state capital, and with it came weather. The ceiling lowered to some 400 feet and a light snow set in. At South Pekin the forward visibility of ground lights from an altitude of 150 feet was less than half a mile, and over Pekin the town lights were indistinct. After passing Pekin I pulled up to about 600 feet for five minutes, when a patch of diffused light in the haze below indicated that Peoria, the next scheduled stop, lay below. Twice I could see lights on the ground and I descended to less than 200 feet before they disappeared. I tried to bank around one group of lights, but could not turn quickly enough to keep them in sight.

Thirty minutes of this circling over an elusive Peoria and I concluded to try to find better weather in the direction of Chicago. Earlier in the afternoon I had ferried an empty ship from Chicago to St. Louis, at which time ceiling and visibility were much better near Chicago than anywhere else on the route. Enough gasoline for one hour and ten minutes' flying remained in the pressure tank and twenty minutes' emergency supply was in the gravity tank. This was scarcely enough for a return to St. Louis, had I been able to navigate a true course by dead reckoning and flying blind the greater part of the way, and the region of Maywood was much more favorable for a night emergency landing than that in the vicinity of St. Louis.

For the next half hour I flew northeast toward Chicago at about 2000 feet, then dropped to 600 feet when breaks began to appear in the clouds and occasional ground lights to show through. After passing over the lights of a small town a fairly clear space in the clouds was encountered and I prepared to try for a landing. I released the parachute flare and whipped the ship around to get into the wind and below the flare, which lit at once; but instead of drifting gently down, I dropped like a rock.

There was a blaze of white light, showing the ground for an instant, then total darkness. Meanwhile the ship was in a steep bank and I was so blinded by the flare's intensity that I had trouble getting back on an even keel. When I tried to find the ground again with my wing lights I found their glare in the haze worse than darkness.

A High Dive

With only ten minutes' gas supply left in the pressure tank and still not the faintest outline of any object on the earth to be seen, I decided to leave the ship rather than to try a blind landing. Turning back southwest toward more thinly populated territory, I began to climb in an effort to rise above the clouds before jumping. The main tank went dry at 7:51 P.M., the reserve twenty minutes later. The altimeter then registered 14,000 feet, yet the top of the clouds apparently was still several thousand feet higher.

Rolling the stabilizer back, I cut the switches, pulled the ship up into a stall and was about to go over the right side of the cockpit when the right wing began to drop. In this position the plane would gather speed and spiral to the right, possibly striking the parachute after its first turn. I climbed back to the controls, righted the plane, then dove headfirst over the left side of the cockpit while the air-speed meter registered seventy miles an hour, and the altimeter 13,000 feet. The rip cord was pulled immediately after clearing the stabilizer and the Irving parachute again functioned perfectly. I was falling headfirst when the risers whipped me around into an upright position and the 'chute opened.

The DeHaviland plane vanished in the clouds just as the parachute opened, and I did not see it again until the next morning, the worse for wear. It was snowing and very cold at this altitude. For the first minute or so the parachute dropped smoothly, then it began to swing annoyingly, and continued to oscillate in a wide arc for the next five minutes despite all that I could do.

Catching Up With the Flare

The first indication of the approach to earth was a gradual darkening of the space below. The snow turned to rain in the lower, warmer altitudes, and though the silk fabric of the 'chute was thoroughly soaked, its oscillation had decreased greatly. I shot the 500-foot beam of my electric torch downward, but the ground appeared so unexpectedly soon that I landed directly on top of a barbed-wire fence without seeing it.

The fence helped to break the fall and the barbs were turned by my heavy flying suit. The 'chute was blown over the fence and held open for some time by the gusts of wind before collapsing.

After rolling up the 'chute into its pack I set a course for the nearest light. It came from a farmhouse, where I left the parachute, got directions and walked on for a mile to the village of Covell, Illinois, from where I reported to St. Louis by telephone. The only clew of the whereabouts of the plane came from one of a group of farmers in the general store, who said that a neighbor had heard the crash but could guess only at its general direction. I left instructions to place a guard over the mail if the ship should be located that night, and went to Chicago for another plane.

On arriving over Covell the next morning I spotted a small crowd gathered about the wreck fewer than 500 feet back of the farmhouse where I had left the parachute the night before. The nose and wheels had struck the ground at the same time. After skidding for seventy-five feet it had piled up in a pasture beside a hedge fence. One wheel had come off and was standing, inflated, against the wall of a hog house a hundred yards farther on. It had gone through two fences and the wall of the hog shed.

The wings of the ship were badly splintered, but the tubular fuselage, although badly bent in places, had held its general form even in the mail pit. The parachute from the flare was hanging on the tail skid.

There had been sacks of mail in my load. One, a full pack from St. Louis, had split open and some of the mail was oil soaked, but legible. The two other bags, being only part full, had not been subjected to a like strain in the impact and were undamaged.

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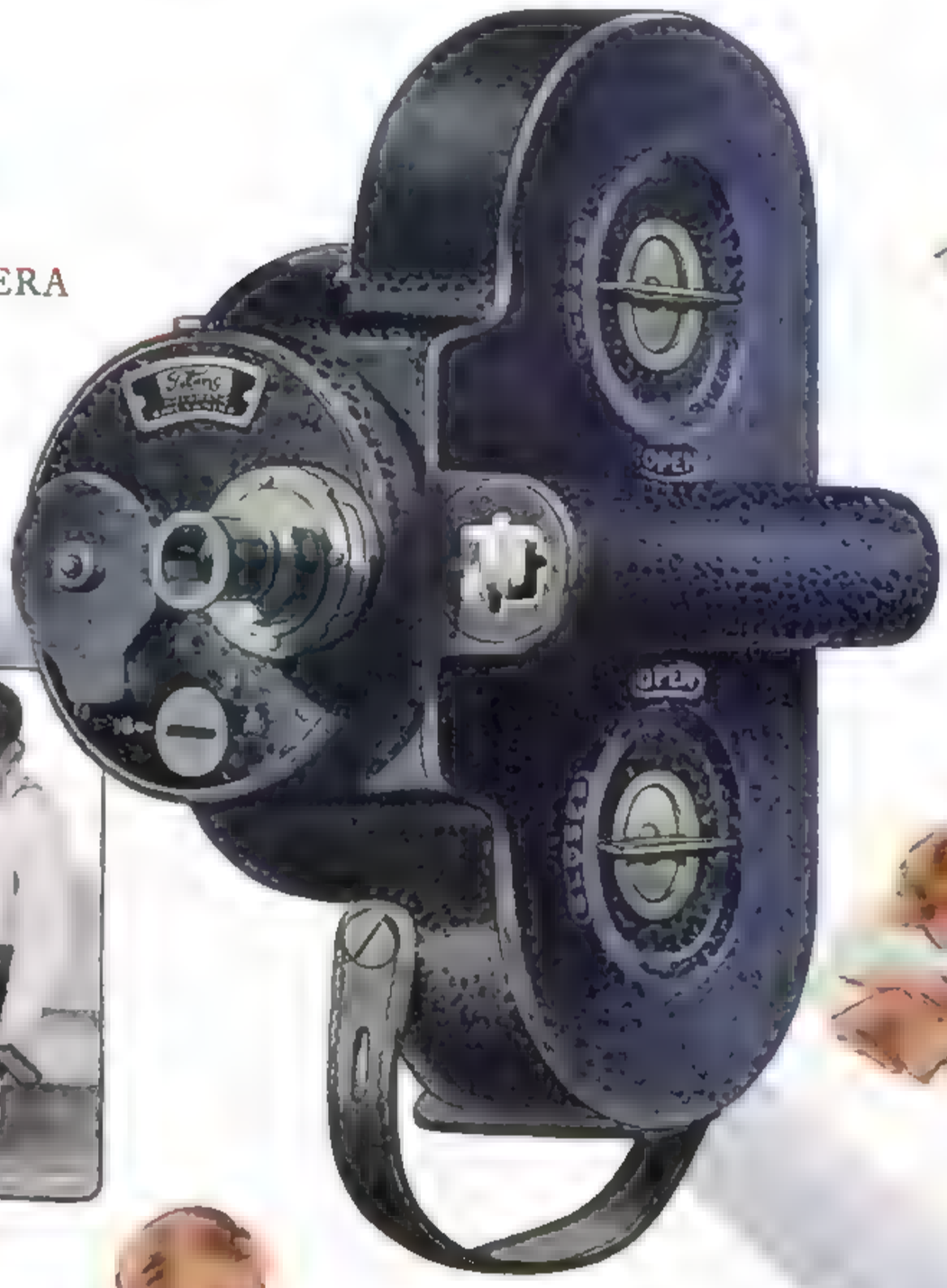

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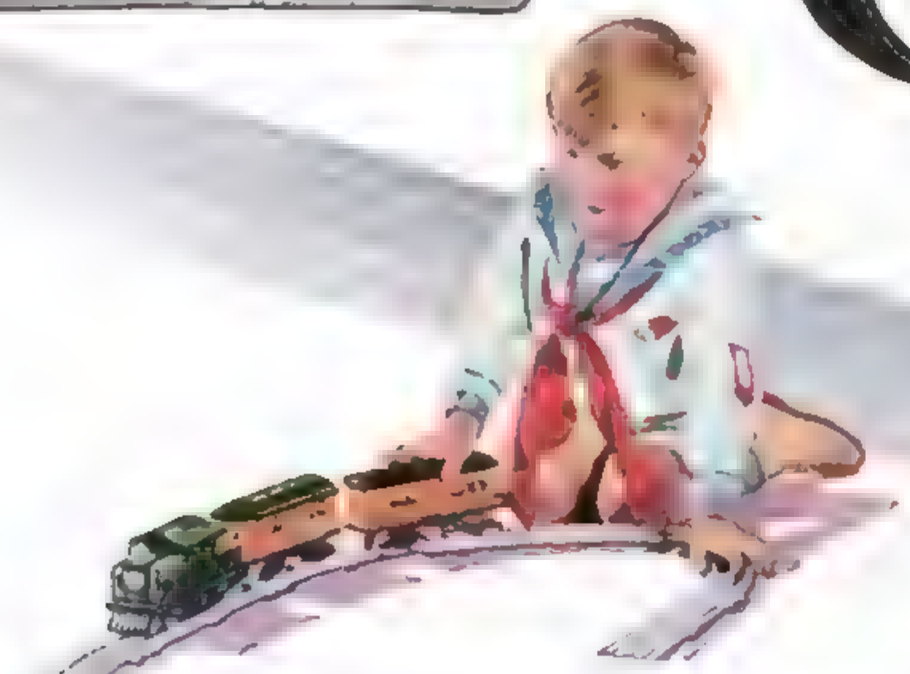

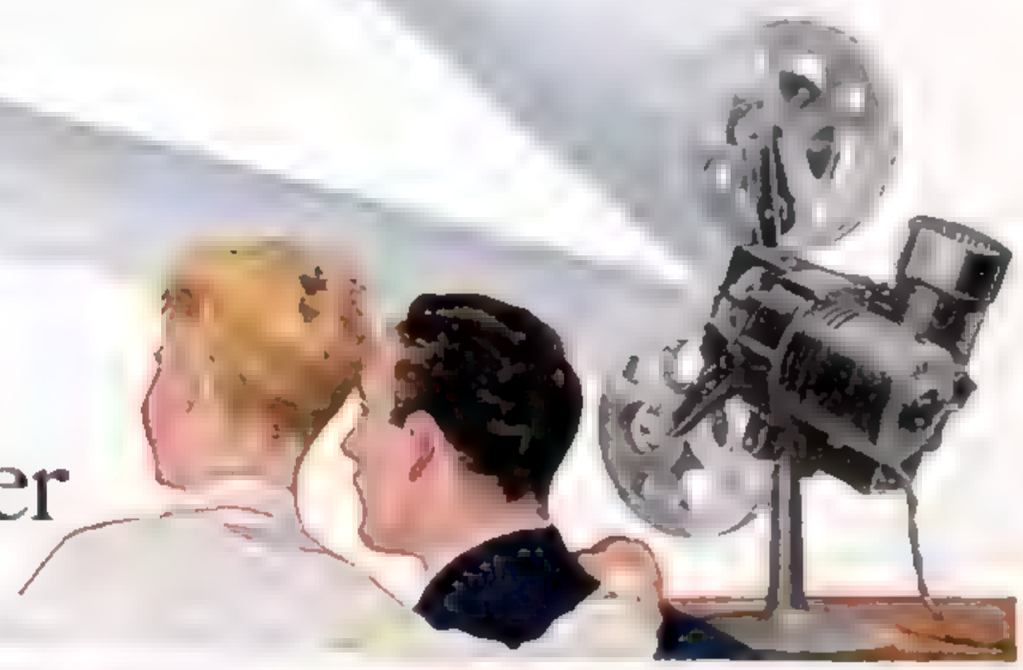

As They Grow Older

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OH, MOTHER!

(Continued from Page 9)

Solario came, and could have had cocktails there, the way other people do! When I went to a dinner party at the Selcombes', who have the largest house on the Ridge, and a butler, and Mrs. Selcombe said, "Shall we go into the library and have our cocktails there?" I felt just like someone on the stage or in a novel. It was an awfully interesting feeling. But you'd never get it in our house, believe me! Not in a thousand years.

It's very strange that nothing ever happens where you live yourself. I mean, it's so ordinary, somehow. Although book after book that I read will be about people that are not a bit more interesting than you are yourself, when you come to think of it. And yet, they turn out to be quite thrilling. I suppose the writers hunt about till they find someone that is really thrilling, though they don't seem so, and then copy down what happens to them. Or if they get tired of that, they probably make most of it up. It would be a good deal easier, I should think. Because then you could put the events that were thrilling in the same story as the interesting people. Which simply doesn't happen, so far as I can see. Really fascinating people, who would show up simply stunningly if anything important happened, don't have anything at all happen to them. Honestly, this is true. And perfect dubs that nobody cares whether they live or die, they're so absolutely sickening; there they are, right in the middle of everything!

You may not believe this, but it happens to be true. I could tell you a dozen instances of it. Take Ellie Lou. There she was, when she was a young girl, living with a lady in Mexico City—that alone is enough to make you sick: Ellie Lou in Mexico! Nevertheless, she was, and there was a revolution and the lady's nephew by her first husband was one of the spies of it—living right in the house, mind you!—and Ellie Lou went right on waiting at the table. Once she had to help hide him in a barrel and pretend it was flour. And not only that, but there was a fire and she was carried out by a real bull fighter—can you imagine anything more thrilling? She used to tell us about it when we were little and having measles or something like that. But, of course, if you were writing a novel about it, you wouldn't have things of that sort happen to anyone like Ellie Lou. Naturally an author wouldn't be as dumb as all that. Who would bother to read about it?

There are lots of things that you want to look before you leap, as Miralda is always mumbling about, and one of them certainly is entertaining celebrated foreigners when your house is simply not arranged for it. Which is what happened to us.

Of course, if I hadn't been there and hadn't realized the situation and hadn't done some pretty quick thinking, the Lord only knows what might have happened. Nobody else seemed to have the least idea of what we were up against or what a terrible position we were in.

Because, as I tried to make mother see, when people that have traveled all over the world and met the crowned heads of Europe and had lunch with King Alfonso and had special trains run for them in England to get them to London, come to your house, something has got to be done. I mean, they're only there overnight, and you may be very nice people and all that, and maybe you can speak French so somebody except a French class can understand you, and maybe your grandfather did have a street named for him, and things like that—but what difference do those sort of things make, I ask you, if you've only got one bathroom and the person that waits on the table wears short sleeves? Simply none at all. How can a great artist see all those things about your family's character? And in one night? Naturally, he can't. But he could see that terrible old office, all right, and he could hear Ellie Lou guggling around the table and he could meet that ghastly Al Toomey hanging around the front hall! And those are the things he would naturally remember, wouldn't he?

You have to put yourself in other people's place in this life sometimes, and that's what mother simply will not learn. She simply looks at things one way—her way. I don't say it's not all right for ordinary things, usually, but I do say that in a crisis it's terrible.

I shall never forget, if I live to be fifty years old, the day Mrs. Selcombe phoned. I was all alone in the house. Mother had gone for the day, up to the farm, to see about painting the kitchen. Ellie Lou had left just after breakfast to spend the day in some crazy place on Long Island where there was a prayer meeting to raise money for a Methodist church. They were going to pray all day, more or less, and eat lunch there, and she took a ham and an orange layer cake and thousands of Parker House rolls—Heinie stole some and she very nearly killed him; they fought all over the kitchen. He says that a couple of rounds with Ellie Lou freshens him up for gym. Of course, in any house but ours letting the cook off for the day would mean keeping the waitress in, wouldn't it? Certainly—but not with us. Off goes Miralda, too, tagging along and lugging veal patties in a suitcase. And mind you, it's not their church, even!

I said a few things about that, believe me, and what does mother say?

"My dear child, if, when you are married, you have the luck to keep a cook who never leaves the house but two or three times a year, you'll say nothing about where she goes nor how long she stays nor how many Parker House rolls she carries with her! Henry will dine with the Loves and your father was going to the chess club anyway. I'll take something to eat on the train, because I'm going straight from there to the concert. Ellie Lou will leave plenty for you and anybody else you want to ask."

"But aren't you going to change for the concert?" I asked.

"How can I, my dear? I shan't get in till 7:30!"

"Oh, mother!" I just groaned. What was the use?

When Mrs. Selcombe called me up I thought maybe it was to ask me to dinner, and I was quite thrilled. But nothing like that!

"For heaven's sake, Elizabeth, I do hope you can help me out," she said; "we're in a terrible hole! You know the hospital committee got the best rooms at the McNair House for Solario, because his secretary wrote that unless it was a case of absolute necessity he didn't like to stay in a private house. Well, they've had a terrible accident with the plumbing, and the water's all turned off for twenty-four hours, and of course the old Fairview House is utterly impossible."

"Heavens, yes!" I said.

"So, of course, I arranged for Solario and his secretary to come to us."

"Oh, that's lovely!" I said.

"Unfortunately, it's not at all lovely," she said, "because my kitchen maid, who had what we supposed was a light case of grippe, turns out to have scarlet fever, and the house is quarantined."

"Gosh!" I said, and she said:

"Exactly, and so we shan't even hear the concert. I called up Mrs. LaRue, and she's out of town, and Mrs. Parrish's daughter has just had a baby, and the nurse and the mother-in-law are there. So we wondered if your mother couldn't help us out—it's only to meet him at the station at 6:10, and give him dinner and get him to Odd Fellows' Hall and back, and to the station tomorrow morning. Do you think you could?"

Well, I was simply paralyzed. Not a soul in the house and no dinner, and no way of getting hold of Ellie Lou, and the sewing machine in the guest room, and the good silk coverlets gone to be cleaned, anyway!

"Mother's out of town for the day, Mrs. Selcombe," I said, "and I'm not sure ——"

"Oh—well, you're there, aren't you?" she said. "Aren't you just as good? Just ask that wonderful cook of yours—what's her name—and see what she says; there's a dear girl!"

As a matter of fact, I probably should have if Ellie Lou'd been there, but I naturally didn't care to be told by Mrs. Selcombe to consult a servant, at my age, so I simply said rather coldly, "If you'll give me a few minutes, Mrs. Selcome, I'll discuss it with father," and rang off.

I felt perfectly safe in doing that, because father hates company unless he knows them, and leaves everything to mother anyhow.

But when I called him up, what do you think he said?

"Well, well, that's tough luck for the committee, isn't it? Anything we can do, of course. Tell her to send 'em along. You can attend to it till your mother gets back."

"But, father," I gasped, simply gasped, "Ellie Lou's gone! Miralda's gone! There isn't any dinner! I don't think I ought to take the responsibility!"

"Why, Buffy!" he said—and there's a certain way father has of talking that makes you feel rather queer. He's always had it. "What do you mean, dear? Your mother would be very much distressed if this gentleman had nowhere to stay where he could be comfortable—you know how she feels about music. Just get something together for dinner, and I'll be back, in case you feel nervous. Henry will meet him. What is he—Spanish?"

Just like that! "Get something together for dinner!" And I knowing perfectly well what he would have had at the Selcombes'! Really, I wonder that I didn't swoon away at the telephone. Many a person that I know would have.

However, I only said, very stiffly, "All right, father. I'll see what can be done."

And he said, "That's my dear little Buffy," and hung up.

Well, of course, I had decided, even then, what to do. I would get the room ready and then take Solario out to the golf club for dinner, and by ordering ahead we might possibly get something fit to eat. The lobster Newburg is expensive, but father couldn't object, considering everything, and the lettuce with Russian dressing is terribly good.

I told Mrs. Selcombe that it would be all right, and she said that she was sure it would be when she asked me—a lot she knew!—and then she said:

"Emmy says there are two beds in your room, dear, and I was going to suggest that you take the secretary right in with you, if it would be more convenient. She can't possibly object, being an emergency, and she writes a very nice letter—her name is Frances Ffolliott with two *f*'s—so English!"

That wouldn't jar you at all, of course, would it? Arranging our house for us! As a matter of fact, I should probably have decided to put her with me, because we have only one guest room. Father and mother each have one, and Heinie and I each have twin beds in ours, in case we want anyone to stay. But when Mrs. Selcombe suggested it, naturally I didn't care about her advising me, and so I said very calmly:

"Oh, that's quite all right, Mrs. Selcombe, we have plenty of room for both of them without doubling up!"

So I moved my things into the little end-of-the-hall place, where the extra cot is; and a darn good thing I did, too, as you will see.

I called up the club, and they said they were having lobster that night anyway, and a sort of special dinner, as several parties were dining there before the concert, and I knew father would be glad at not having to pay extra. And I got the two rooms ready and Mrs. Selcombe sent in some lovely flowers, and just as I decided I'd better go up and get dressed—about four o'clock—the bell rang and an awfully interesting-looking man stood on the steps with two big ordinary suitcases and two queerly shaped ones. He wasn't so awfully young and yet not so awfully old—about twenty-four or five—and though I shouldn't say he was frightfully good-looking, at the same time he was better-looking than some handsome fellows, in a way.

"Yes?" I said, and he said in a very English accent:

"Is this Mr. Mather's house? My name is Ffolliott. I am Mr. Solario's secretary"—he called it secret'ry—"and I'm a bit early, because he's stopped at the barber's shop—he doesn't care about shaving himself when he plays a concert. Do you mind?"

"Why, no," I said, "I don't mind. Won't you come in?"

Of course, I very nearly dropped on the floor, but naturally I didn't show it. If there's one thing I am, it is calm in a crisis.

"My brother was coming to get you on the 6:10," I said, leading him up the stairs.

"Ah, yes, that's a pity. I hope it doesn't matter," said he. "You see, Mr. Samuelson, our accompanist, has friends here, and nothing would do but we must come on two hours earlier—he's an obstinate brute, Samuelson."

"But did Solario like that?" said I.

"Not madly. But anything for a quiet life," he said, and laughed—he had the jolliest laugh.

"Well, if we'd known about it we might have made some plans," I said. "We could have asked some people in for tea ——"

"Oh, no!" he cried out, "he doesn't speak to anybody the day he plays a concert!"

"Oh, well, then that's all right," said I, much relieved. "Nobody will disturb him till we go out to the golf club for dinner. We'd better start at about six, to be sure of a good table."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Mr. Ffolliott again; "never in the world! He doesn't eat in a public dining room before he plays a concert!"

"Wh-where does he eat?" said I, feeling cold as ice.

"In his room," said Mr. Ffolliott.

"Oh, gosh!" I said. I was just all in. He stared at me, and then he said:

"I can fetch it to him. Really! But he simply can't eat in a golf club."

"There's nothing to fetch," I said—oh, how I cursed Ellie Lou and her Methodists!—"the cook's away and there isn't any dinner. Now you know it. You might as well. There's only sandwiches."

"Oh, but that's just what he eats. How very jolly," said Mr. Ffolliott; "sandwiches and coffee—I have the coffee with me. At six o'clock. Do you think you could manage it?"

Well, of course, I began to breathe again. "I'm so sorry there's nobody at home," I said, "but I'm the only person in the house. My mother ——"

"Oh, this is too good to be true," said he, "the only person in the house! My aunt! The old boy will give me full marks for this. What do you know about this—I mean, that! Here he is, now—that's your bell, isn't it? I say, would you mind very much hiding up somewhere, while I dash down and let him in? Righto!"

Naturally I peeked out of the bathroom and saw him showing Solario upstairs. He was much fatter than I should think a great violinist would care to be, but otherwise not bad. Gorgeous eyes. All he said was, "*Bon! Bon! Merci, mon enfant!*"

"Is he French?" I whispered when Mr. Ffolliott came down again.

(Continued on Page 67)

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Hostess
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This model home in the heart of Chicago receives over 58,000 visitors every year.

"OH, if our house could only be like this!" say thousands of people who visit me here at the Celotex Cottage.

For this remarkable cottage is never hot and stuffy, no matter how the sun beats down outside. And even on the coldest days of winter it is never chilly or draughty. It is never noisy, in spite of the roar of traffic outside.

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Mail the coupon for your copy of this free Celotex Book. Its 32 pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean more comfort in your home and more money in your pocket.

If you are going to live where you are for even one year longer, line your attic with Celotex.

Get all the facts

In no other way can you secure for your home all the advantages that Celotex brings. No wonder that more than 119,000 have Celotexed their homes in five short years. Celotex is also being used to construct garages, summer cabins, and farm buildings—as a base for carpets and linoleums—and to redecorate old walls.

Architects know the importance of using Celotex. If you are building without this professional advice, ask that your contractor include Celotex in his plans. Remember, a lifetime of greater home comfort and money saving is the reward of demanding a Celotexed house.

It will be well worth your time to pay a special visit to the Celotex Cottage when you are in Chicago. Meanwhile, please let me send you an interesting book giving you all the facts. Just mail the coupon below.

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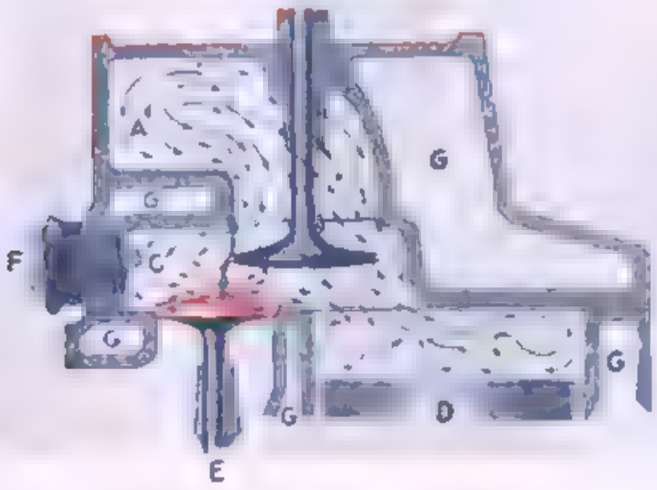


Saves Gasoline Prevents Oil Dilution

Diagram Legend

(A) Intake Manifold; (B) Intake Valve; (C) Combustion Chamber; (D) Piston; (E) Exhaust Valve; (F) Spark Plug; (G) Water Jacket

No method of carburetion completely prevents raw gasoline entering the motor combustion chamber.

In the diagram above, note how the raw gas enters through the intake valve (B) and falls directly on the exhaust valve (E). The hot exhaust valve is thus a hot spot which thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline, while the liquid tends to keep the valve cool. This makes a cold motor operate on regular gasoline with the snap which other types seek through special fuels. There is no sputtering, no waiting for the motor to warm up. And there is more power, greater gasoline economy and longer motor life.

Application has been made for patents covering the Principle by which these Results are accomplished

Heat, Vibration and Friction are the three great enemies of motor efficiency.

In previous automobile motors a high percentage of the power of the fuel is wasted in heat thrown away in the exhaust and the cooling water.

This new companion invention to the Super-Six reduces the power lost by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power. It saves fuel, and in connection with the Super-Six principle, makes the new Hudson the most economical car per pound weight yet produced.

Spark knock is prevented. Special and higher-priced fuels are not necessary for quick starting or smooth operation. Oil dilution is ended. Added speed and fuel economy are obtained.

It retains all advantages of speed, snap, performance, and economy of the high-compression motors, and the smooth flexibility of the low-compression type, with none of the disadvantages of either.

HUDSON

Hudson Supremacy

to the Super-Six Principle

motor that turns waste heat to power

Vibration is most effectively minimized by the Super-Six now released to full capacity.

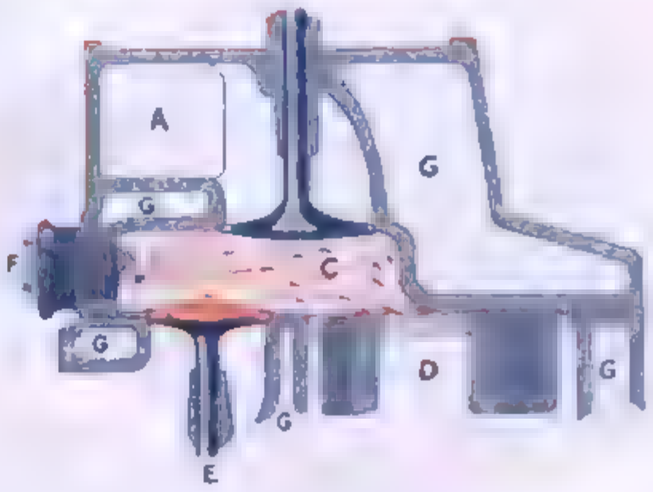
It converts to useful power forces that otherwise are wasted within the motor itself.

And it prolongs car life, because vibration is destructive.

Friction, too, is minimized by the Super-Six. Others—without this exclusive Super-Six principle—attempt to harness and minimize the destructive vibration forces by the use of more motor bearings.

Through these two companion inventions the three great obstacles to motor efficiency—Waste Heat, Vibration and Friction—are lessened to a degree not found in any other automobile within our knowledge.

Every phase of performance is brilliantly better. It gives to Hudson an additional supremacy that is immediately and continuously apparent, whether you drive a city block or a hundred thousand miles.



Gives Smoothness of a Steam Engine

Diagram Legend

(A) Intake Manifold; (B) Intake Valve; (C) Combustion Chamber; (D) Piston; (E) Exhaust Valve; (F) Spark Plug; (G) Water Jacket

Suddenly applied power in a high compression gasoline engine has always been abrupt and severe. Spark knocks with their harsh and damaging blows to wrist pins, rod bearings and main bearings have been the chief drawback, as well as its lack of smooth and flexible operation.

But economy, power and performance—its outstanding advantages—have made the high compression motor preferred to the smoother, more flexible low compression type. Anti-knock gasoline and other higher-priced fuels have sought to overcome the objections.

This newly invented Hudson motor requires no such fuels. Note in the diagram the special combustion chamber (C) and the location of the spark plug (F) with relation to the cylinder and piston (D).

Instead of the violent initial explosion taking place immediately above the piston, it occurs at the remotest part of the special chamber, which cushions its severity and greatly increases its power. By the time the pressure reaches the piston, its violent harshness and roughness is entirely absent and the Hudson gets away with the dash and smoothness of a steam engine.

Super-Six

Finally—

You realize how much your pleasure in riding, your comfort and safety depend upon your tires. You will find *extra* pleasure in the *extra* comfort, *extra* safety and, in addition, the *extra* mileage that have been built into

FISK BALLOON CORDS

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"FISK SAYS IT WITH MILEAGE"

FISK

(Continued from Page 62)

"Lord, no! He usually talks French to me, because I don't understand it, you see," he answered; "if you do he'd talk Spanish to you. I happen to know Spanish myself."

"I don't see much sense in that," I said, and he said:

"There isn't any. Mightn't we bag a walk, you and I? We've more than an hour."

Mother has always told us that the main thing is to have your guests do what they like, not what you like, so Mr. Ffolliott and I had an awfully nice walk out to the old aqueduct and back. I just pinned a sign on the front door: "Please not to ring the bell," and took the telephone off the hook, and there you were. It isn't everybody would remember things like that when they're rather excited, but when you're responsible for a whole lot, you ought to.

Mr. Ffolliott said that all his life long Solario had longed and prayed to be in an empty house before he played a concert, and what a pleasure it was to see his wish come true for once. It seemed like an act of Providence, he said. He was Solario's nephew. He was not at all Spanish. Solario's mother was Irish and his father was a Mexican, and Mr. Ffolliott was the son of Solario's mother's sister, but she married an Englishman and Mr. Ffolliott went to Cambridge and had never been in Ireland. He thought that all foreigners were rather foolish, but sometimes interesting. He had always wanted to travel, and so he had taken the job of Solario's secretary; but he was rather fed up with it by now and had about decided to be an author. He thought he would write plays, as he was a great deal interested in human nature and there was a lot of money in play writing. I have often thought of being a writer myself, so it was really awfully strange that we should meet like that, wasn't it?

When we got back he took some sandwiches—Ellie Lou left chicken and ham; all wrapped up in a damp cloth—and coffee upstairs, and he said Solario was crazy about them and had been taking a nap in a charming room downstairs.

"I'm so glad I arranged the flowers," I said. "I suppose the roses reminded him of Spain."

"Oh, no, he can't bear flowers the day he plays a concert," Mr. Ffolliott said. "There were no flowers in that room, but there was a jolly interesting fish on the wall."

He had got into the office! I very nearly passed away.

I was ashamed at not having any dinner for Mr. Ffolliott, but he loved sandwiches, too, and there was half a chocolate cake and some ginger ale and bananas and peach jam; and we ate it in the pantry, because he said it was like being at home, and did I mind very much. Which, of course, I didn't, as it was much less fuss. We ate quite a great deal, though neither of us was really very hungry.

A rather funny thing happened, because Heinie came in and didn't know we were there, and found Solario and made a great fuss about helping him, and actually took him off to the concert, not realizing that we were in the house expressly to take care of him. It was rather silly, and he could have called out, you would think, but that's just like Heinie when he gets one of his important fits. However, Mr. Ffolliott said it was no consequence, just so that he got to the concert, and Mr. Samuelson would attend to everything, really, because he was the main guy when it came to managing. He adored American slang, he said.

"Still and all, as you say, perhaps we'd better hop over to this Odd Man's Hall and give them a once-over," he said, "if only for the look of it," and so we walked over. The hall was packed and Solario seemed to be playing very well; Heinie was sitting in a box, in his Tuxedo, very managing, staring all about.

"Suppose we sit this out," said Mr. Ffolliott. "There seems to be a frightfully comfortable fire-escape here—unless you're especially fond of tarantellas?"

I told him no; that mother and Heinie were the concert fans of our family, and the air was better outside anyhow. We had a wonderful talk.

We met mother and Heinie in the entrance, afterward, and mother had changed after all; she'd got home earlier than she thought. She looked rather handsome—green suits mother very well, and she always gets a lot of color at a concert.

Mr. Ffolliott said, "I say, your mother's fairly stunning, what?"

She was talking away to Solario and he was flattering her up about Heinie—he didn't seem cross at all.

"He'll be quite chatty when he's had a bite to eat," Mr. Ffolliott said. "I forgot to mention he likes quite a feed after he's played a concert. I hope we left something for the old boy!"

Honestly, I nearly swooned away then and there! There was nothing! Absolutely nothing!

I dashed over to mother and hissed in her ear, "Take him to the Elm Tree Inn! Telephone! Make up an excuse!"

Mother just stared at me in the batty way she does after a concert.

"Excuse? Excuse?" she said in a blah sort of voice. "How do you mean? Isn't Ellie Lou back yet?"

"Oh, mother," I just moaned, "it's nearly eleven o'clock!"

"Well, I don't doubt it will be all right, darling," she said. "I hope my little girl made you comfortable, Mr. Solario?"

My little girl! Honestly, can you beat it?

"Everything was most entirely perfect, madame. Mademoiselle is a marvel. Never was I so happy before a concert!" he said, and made me a bow. Well, of course, that was all right, and the Lord knows I did what I could; but how was he going to feel when he got home to saltines and sardines, and no ginger ale, even? And after praying all day Ellie Lou goes right to bed always. She says her heart's too full.

Heinie drove us home, and talked about Sibelius and Sinding all the way and nearly drove me mad.

I dashed in ahead, determined to wake up Ellie Lou if she killed me for it, and there she was, all dressed, sailing out of the office.

"Sh-h, sh-h, honey, I ain' got no time ter lissen ter you-all," she said, very excited, "you jes' tell your pa he's awful careless lockin' up that Jamaica rum on us—Miralda had ter use the poker. Tell your ma I got the note an' there's plenty ham, an' bless Gawd in his heaven, I had a jar pimentos lef'. Tell me, honey, is the gen'l'man Spanish?"

"He's Mexican," I said. "Have you really got anything to eat? He's terribly hungry. But I ate the chocolate cake."

"Choc'late cake! I ain't aimin' ter give yer ma's big-bug friends no choc'late cake, missy! Mexican, you say? Hungry, is he? Tell yer ma whenever she's ready, we are."

Right then I had a marvelous idea. Why need Solario see Ellie Lou at all? Actually, she had a black silk dress on. And the most terrible beads. I thought it would look rather nice if I waited on them, and I went upstairs for my Red Cross apron, and when I got back to the dining room, which really looked awfully well, for a wonder, with candles lit and the silver out and flowers, who do I see but Miralda, grinning like an idiot, piling dishes on an old iron tray.

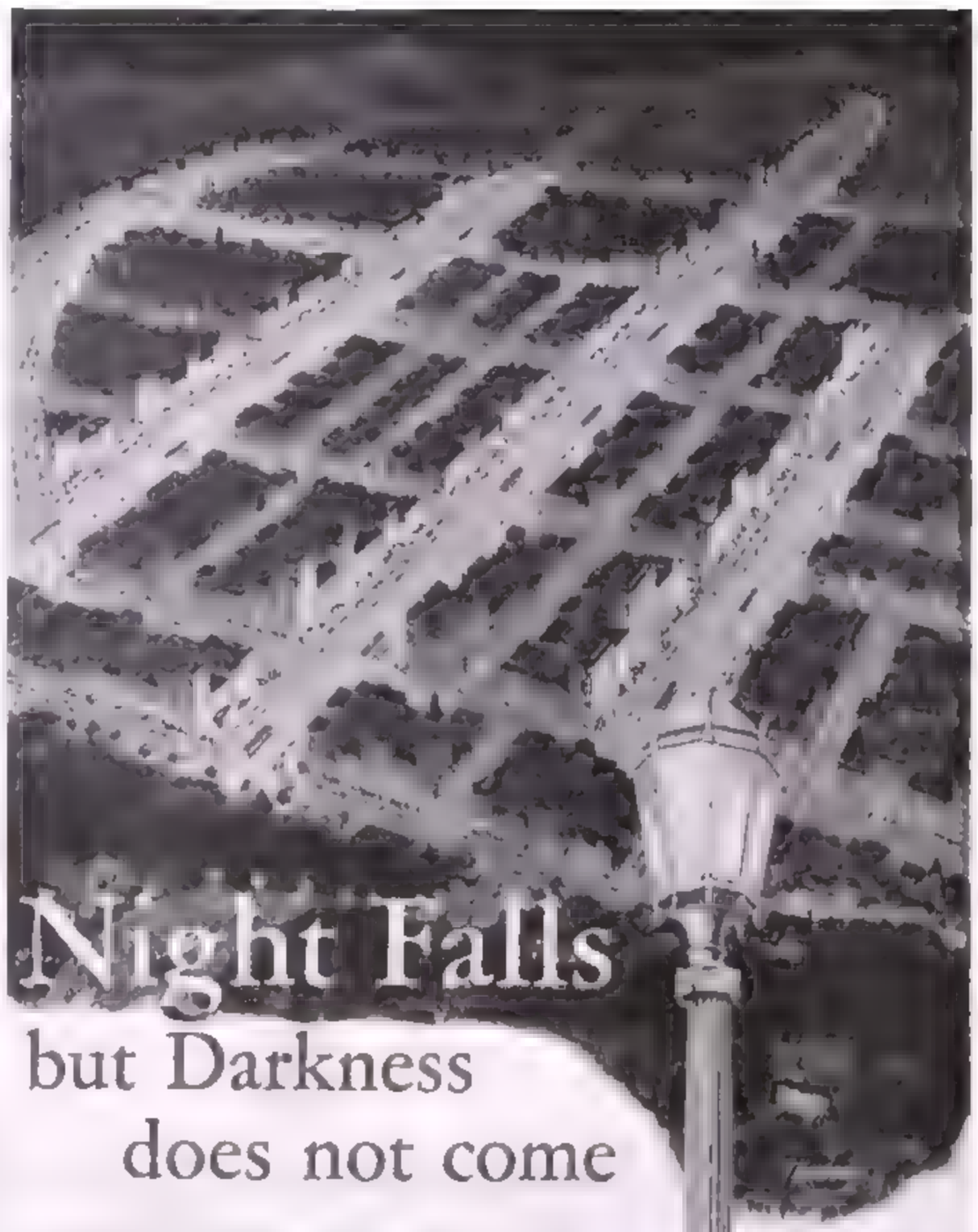
"Where are you going?" I said, perfectly furious, and she said:

"The gen'l'man wants his supper in the office, Henry says. He 'lows he likes that fish ter look at! Your pa's right proud o' that fish. Why ain't you dressed up stylish like your ma, honey?"

Absolutely, I couldn't believe it! I was stunned—simply stunned! After all I'd done!

I went right in, and there they were, sitting around that old drafting table, with that hideous lamp with the green shade! And before I could jump and take the dish out of her hand, in stalks Ellie Lou, beads and all, with a big platter. It did smell awfully good, but not enough for Solario

(Continued on Page 69)



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(Continued from Page 67)

to jump up and scream and run and pretty nearly put his nose in it. "Not—not—oh, no! Francesco!" he yells. "It is——" and he screeched something like Sapolio.

"It's *arroz con polio*," Mr. Ffolliott said. "They have it in the Philippines. My word, he'll be delirious! Isn't she a sketch!"

It was only chicken and ham and rice, after all, but Solario grabbed a piece out with his fingers, and stuffed it in his mouth, and kissed Ellie Lou on both cheeks and bowed to her, and gabbled something in Spanish to her, and she bowed back and guggled and—what do you think—gabbled back to him in Spanish! I give you my word. He nearly hit the ceiling.

Father was as pleased as Punch—you'd suppose he'd taught Ellie Lou to talk Spanish!

She had salad with garlic in it and little sponge cakes in custard with rum, and coffee in lemonade glasses. I suppose she was completely out of her head by that time. And Solario stuffed it in like a pig, and mother just sat and smiled, and patted Heinie, and father prattled on about that crazy stuffed fish—really, I don't know what Mr. Ffolliott could have thought! He ate a good deal, absent-mindedly, himself, and so did I. Solario only talked to Ellie Lou; after the custard he kissed her again. She never turned a hair.

Then he said—actually he unbuttoned the top of his waistcoat! "Now, let us see! You cook for me, I play for you! I cannot play as good as you cook, but I am not so bad still, am I, Francesco? Get the little fiddle, *mon enfant*. We shall see what we can do!"

"I was just waiting for that," Mr. Ffolliott whispered to me, and ran out for it.

He began to play after he gave the most dreadful wink to Ellie Lou; and honestly, it was wonderful. Sort of tangos, one after the other; not exactly sad, but you wanted to cry, and yet you wanted to dance. I thought Heinie would pass out, and mother was nearly as bad. You could listen to them all night, and yet they were practically the same thing in a way.

Suddenly we all heard someone singing, and yet there was nobody, and Solario cocked his head to one side, and yelled something in Spanish, and in comes Miralda, calm as you please, staring ahead of her and singing a sort of alto, in Spanish, that did really blend in quite well. Heinie always said she had a fine voice when she sings hymns with Ellie Lou, but, of course, that's rather different. She seemed to know the tunes, and she sang louder and louder, and Heinie actually sniffled! Father waved his head back and forth, and nobody seemed to realize that Miralda is usually too scared to answer the doorbell.

"Awfully clever family, yours!" said Mr. Ffolliott. "The old boy's quite gone on your brother, you know. He'll fix it up with your father, I wouldn't wonder."

I didn't pay much attention, just then, because when you come to think of it, it was quite wonderful, having a great violinist like that playing just for us, in our own house, and anyway, those tango sort of songs were simply great.

But afterward—he played till nearly one o'clock—he told father he'd like to take Heinie as his secretary next summer on a tour out to the Coast.

"He is far more brainy than this nephew of mine," he said, "and understands what is necessary before I play a concert; besides that, he is quite an artist himself! And one likes to see the world. Samuelson finds him *sympathique*—he will teach him. What do you say?"

Imagine! Heinie! A kid of seventeen! Of course I knew mother would be crazy about it, but there wouldn't be a chance with father.

But what do you think? Mother said, "Oh, Mr. Solario, we're so grateful, really, and it's wonderful of you, but my boy is so young and he enters Yale next autumn——"

That is, we hope he enters, she'd better say!

"Oh, I don't know, sweetie," said father. "It's only a tryout for the summer, as I understand it. If the boy passes these exams, and Mr. Solario seems to think he has the essentials of a practical manager, and that's what the boy wants to be, and he thinks he'd like to go into this end of the musical business, I don't see why he shouldn't try it. Do him good to get away from home. These vacations are too long."

"Oh, I'll pass—I'll pass, father! Oh, thank you, father!" Heinie cried out. "There, mother, it's all settled!"

Just like that! And all because he put the studs in Solario's shirt while we were in the pantry!

Of course, as I pointed out next day, it wasn't exactly the kindest thing in the world for poor Mr. Ffolliott, but nobody seemed to think of him.

"Oh, slush," said Heinie, "he was going to chuck it, anyway—he told Samuelson so. He wants a job in New York. Why don't you get him one if you're so dippy over him? Ordering marmalade for his precious darling breakfast and making dates for when you go to New York! I heard you. Bett thinks she's in love. Gee! Prince of Wales!"

I really believe that if Henry Mather had dropped down dead in front of me, then and there, I shouldn't have minded.

And here again is something strange. Supposing—I merely say supposing—I had happened to be in love—although Francis Ffolliott just happens to be the first really rational, understanding friend I've ever had in this world, and nothing more—wouldn't you say that father would be likely to be pleased, fond of me as he is, and anxious for me to be contented? But not at all.

He got very red and stuttered and scowled at me and said:

"That will do, Henry; you're insufferable. Not another word. Little Buffy has no thoughts of anything like that for a good many years yet, thank God. In love! Disgusting. That young man is out of our lives for good. I don't know what your mother is thinking of, to allow such nonsense—dates, indeed!"

I could have screamed, but of course I didn't. Naturally, if father took that line, mother would be a million times worse, with her ideas about how unresponsible I am, and not knowing me as well as father does either. But what do you think she said?

She sort of rolled her eyes around the room and yawned and answered, "Oh, I don't see why Lizbeth shouldn't fall in love if she wants to, Harry! People do, you know. She's always preferred older boys than we seem to see about here. I think it's quite natural they should plan to see each other when she goes to New York. He's just the type of man I should have fallen in love with at her age!"

"Oh, mother!" I said.

But, honestly, aren't parents the limit?

NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from Page 15)

him without immediate reply. His confusion of mind about Gilbert turned into resentment. All his pride at his new importance, his pleasure in his father's trust, had been assaulted.

"I have it in letters to you—instructions," he said at last. He grew remote, sullen.

"What difference can they make?" Gilbert demanded. "How can you come to a strange city, a foreign city, and in a minute be a partner with me? Father has no ideas of the difficulties here. Specially now. Yesterday we were Spanish and today we are French. Everything will have to be reorganized again. Laussat, the French Commissioner, hasn't been in New Orleans a month. The right of deposit for Americans has hardly been restored and he may withdraw it. We all know he is in favor of Louisiana for the French—the French exclusively."

Gilbert was gesticulating excitedly; he had lost the appearance of a Quaker; he might have been Spanish. He gave Gaut no chance to speak.

"It's absurd!" he cried. "Why, you haven't a word of French or Spanish. It will take you a year just to get around. A clerk, for the present, yes, but a partner, no." He stopped from sheer lack of breath.

"You would have been right about the language once," Gaut replied; "a month ago that was important, but now it isn't. Soon there won't be any Spanish or French spoken at all. American will take its place. That is why I came, why I was sent—everything we own in New Orleans is immensely more valuable than it was. The United States has bought Louisiana from Napoleon."

Gilbert Penny half rose from his chair. An angry tide of blood mounted to his face. "You are crazy or you are lying," he asserted. "Everything you say is folly. I happen to know that Napoleon bound himself never to alienate Louisiana. If he did there'd be a war with Spain. There isn't a Creole on the Mississippi who wouldn't die before he agreed to such a disgrace."

Gaut studied his half brother curiously. "Disgrace," he repeated. "We didn't realize in Philadelphia it was disgraceful to be American. We were all rather cheerful about the Louisiana Purchase. Specially since we had really an important branch here. I'll get my papers if you like." The elder nodded.

When Gaut Penny returned with the written instructions from Pennsylvania, he found Gilbert absorbed in frowning thought. "I was surprised," he admitted. "You appeared so suddenly from home that you brought back my bad manners. The manners in New Orleans are faultless. Gaut, we must forget about our common affair for the present, the immediate present. You have come to the gayest city in America, perhaps in the world, and you must see it and enjoy it. Laussat is having a ball tomorrow night; he has the Bernard Marigny house below New Orleans, and that will be your introduction. Rosamunda and Mariquita will see that you meet all the charmers, but I believe Mariquita is supposed to be the most beautiful girl here."

Gaut made a slight gesture of assent; it was actually an acknowledgment of what Gilbert said about his sister-in-law. No one, of course, could compete with her. It was evident that Gilbert Penny wanted to be alone, and Gaut went to his room. His thoughts were horribly confused. Mostly they were concerned with Mariquita de la Colina. He felt that he must come to some immediate conclusion about his attitude toward her. He wondered, seated at a window without sash or glass, what love really was. He wasn't, naturally, in love with Mariquita so quickly: he only recognized her extraordinary beauty. She was so beautiful that his recognition was impersonal; there was no place for an individual and peculiar emotion. She was so perfect, he told himself further, that he couldn't be in love with her; it was a natural appreciation.

He couldn't, for example, imagine her being in love with him. In the first place, he saw that Gilbert's whole house was antagonistic to Americans. Mariquita had been specially remote. Her flawless bearing, her perfect courtesy, simply made it worse. Faults and not perfections brought individuals together. His pride was engaged. He could never, he silently asserted, give his allegiance to anyone who withheld it from him. This was not admirable. Particularly it had nothing to do with love. Love was a free, uncalculated gift. However, he couldn't help what at bottom he was—difficult to the point of suspicion, sullen. Vain was a better description.

At once he told himself that, where Mariquita was concerned, he would be totally indifferent, and continued to dwell on her pale full loveliness. Dancing with her at the ball given by Laussat, the French Colonial Prefect, he was cold in manner and freshly, absolutely, overcome. Gilbert, after their first conversation, had avoided all mention of serious affairs. As he had promised, he turned Gaut over to the women of his family. He had, at the Marigny house, made one exception—he presented Gaut to Daniel Clark, the acting American consul. Clark's bearing was studiously light and pleasant. He, too, avoided all serious references. After a week in New Orleans Gaut would be a fervent Creole. He would never again return to the rigors and harsh existence of the North. New Orleans was a city for the young, where life was enjoyed. No one worked hard here. It wasn't necessary. It wasn't, in fact, wise. The climate was antagonistic to labor. The niggers, he asserted, did the work for everyone.

Gaut Penny made a brief reply. Daniel Clark, it seemed to him, was almost exactly repeating his half brother's attitude and words. In consequence he had an instinctive dislike for him. Clark, he felt, regarded him as an ineffectual boy. Gaut turned with pleasure to Mariquita. She was always surrounded by young and ardent and elegant men. They all gave the impression of laying themselves at her feet. They were at once passionate and restrained. She danced with him again and then again, a miraculously lovely impersonality. In an intermission one of the younger men he had met begged for the privilege of a few words on the gallery; and, following him, Gaut found a small group waiting. One stepped forward.

"It's natural you have forgotten my name," he said in admirable English; "I am Antonin Déjan. This is Garidel jeune, this Pierre Hazeur, this Zénon Fortier, then little Derbigny, Joseph Lauve, Manuel Cagigol, young Expeleta, Lopez de Solano and Don Felipe Alston. We are, to make it as clear as possible at once, some of the devoted slaves of Mademoiselle de la Colina. If we were all here you would have the entire corps of gentlemen available in Louisiana. Now, Monsieur Penny, what we have to say is this—we cannot see with calmness any new assault on the heart of Mademoiselle de la Colina. We are not calm where she is concerned. We have no wish to be. Every one of us, of course, has offered himself to her, and we will continue offering ourselves until one is supremely rewarded. Figure to yourself, then, our feeling. You appear overnight among us. You are Gilbert Penny's brother. It is evident, we all agree, that you are by nature one of us. You live with Gilbert. You see Mariquita every day. Unfairly, we think. I beg you—what is our course?"

Gaut Penny didn't know. "I don't know," he said bluntly. He was at once affronted and complimented, flattered.

"I am afraid," Déjan went on, "that our situation is serious. We must act seriously. Monsieur Penny, I am burdened with nine challenges. This with my own makes ten. It seems to be a great many. We are ashamed of ourselves, but the fact remains."

A younger man, scarcely more than a boy, with a good-natured amusing face, stepped forward. "It is a little more difficult than Antonin has explained. I admit that at once. Since you are the one challenged the right of weapon lies with you. We know very little about the habits of North American gentlemen. Would you

be so good as to tell us how and with what your affairs of honor are settled?"

"Certainly," Gaut replied. "I come from Philadelphia, where there is still the forest. Lenni Indians. We borrow our customs from them. In Philadelphia gentlemen fight with tomahawks." He paused.

"You see," his interrogator turned to his familiars. "In Philadelphia gentlemen settle affairs of honor with tomahawks—that is to say with hatchets—and for one I'll admit our situation is grave. The truth, Monsieur Penny, is that we do not comprehend the hatchet—not fully. There are aspects of the duel with hatchets we have not explored. Would you restrain yourself if I suggest that to us the hatchet is barbarous? I say that without a grain of reflection on your courage or breeding. Could one of us—just one, Monsieur Penny—persuade you to accept the foil?"

"No," Gaut answered with an appearance of entire frankness. "I couldn't change to the foil. There are aspects of the foil I am strange to. I couldn't do it justice. But with the tomahawk you will be pleased."

Someone murmured, "I doubt it." There was an entire general good humor.

Antonin Déjan proceeded, "Unfortunately we cannot force you into the position of challenging us. That would be detestable. Felipe, you are a great favorite with Mademoiselle de la Colina, you have given us many unhappy moments; perhaps you will meet Monsieur Penny with tomahawks." Felipe replied in French; Gaut missed the exact shade of his words, but in tone they sounded remarkably like the permission for Antonin Déjan to go to hell. There was an immediate decision, however, in favor of more bottles of champagne. None of them saw Mariquita again that night. Gaut had a tremendously good time; he was universally named Thomas Hatchet, the Philadelphia butcher boy.

A period of gayety began for Gaut Penny—the immediate life Gilbert had recommended—without any reference to his serious purpose in New Orleans. He was constantly with the younger Creole gentlemen formally attached to Mariquita de la Colina—a small organization founded like an exclusive club on her charm. He acquired a rapid comprehensive knowledge of New Orleans. They lounged about the Artillery Park for parade; dined in the fashionable houses on the Bayou Road; the names of the streets became familiar to Gaut—Magazine and the Rue de la Briqueterie, the Street of Pigeons, the Cours du Cirque and Calalou. He bought superior Macouba tobacco from Bidetrenoulleau in the Place de l'Église; liquors from Laplanche; lotions and pomades from Madame André on the Place d'Armes, where Mariquita purchased her tablets of rouge. He was solemnly conducted to Regnier, the fencing master, in the hope that he could be brought to relinquish the tomahawk traditional to Philadelphia honor. He promenaded the levee, the Grand Chemin, through the cool of the evening, in wide white linen trousers and a blue tunic, a broad planter's hat, surrounded by a vivacious chatter of French. Gaut gambled until morning in the Maison Coquet, he drank chocolate and played dominoes for Spanish gold at the Café del Aguila, on St. Ann Street; he drank in Turpin's cabaret and at Le Veau Qui Tete; he developed a fondness for *le petit gouave*, the celebrated drink conceived by Thiot.

He liked his companions immensely—the comedy which introduced them to him had no actual bearing on their instant willingness to engage in serious dueling; their courage was marked, their grace of bearing and speech were delightful. Gaut Penny was silent rather than not; the Creoles, he thought, talked too much; they were too excitable, at once hopeful and apprehensive. Their vanity, no greater than Gaut's, was totally different—their self-opinion insisted on the recognition of a thousand small niceties of attitude and contact. Gilbert, he discovered, was wrong about their bearing toward the United States; there was no promise of enmity; instead he found a complete indifference to all the rest of America. He avoided, following the recommendation of his father, any public reference to the purchase of Louisiana by the United States. It was Casimir Penny's desire for his sons to buy as much lumber, control as many facilities, as they could manage, before the announcement of a changing government. Naturally all values in Louisiana would be enormously increased.

Every day Gaut told himself that he must come to a final arrangement and understanding with Gilbert, but he continually put it off. This was not, primarily, because of his pleasures—it was connected, in a hidden way, with Mariquita. She bred in him an uncommon and rebellious indifference to sober fact. His scale of values, like the impending change in New Orleans, was changed, upset. The future, commerce, didn't greatly matter. Politics and nationality grew unimportant; Philadelphia seemed to be nonexistent. Gaut drank more in a week than in all the previous eighteen years of his life. This was strange, since Mariquita de la Colina had no part in his excesses. She was always calm; she drank only a very little and very delicately; and she went constantly to church. Aside from that and dancing, she seldom moved about. Mariquita hardly ever appeared before noon and she vanished for the afternoon siesta. She appeared cool and formal, and divinely large, at supper; and if they were home for the evening, she sat remotely on the gallery. She spoke to Rosamunda in Spanish and to Gaut, when it was necessary, in English. He could see that she was not a particle interested in him; he doubted if Mariquita ever gave him a thought, and he was, by turns, wretched and youngly indignant. He couldn't think of a way to engage her attention. When he spoke of Pennsylvania she made no further inquiries about it or his life there; she was evidently fatigued by any reference to his existence in New Orleans.

They were, on an evening when the scent of the orange blossoms was specially sweet, together on Gilbert's gallery, and Gaut Penny decided to neglect the customary Creole formality of speech. She was after all, he reminded himself, a girl. More beautiful than any other, but still human.

"Mariquita," he said, "if we were in Philadelphia I would be telling you how lovely you are."

She gazed at him tranquilly. "That is done in New Orleans," she replied.

"Differently," he insisted. "Here it is words, a custom, but with us it would be more actual. I would make you understand how much I meant it. I do mean it, Mariquita. But I might tell you a thousand times and you'd still only think of words. It isn't, with me, a compliment; if that's at all clear to you. It is the way I feel. I am trying to explain that I'm in love with you." Apparently she hadn't heard him. "I said I was in love with you," he repeated; "I didn't ask you to have some claret. Love is a very important thing. It should be treated with dignity. After all, Rosamunda married an American."

"I am not Rosamunda," she reminded him. "Love is important to us. More important, perhaps, than to others. Gilbert is always absorbed in his affairs. Why should I talk about it to you? I have no impulse. You are a nice American boy—I can see that—but what has it to do with love? Can you tell me? You think you are in love, but it may be no more than the climate. Love can't be talked about, the truth is. That would be indelicate. I am only speaking because I want to end this now. You must never refer to it again, to me."

He had an insane, a fatal impulse to kiss her. "What would you do if I kissed you?" he asked.

She told him. "I would have you killed." At last there was a trace of interest, of anger, in her voice. It vanished immediately.

"If I were older," he went on, "I'd act differently. Maybe I would kiss you and we'd see about the killing. I'm not entirely harmless. You think, because I am different from the men you know, that I can't feel deeply. That's because you don't understand me. I don't want to talk about love. You won't take what I say the way it's meant. I can't help it if I am young. It's not exactly a crime. Most of the Creoles who are your friends seem to me to be babies. They are brave, but it's better to be hard."

"You are hard," she admitted, gazing at him speculatively. "I had never thought of that before. But it is not a thing to be proud of. It would never make me love you—never. I was wrong, partly, about your being a boy. Gilbert told me there was Indian in you. That, I suppose, would make you secretive. Well, I hate secretiveness. Candor is the trait of a gentleman." She spoke evenly, calmly; her voice was an endless delight.

Gaut's voice grew sharper. "If you only love pralines, you are right. We could never agree. I'd hate to think you were so—so young. Candies! You are so beautiful it's impossible to discover the truth about you. It might be an unfortunate discovery. It is evident Rosamunda has character, but perhaps you have none. You only sleep and dance and have nice manners. None of that is very impressive, when you think of it."

"Don't," she advised him. "It will be useless." He was furiously angry.

"How do you know?" he challenged her. "You may fall in love with me. It's not entirely ridiculous. As you seem to think. There is a lot you don't know about—New Orleans. You are going to be rather unpleasantly surprised." A part of that at least, she replied, would be an unpleasant surprise. "You mean the part about loving me," he went on moodily. "Anyhow, I'm going to ask you to marry me." She didn't answer. "Mariquita, will you marry me?"

Mariquita de la Colina shook her head slightly. "You always give me a headache," she explained.

In his room, alone, Gaut Penny's bravado evaporated. He was heavily depressed. It was probable that he had destroyed what slight interest in him Mariquita de la Colina might have had. He saw no chance of ever being successful with her. He was startled by the fact that, wholly seriously, he had asked her to marry him. That hadn't been premeditated. It had come out spontaneously. But he meant it more than he had ever meant anything before. Of course, there was no hope. He understood that. However, his understanding had nothing to do with his desire, his need.

Gaut couldn't even picture the happiness of being married to Mariquita. It was too utterly fantastic; yet it persisted at the back of his mind. He became once more serious—at any day the purchase of Louisiana might become public, and then Casimir Penny and Sons would lose the enormous advantage of a previous knowledge. He found Gilbert in his office on the plantation and demanded that an immediate attention should be given to his purpose in New Orleans.

Gilbert now adopted the attitude of addressing a mere boy. "I haven't had time to take up my father's letters," he said; "but when I do, I must tell you it will make no difference in my decision. I am willing to accept you as a sort of land supercargo; you can have a chance to learn the commission business in Louisiana, under the French Government, but no more for several years. I can't think how you influenced the office in Philadelphia into giving you such absurd pretensions. About the other—the sale to the United States—that, of course, is all empty rumor. Daniel Clark has heard nothing of it; I haven't even thought it worth while to ask Lausat. He would see in me a crazy man."

As his speech progressed, Gaut felt more and more coldly solid. He began to view Gilbert as ineffectual. "It won't matter what you decide," he replied evenly. "Father is the one to say what will happen. I don't, really, understand you at all. You are so violent. You might have been taking money from the firm drawer. God knows, you haven't sent much North the last two years. You haven't destroyed the books, have you?"

Gilbert's anger turned cold. "You are taking advantage of your position in my house," he said stiffly. "It is necessary for me to forget you are my brother—my half brother, to be exact. Since my duties of hospitality have, I think, been excused, I'll admit that there is no place for you in New Orleans. You only make it uncomfortable in my house. Rosamunda does not understand Americans, and Mariquita, I believe, has been seriously annoyed by the way you force yourself on her. In Louisiana tactics like yours are neither comprehended nor welcome."

"What are you going to do about the instructions from father?" Gaut demanded. "It's of no importance what you and your wife and her sister think about me. It isn't necessary for me to stay in your house. The truth is I'd rather not. It isn't impressive, either, what you believe about the purchase of Louisiana. In a few weeks it will all be plain to you, and then it will be too late for us to use our advantage. We were to spend two hundred thousand dollars. But when you recover from your insanity it will be worth no more than any other money. What is more, if you have a taste to forget our relationship, don't remember it on my account. I mean if it occurred to you to take to a sword cane, I'd damned well smack your face with it."

Gaut was, privately, enraged by Gilbert Penny's reference to Mariquita. He wondered if she had actually complained to Rosamunda about him. He thought not. That wasn't like what he had seen of Mariquita. Gilbert had made it all up.

"I certainly won't brawl with you," Gilbert Penny told him. "I don't intend to let the situation between us become really serious. If you get to be a nuisance I will have you sent back to Philadelphia, where you belong. If you're wise you'll keep on getting drunk and dismiss the rest, for the present. When I'm ready I'll speak to you. It might be a good thing for you to go to Cuba and learn something about the lower Americas. The rum in Havana, I am told, is exceptional."

Gaut repeated stubbornly, "What are you going to do about your instructions?"

"Precisely and exactly nothing. In other words, I must continue to use my own discretion. In our firm I am the judge of conditions here. I have no objections to your staying in my house if you will follow the conditions I have laid out. I might say again that it is dangerous to annoy Mariquita. She is, at bottom, a Spaniard." He rose.

"Thank you," Gaut replied, "for your invitation and your advice. It isn't my fault they are both worthless. The plantation is stupid and the women can go to the devil. I wouldn't have either of them. It's plain enough they have ruined you."

Gilbert cried, "Take care!"

Gaut Penny grinned at him. "I am not going to Philadelphia, though, and the rum in New Orleans is good enough. The question is beginning to be if I want you for a partner. I'm not certain I do. I'll have to let you know my decision. You might be useless under the laws of the United States. Anyhow you'd begin by cleaning out that stable you call a warehouse."

Gilbert stood looking at him with shadowed eyes. Then he turned definitely away. Servants were laying the table for supper, and Gaut sent for James Starin. "We are going to move into the city," he explained briefly. "It is inconvenient here. Have the horses ready in half an hour." They proceeded to the Hotel de la Marine, near the old market. Gaut had a room with a

(Continued on Page 75)

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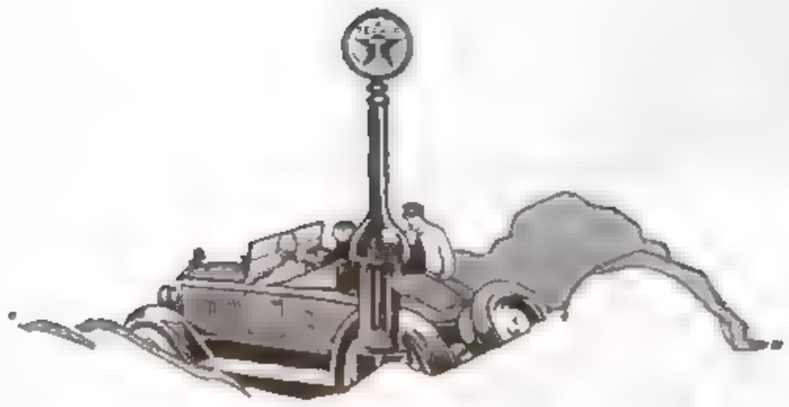

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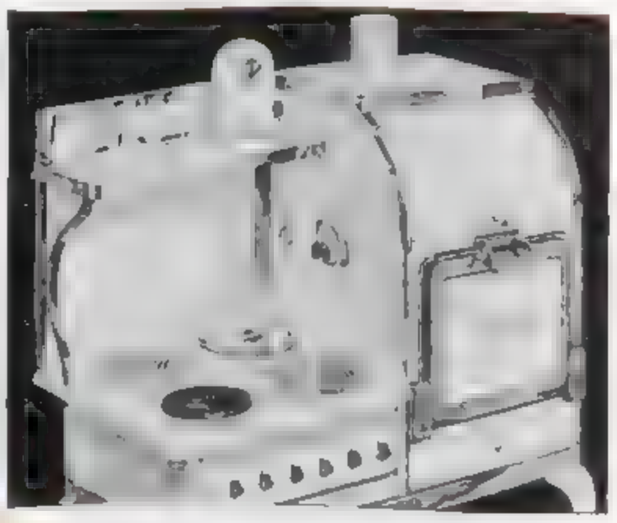

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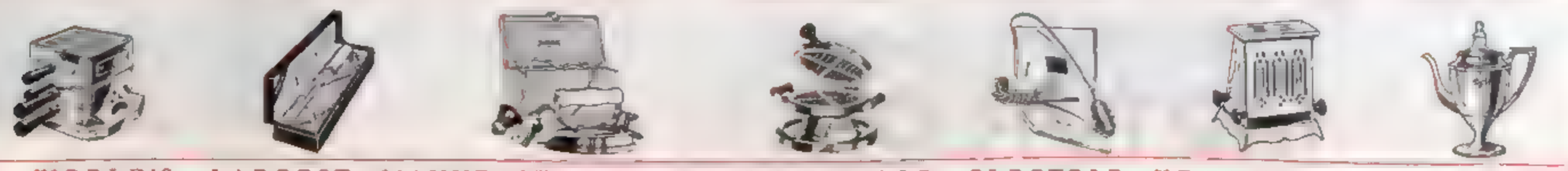

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 70)

lofty ceiling and stone floor; there was practically no furniture; and long windows opened into an irregular court. The court and room were both damply cool; an exterior staircase led down from an upper wooden gallery; there was a murmur of pigeons and the splashing of women washing clothes at a well. Gaut sat somberly, putting off the moment for supper. He had an engagement, but owned no intention of keeping it. He had just realized that all his credentials, the papers from his father, were in Gilbert's charge. Gilbert was quite capable of destroying them. What, in God's name, was the matter with him? There was no reason for such bitterness. The only answer which occurred to Gaut was the one he had touched on. Gilbert might have been stealing his father's profits.

Gaut Penny didn't think so; Gilbert, at worst, wasn't so small. He had money in his own right. He would only be taking the money from one pocket to put it in another. Very well, then, what was it? Gaut couldn't think. His mind returned to Mariquita de la Colina. That, at any rate, was all over. He'd never see her again, except casually, at parties. At least, his position in the social world she inhabited was firm. Gilbert couldn't affect that. He wasn't, Gaut had discovered, in spite of his long residence in New Orleans and friendly attitude toward the Creoles, popular. No one, naturally, made this plain to Gaut, but he was conscious of it. There was a tendency to speak of Gilbert and Daniel Clark together. Indifferently. Gaut, however, was complimented for his incurable Americanisms; they were a source of endless entertainment to his familiar circle. He had been admitted to a full equality in the polite struggle for Mariquita's regard, taken into houses, affectionately introduced among families, to which Gilbert, married to Rosamunda de la Colina, would never penetrate.

He conferred frankly with James Starin, who, born within sound of the Penny forge on Myrtle Creek, had always been attached to Gaut's family. James couldn't make anything out of their New Orleans situation.

"You can't do a thing either," he pointed out. "Gilbert Penny has all the advantage there is. You had better wait until the announcement of the American purchase. Then some of them will stop calling you a liar."

Gaut said still again that if he did that it would result in serious loss. "No," he decided. "I am going to see Daniel Clark. He will have to recognize me." The American consul lived on the Bayou Sauvage, back of the Bretonne Market; his house was more elaborate than most of the local habitations. It was surrounded by elaborate gardens, terraces of flowers, kosques bowered in vines, statues and orderly orchards. Gaut had already heard many doubtful rumors about him—he had built on the Bayou Sauvage in order to trade directly and safely with the Lafittes, who were pirates; he was in communication with strange black potentates in Santo Domingo; he was indifferent to the interest he represented.

Clark was, however, impressively cordial with Gaut; he listened pleasantly, with sympathetic assents, to the great deal Gaut Penny had to say.

"Gilbert spoke to me about all this," he acknowledged; "I must admit to you that my attention was affected by the nonsense it was largely based on—about Napoleon and the United States. That, of course, is ridiculous. It is impossible for a thousand reasons. Climate and nationality principally. I think I can be said to know Louisiana as well as most. I tell you that Americans cannot live or prosper here. You have probably heard I am more Creole than not. The truth is I am the reverse of drawn to England. But that is enough of that. Now, the other—what you and apparently your father do not understand is that Louisiana isn't the United States; you can't, correctly speaking, have a branch of a Philadelphia business here. The laws for business are totally different from Philadelphia. What you have is this: a commission and exporting trade organized in what was Spain, but has now become France. It is a separate undertaking. It may be called Casimir Penny and Sons, but, the fact is, it is Gilbert. Entirely, so far as France is concerned. He is responsible. No one in Philadelphia. In other words, I can do nothing for you. Except, certainly, in your capacity of a charming young individual. But there you seem very adequate. I have only the best reports of you."

Gaut Penny asked, "Did Gilbert show you my father's letters?" It hadn't been necessary, Clark explained; their contents had been too—well, too fantastic. "We had direct word of the sale of Louisiana from Hourquebie Frères, our agents at Bordeaux," Gaut informed Daniel Clark. "I can understand you couldn't act officially until you had official notice. I can't understand either your attitude or Gilbert's. It's nothing to you, naturally, but Gilbert is throwing away a lot of money and influence." Clark made no comment on this. "It was useless," Gaut told James Starin later. "Daniel Clark is so close to Gilbert that you couldn't get a knife between them."

Starin doubted that. A knife, he asserted, could be forced into a majority of situations. They were seated in Gaut Penny's room in the Hotel de la Marine; it was Friday, one of the days when Gilbert came into the city; and Gaut determined to give his brother a last formal warning. He would base his subsequent representations on that. He required James Starin to accompany him; but, James declared, they might as well have stopped in a tavern. The warehouse of Casimir Penny and Sons was closed, all the iron shutters were down and fastened, the door was blank and barred. In a sudden illogical temper Gaut kicked it.

"Save your toes," Starin said. "There is an opening I noticed at the back. If you like, we can take a look at that."

They followed a narrow passage between high walls, leading tortuously from the Grand Chemin to the warehouse. "It's curious," Starin commented. "When I was in here before it was all grown up. Twice as thick. Now a path has been beaten down." The opening he led Gaut to was, as well, secured.

James shook the door vainly; then he stopped; he held his ear against it.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, straightening up. With his head pressed against the rough wood, Gaut could hear a low restless murmur from within. It rose and fell, but never stopped, like the echo of a hopeless, a lost, wail. Human voices, he was certain, composed it; but they were voices, accents, leaden words, he had never heard before. A sense of horror possessed him—the sounds were coming from the dark and incredibly foul room into which he had gazed.

"We'll get out of this," he said harshly to James Starin. Gaut stopped his companion at the first drinking cabane. "I want a deluge of rum," he explained.

"What was it?" Starin demanded. "My guess would be the opening to hell. I never listened to anything that put a fright in me so quick." Gaut didn't answer. He had paused in his drinking; he sat staring at the glass in his hand. What, among other things, had he heard about Daniel Clark? It had been in connection with a firm - Relf? Relf and Chew—disreputable Now he remembered; they imported West India negroes. It was a common belief Clark was in the African slave trade!

Gaut Penny began, involuntarily, to laugh. Then he stopped, choked, painfully. Of course; but it was impossible. Gilbert! The United States, Gaut realized, had put an irrevocable stop to the importing of African niggers for sale. What did they call them in Louisiana? *Bozoles.* Probably the French would allow the trade in select quarters—for Daniel Clark and the house of Casimir Penny and Sons. Gilbert, a Quaker Penny, running negro slaves from Guinea! That, beyond question, was what it came to. "Gilbert has changed the business," he said in a strained voice. "He is importing niggers."

Starin recognized the truth of that instantly. "It will surprise your father," he declared. "Casimir Penny in the slave trade! Clark too." He leaned forward. "If I were you," he said slowly and with emphasis, "I'd be slow about making any announcement of your discovery. I'm not certain I would talk about it at all. The climate here is so unhealthy. If you ask me I'd say we might ride quietly off into Kentucky with profit to everybody."

Gaut Penny fell silent again. The wisdom of James' suggestion was obvious. He couldn't, for the present, accomplish anything in New Orleans. In a month, two months at most, the transfer of Louisiana must be acknowledged, and then Gilbert would have to escape as best he might. It was obvious he wouldn't keep command of the Penny affairs in New Orleans. That would be transferred to him, Gaut. He had only to go away, into Kentucky or to Natchez, and wait. The serene beauty of Mariquita de la Colina rose in his memory. He would, by such a retreat, leave her finally, forever. He had no chance with her now, he reminded himself; yet there was an inextinguishable flame of hope—perhaps it was only desire—within him. That, if he ran away for no more than a week, must die. Returning with the tide of Americans, progressive and ambitious and new, she would never again as much as glance at him.

"It would be the easiest thing to do," he agreed. "Reasonable. If I wanted to lose what we have—what the Pennys have—here. I don't. I can't do any good by staying and I can't desert my father's name. That is what it would amount to. Perhaps if there is a crash I can save a little by waiting." He avoided James Starin's quick glance: James had observed him with Mariquita.

The older man shook his head. "Speaking personally," he said, "I've been sitting in this Catalan hole since morning."

The following afternoon Gaut had arranged with Antonin Déjan to swim at the mouth of the Bayou St. John; and, with nothing else immediately to engage him, he drove out in a public gig. Déjan, with Zénon Fortier and Hazeur, was already in the water; together they swam out around the lighthouse. The Creoles were even more animated than customary, concerned with a ball Casa Calvo was giving that night. He was the commissioner sent by Spain to surrender Louisiana to France in the person of De Laussat. Casa Calvo—Sebastian de Casa Calvo de la Puerta y O'Farril—had arrived in New Orleans less than a month after Laussat, and already, it was generally known, the two commissioners had had difficulties; yet it was understood that the Frenchman had accepted an invitation to the Spanish ball.

"Will he go?" Pierre asked, turning on his back in the warm, slack tide.

"He will," Fortier asserted; "he is too correct to decline. It is only to be hoped that Burthe won't be at the Casa Calvo's." Burthe, the French adjutant-general, he explained to Gaut Penny, was the cause of the diplomatic conflict. Laussat had even tried to land Burthe in jail. Aside from that, they decided, or because of it, the ball should be a notable occasion. Hazeur had heard that more than four hundred people were asked. There was to be tea—but champagne, really—at seven, a supper at midnight in a specially erected pavilion, and dancing until morning. He sang floating:

"Si to te 'tit zozo
Et moi-même mo te fusil
Mo sre tchoue toi—Boum!"

Antonin and Zénon Fortier promised to stop for Gaut Penny on their way to Casa Calvo's. "Then," Antonin explained, "you can take no advantage of us with Mariquita de la Colina." They had, delicate in sensibilities, said nothing to Gaut about his changed residence. Gaut wondered how to proceed when he saw his brother's family. It wouldn't be easy. He must, he decided, for the present, entirely restrain himself where Gilbert was concerned. He thought of him, however, with a bitter contempt. Gilbert, he considered, had disgraced his trust, his family and the country of his birth. Gaut decided to be wholly natural with Mariquita; he would dance with her, if she permitted it, as usual; as usual he was in the highest excitement at the chance of being with her again.

At the tea, however, he couldn't even get a glimpse of Mariquita de la Colina; he began to be afraid she wasn't there. The crowd was enormous, though; he might well miss her until the dancing began. Burthe, the French adjutant-general, was present, Gaut Penny saw. Monsieur and Madame de Laussat—a celebrated charmer—passed Burthe with a cold and studied unconcern.

Joseph Lauve came up to Gaut. "Have you seen her?" he asked. There was no question, between them, to whom the "her" referred. "She is even more fatally divine than ever. In muslin, I think—embroidered rose muslin." Gaut Penny demanded further information, and, in search of Mariquita, left the principal salon. He was, though, detained at the door. Laussat was bowing profoundly to the Marquis de Casa Calvo. Gaut, through the past days, had acquired a small understanding of French and he gathered that Laussat was presenting his compliments and the compliments of his wife. Unfortunately they would be obliged to withdraw. Casa Calvo regretted such a necessity profoundly. Soon, however, he added, they would both be withdrawn, in the favor of the United States. Such a report had reached him, Laussat replied coldly. It was no more than an impudent falsehood.

Gaut's resentment of the loss Gilbert Penny's stubbornness was bringing about was so intense that when he came upon part of his circle—Expeleta and Manuel Cagigol, Lopez de Solano and Alston—at a bowl of fragrant rum punch he inattentively helped them to empty it. Proceeding on his original errand, there was no doubt in his mind about the attitude to take with Mariquita. It should be firm. He had not been near firm enough in the past. She practically walked over him. It was no wonder—he was so weakly pleasant—that Mariquita disregarded him. Well, she would have to stop disregarding him. She would become an American soon and he saw no good reason why she couldn't start now. With him. Girls liked to be swept off their feet.

He had the extraordinary luck to find her seated, resting, by a bank of palms. "Joseph Lauve told me you had on rose muslin and that's how I knew you weren't a rose," he said at once. "Roses are beautiful, but they have thorns. The way to do is grasp them firmly." In illustration of this he captured her wrists. "At last we are together again. We can dance."

Mariquita gazed up at him with a tranquil disdain. "You are hurting me," she murmured. "And for nothing. I am not going to dance with you."

In answer to this he dragged her up on her feet. "Don't be disagreeable," he advised her. "I am quite different from the Gaut Penny you first saw. I am, for one thing, firmer."

"You are drunker," she corrected him. "More than that, you are drunk. Let me go."

He started to argue. He wasn't drunk at all. He'd had scarcely anything to drink. No more than a breath of weak punch They could dance and argue afterward. He had something of the greatest importance to say to her. "Mariquita, I want you to marry me. There is so little time to waste; it ought to be tomorrow"

"Let me go," she repeated. "I told you never to speak of marriage to me again. I would rather be an Ursuline nun. I would

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

MARIAN NIXON

Marian Nixon's personal charm, beauty and talent fit her superbly for the rôle of Sally Randall in Universal's *"The Chinese Parrot,"* adapted from the splendid story by Earl Derr Biggers. With HOBART BOSWORTH playing the leading male character, the combination is promising.

"The Chinese Parrot" is a perfect melodrama—at once fantastic and full of satisfying mystery. It begins in the Hawaiian Islands and finishes on the great Mojave Desert in California. It tells the story of a man who carried revenge in his heart for 20 years only to have it turn to ashes at the instant he had the chance to realize it, as is so often the case in this peculiar life of ours.

This Universal picture is a Paul Leni production—just the kind of picture which Leni enjoys directing because of his love for the mysterious and the bizarre. He directed *"The Cat and the Canary,"* which is one of the biggest of the coming season's offerings. The entire cast is composed of stars, including SOJIN, EDMUND BURNS, ANNA MAY WONG and other players who have become famed.

Keep your eyes on this column for announcements of future releases. We have many surprises in store—*"Alias the Deacon,"* with JEAN HERSHOLT, JUNE MARLOWE and RALPH GRAVES. *"We Americans,"* with an all star cast; *"Back to God's Country,"* with RENEE ADOREE, WALTER LONG and strong cast; *"Cheating Cheaters,"* with BETTY COMPSON and KENNETH HARLAN, and others presenting authors, players and directors of note.

What Universal's have you seen lately? What did you think of them? Is your favorite theatre showing them? Why not write and give me the information? I would appreciate it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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much rather be dead. The truth is, since you force me to tell you, that I detest you."

He begged Mariquita de la Colina not to be absurd. "You don't detest me," he asserted. "It's interest. You don't understand. You are really very much taken with me. I have been a shade too pleasant. That is all."

She smiled contemptuously; then she turned. "Gilbert," she said, "it is fortunate you are here. Your brother, who has been drinking too much, insists I must dance with him. I don't want to."

Gaut Penny stared arrogantly at his brother—his half brother, he reminded himself. Gilbert said to him, "If you don't leave Casa Calvo's house at once I will have you removed. I was a fool to let you stay in New Orleans. I will see you at the Hotel de la Marine tomorrow morning."

Gaut, cold with rage, hot with assailed pride, answered, "Good. You will be surprised. Or perhaps not. You may know more than you pretend. For example, that you are going to leave New Orleans instead of me. Well, you are. I hear that niggers are very plentiful in Santo Domingo. You hypocritical slave driver."

Gilbert Penny's face was strained, his lips were tightly compressed. Gaut nodded toward Mariquita. "I suppose she was in it with you—all the cursed De la Colinas, the pride of Louisiana. You didn't think Godoy would sell you to Napoleon and Napoleon sell you to Jefferson. But that happened and now you're caught. You are ruined, Gilbert. You'd better dispose of our warehouse of niggers before word of it gets North. If Clark's wise he'll collect what little advantages he can right away. He's not going to last much longer, Gilbert; he will be out of favor in New Orleans with you." Gaut Penny swayed, then he held himself rigidly erect. "If you speak to me publicly," he told Gilbert, "I will have James Starin smack your jaw. Come to the hotel, as you suggested, where no one will see us together." He avoided any further notice of Mariquita. Gaut waited for Gilbert Penny to speak; the older man said nothing, and Gaut walked stiffly and unevenly away.

A variety of distressingly sharp pains had their residence in Gaut Penny's head, his throat was dry and his eyelids hot. James Starin sat in the Hotel de la Marine regarding him without visible enthusiasm.

"So far as I can see," Starin asserted, "you got drunk and insulted practically everybody. Now we don't know what will happen. I can guess it will be unpleasant. I ordered the horses. We can ferry across the lake for Kentucky or go back over the Coast Road."

He was, Gaut thought, taking a great deal upon himself. "I haven't decided what to do," Gaut Penny told Starin. "My brother said he would be here this morning."

There was, at that precise moment, a knock on the door.

A hotel servant entered. "There is a gentleman below for Mr. Penny," he said. "Don Lille Riano. It may be Mr. Penny doesn't recall him. He is a friend of Mademoiselle de la Colina's." Gaut turned to Starin.

"See him here," he advised. "From all you said I expect it's a challenge." In that case, Gaut commented, it would be very unusual to mention Mariquita de la Colina's name. A challenge originated from the immediate principal. Riano was older than Gaut expected; he was as old, obviously, as James Starin; a Spaniard with a tanned cheek and clothes martial without being precisely military.

His manner was formal. "I present myself," he announced, "on the account of Mademoiselle de la Colina. I was not at Casa Calvo's last night, but I gathered she was insulted, and that is enough. I am happy to be her admirer."

None of Mariquita's friends would have appeared for himself. The whole proceeding was clumsily wrong. It was, rather, a Quaker's idea of an affair of honor, the proceeding of a brawler at the Royal Barracks.

"I never saw you with Mademoiselle de la Colina," Gaut replied. "I never saw anyone with her who even looked like you. I must take it, then, that you are a liar." Riano's brown sinewy hand tightened on a thick bamboo cane. A gust of anger drove Gaut into further speech. "Go back to my brother—unless you came from Mr. Clark—where you can be useful driving niggers." What followed was so incredibly rapid that Gaut Penny saw it only by inference; Riano dragged his cane apart, there was a limber flash of steel, and a bolt of light sang past Gaut's cheek. Riano half turned, falling on his shoulder, with Starin's knife in his throat.

James Starin kicked the rapier at his feet. "Those colchemards are quite a trick," he said. "That one near to had you."

Gaut Penny's anger, his accumulated resentment, blinded him. He bent groping over the dead body, and there was a dull ripping, like the tearing of heavy linen. He spoke abruptly to Starin, and, almost at once, he was riding at a sharp trot toward the Tchoupitoulas Gate. Gaut Penny's gaze was set stonily in front of him, his lips were gray and hard, the copper in his skin was bright. He swept into his brother's plantation and dismounted, without securing his horse, before the gallery. Gilbert and Rosamunda and Mariquita de la Colina were seated at the early plantation dinner. Gilbert pushed back his chair.

"Don't get up," Gaut told him. "I am not going to stay. A friend of Mariquita's, or of yours, came to the Hotel de la Marine this morning. He was very practical with a sword cane. So practical that we had to kill him. I brought you something to remember it by." Gaut Penny flung on the dining-room table, beside a silver bowl of orange blossoms, a sodden and bloody scalp. The long wet black hair spread over the white damask.

"You have always reminded me that I was an Indian!" he cried. "There is proof you were right! Only the chance that you were a coward, that you preferred to pay for your murders, kept it from being yours." Rosamunda Penny sat with her hands on the edge of the table, her eyes dilated and fixed. Mariquita's eyes were half closed; she breathed slowly and deeply. In neither woman, Gaut realized, was there a stain of hysteria.

But Gilbert was crumpled. "You red savage," he said in a whisper. Then he half screamed, "Gaut, take it away!"

Montana Moonlight

Gaut spoke ironically. "It's too bad to upset your dinner."

Rosamunda stood imperiously. "Move it from the table," she commanded him. Her voice was entirely steady. Gaut dropped the scalp on the floor. Mariquita was absolutely still.

Gaut admired Rosamunda Penny immensely—her breeding was unconquerable. He thought, with a glance at Gilbert huddled in his chair, how she must be suffering. Well, there was no excuse, no reason, for him to stay longer. His anger was dead. The flare of primitive brutality had deserted him.

"I'm sorry it ended like this," he said awkwardly to Mariquita. She made no reply. There was no evidence that she had heard him, that he was in the room. If he didn't go, he realized, he would be wretchedly, impotently humble. His horse was cropping the grass near the gallery; he mounted without difficulty. James Starin had collected Gaut's things on the bed; the saddlebags were ready.

"We'll leave the quickest way," Starin proceeded; "up the river. The news about the American purchase is out, but New Orleans isn't ready for it yet." Gaut didn't care. He slipped wearily into a chair. James Starin gazed at him keenly. He brought a tumbler of rum from a jug on a stand. "All of it," he commanded. "Then we'll get off before there is an objection." The body of the Spaniard had disappeared. "If I had tried to stop you," Starin proceeded, "you would have had the knife in me. For a little you were real bad. I am glad Philadelphia is a good piece from here. Casimir Penny would have a right to be stirred up about his sons. One a slave dealer and the other acting like there was still a bounty on scalps. But I have to say you took it to a damned poor market. I suppose you sent it in for Mr. Gilbert and the ladies with your compliments. Everybody bowing and scraping. I'll bet it was the first time a scalp was made a present in New Orleans. It's not something down here you would send to a girl. Not in this climate."

There was a knock on the door: the servant had returned. Rosamunda Penny was with him. "It seemed to me you would go at once," she said. Gaut brought forward a chair, but she ignored it. She totally disregarded James Starin. "My sister and I do not agree; she insists it is unimportant; I want you to know that she realized nothing about—about Mr. Penny's investments. What he did I approve of; I do not explain him or apologize to you. It is different with Mariquita. You would naturally misunderstand her. Mariquita was not frightened by what you brought to the plantation. It didn't accuse her."

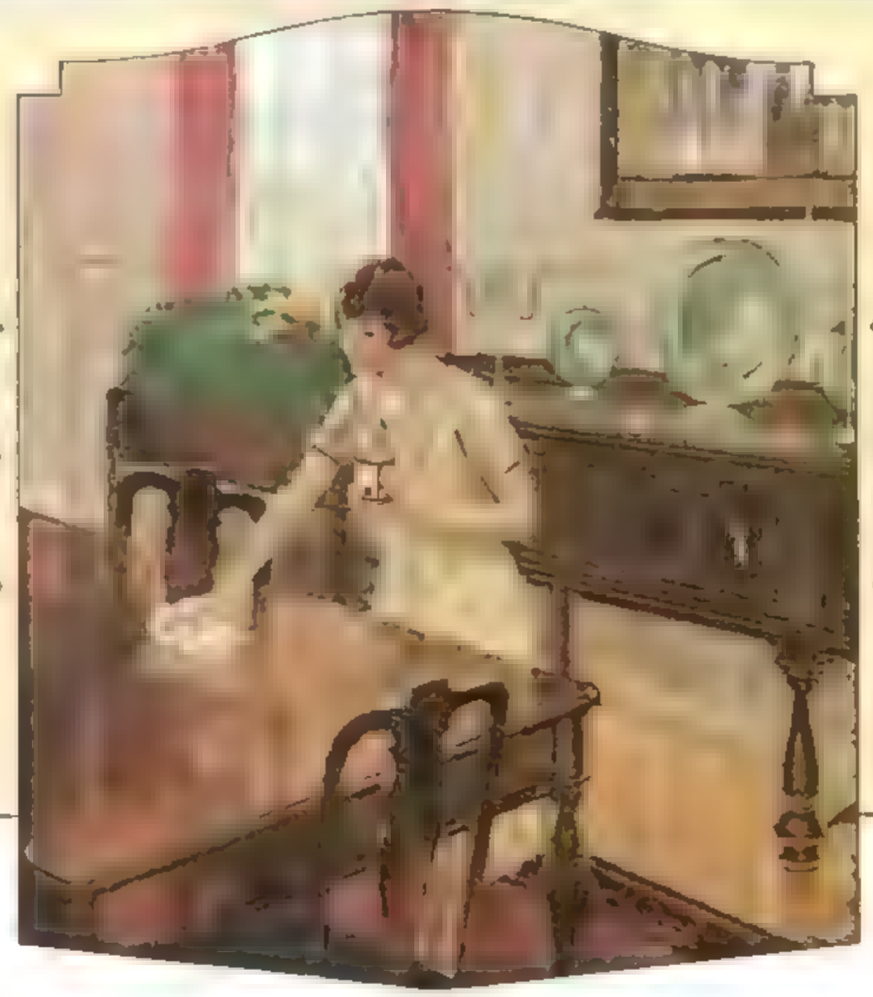
Gaut said, "I know that. I won't bother you with how it happened. I did it, the truth is, because I was in love with your sister. I was damn mad."

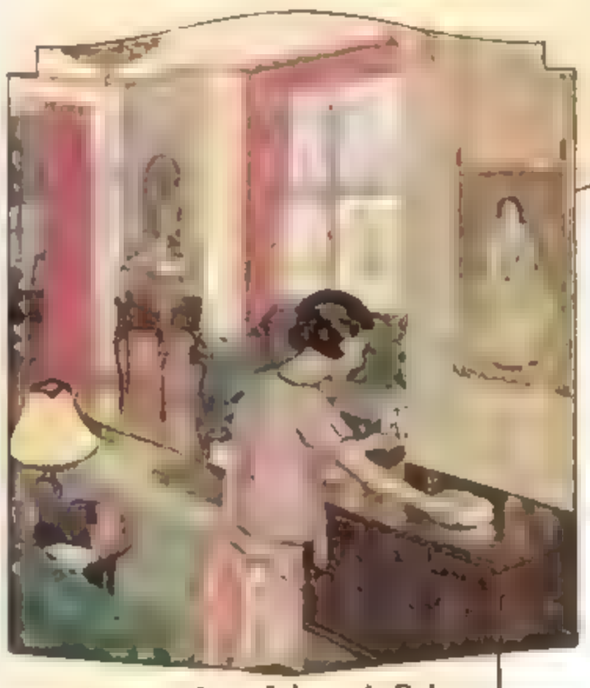
There was nothing more, Rosamunda proceeded, for her to say. She wouldn't allow him to go with her to the street. Gaut Penny gazed helplessly at Starin. "It was magnificent, but what did it mean?" he demanded.

James Starin was busy with the rum jug. "Have another," he said. "You need it after last night. I wonder, sometimes, how people get through life—considerable people. Have a drink. It's due you. I put out the leather breeches, and you had better change that cambric shirt. You'll need a lot of thin shirts right soon—white linen pantaloons. Take a drink. It's a hard ride into Mississippi. As I was saying, how some, and considerable, too, get through life is more than I can make out. They can't see a thing, not even a sword cane, when it's right in front of them. If I was Gilbert Penny I would take myself to the river, where it was deep."

Gaut cried, "For God's sake, what are you raving about? Be quiet and pack."

James Starin still paused. "What you need is a drink," he said. "You're as good as married. You can call it magnificent, but that's what it meant."





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MY DEAR

(Continued from Page 34)

"What," Linda argued, "are you waiting for? Who're you keeping waiting for? Do you really and truly believe that His Lordship will come back? Not he! Not when he's amongst the good old fleshpots again. And don't I just wish I was amongst 'em too! You go to Venice."

"I shan't go," said Jenny slowly. But she would not have been a woman if her senses had not been stirred to realization of ephemeral delights during those months in the studio; if she had not been thrilled by the first touch of silk on her skin and the breath of the first wind from worlds beyond these narrow purlieus. She would not have been a woman if, just sometimes, the temptation had not come upon her to drift upon a wave more sparkling than had yet borne her along. She was a woman and her senses had been stirred by all of it. She shook her head at Linda.

"I shan't go," adding, "of course not. What do you take me for, Linda?" But she remembered, all the same, the exquisiteness of the people who still sometimes came drifting into the studio for tea—which Le Maur would often command her to dispense—and the repeated coaxing of Rosamund's bright-eyed young men.

"What duchess?" she asked somewhat breathlessly of Le Maur, apropos of his vague allusions to his show.

"There is a certain old duchess—Duchess of Hampten—who is giving the last large party of the season—at the very end of July—and I've promised her all my things. You will be there, Jenny—four of you. You will burst upon the jaded world and wake it up again. It is to be the *clou* of the whole affair—my work. And you in the flesh will be there, too, Jenny, in a gown that I shall design for you myself. Divinité can carry it out. I shall parade you, my girl. I've promised the duchess."

Jenny did not care very much. All those weeks and months, everywhere she went, she had looked for Jack. In streets and tubes and omnibuses, she searched faces unavailingly. Sometimes she had almost asked Le Maur, or the bright-eyed young men, or the women who stared at her during those infrequent studio teas: "Do you know anyone like this ——" But after all she only knew him in the coat of poverty. He might be very, very different now. And she had not even a name about which to center an inquiry. Toward the end of the season, even the prospect of the patronage of a great lady like the Duchess of Hampten could not move her very deeply. She was tired.

"I've never been tired quite like this before," she said to Linda.

"Your heart's tired now. You're tired of life. It's different from just being tired in your body."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Go to Venice. Begin it. You may as well. But don't be a light-hearted silly like what I was. Treat it as a business. Take all you can get."

"A titled lady said that to me too."

"'Course she did. There's not so much a difference between her and me as you'd think, under the skin. She takes what she wants, I'll bet."

There were hot evenings, when she sat with Le Maur in the Café Royal, where he liked to match her, his find, against the rather more jaded finds of Selincour and the Spanish black-and-white artist. Hot evenings, when occasionally he took her in the maroon car down to the celebrated hostelry at Maidenhead, where they had dinner overlooking lawns and river, on which the swans were sailing home to bed. He showed her these glimpses of the pleasant life beyond her ken, by way of lessoning her. He did not want to make love to her in the maroon car, or idling by the river. He, too, was tired. He was exhausted, nerve worn and body worn with his frenzy of work. But presently there would be Venice, recuperation. She would fit very well there. Three idle gloating months they could have. He could trust her not to love him over much. He did not want love. Desire was a passion quite strong enough, quite permanent enough.

Besides, he would paint her again in Venice. He'd take her to the Lido beach and set her in the sun till her skin was delicately copper, toning with her flagrant copper hair. He would teach her presently to treat condescending ladies with insolence. And as for men—she could pick herself a really rich lover on the Lido—the only good way for these girl waifs.

But there would very certainly be painted from all that a different sort of picture; making initiated people say, "She's changed. Look!"

Le Maur completed the picture Happiness as nearly as he could drive himself to complete it. He had astonished even himself with these four pictures. He began to put a few desultory touches to Rosamund's portrait without calling on her for a sitting, for he did not want to see her. She jangled him. His frayed nerves screamed at the thought of her. But the portrait, even if not quite perfected, could go in with the rest at the duchess' reception; with his study of Michel—who, after all, was quite a personality among his friends—mixing his popular cocktails; with his imaginary Spanish duenna; with some unfinished crayons; with the four Jennys.

Then, just twenty-four hours before this last important At Home of the season, he began to design Jenny's dress for the occasion. She acquiesced in all his rulings. "Business, I suppose," she said practically. The telephone wires between the studio and Divinité's establishment in Shaftesbury Avenue tingled and he received official protest on his polluted language.

XVI

WHILE Le Maur—with many profanities harrying Divinité, who had, anyway, quite a useful line of profanity of her own -designed Jenny's gown, dressing, as it were, his lamb for the slaughter with much enjoyment in no way impaired by his ill tempers, Rosamund thought: "Only another few hours and one more season will be over. Another few hours and we'll be going down to Riverside. Lucas can finish his mourning. Jack and I will work the constituency for all we're worth; and we'll get rid of this fool Ellaline on some visit or another. If no one else asks her, mother can. Yes, let her go up to mother in Northumberland; that's far enough away. Jack and I will be alone."

And she thought that not only would she work the constituency but she would work Jack for all she was worth.

She didn't like the strong rebellious humors that she had to suffer from him sometimes. He never seemed quite lost in her caresses; his mind would fly from her. Where did it go?

He had been an attentive lover; they were seen together everywhere, and she was almost happy, and old Lucas was growing happy, and Ellaline was very happy indeed. A little afraid of Rosamund, Jack's mother, nevertheless, appreciated her points.

"Once married, you know," she confided to Lucas, "she'll never let him off the lead. And that's a great solace for the mother of a wild boy."

"You women," growled Lucas, "don't know what you're talking about. Jack'll do us all credit."

Rosamund had accepted the Duchess of Hampten's invitation much earlier in the season, for at Hampten House necessarily the extremest formality reigned. Now she asked the duchess to send a card to the repatriated Jack Riverside and his mother. She understood, but with little curiosity, that Victor was sending the duchess a lot of his work. There would be a show in one of the rooms, cleared and set aside for the purpose. The duchess would consider that she was helping an artist, for in her view all artists of whatever standing needed influential patrons. Le Maur would believe that he was assisting the pompous old hag at this deadly dull entertainment of hers. Smiling a little over her cynical understanding of them both, Rosamund wondered about the new model—that girl with the most dangerous face. She had, by now, no doubt, made the most of her opportunities.

It seemed to Rosamund a long time—and indeed those three months had held for her the significance of years—since she had asked the girl to lunch in this aerie of hers, and had actually advised her on the manipulation of knives and forks. The future which she had been planning swiftly and fully for herself obliterated the past. Her absorptions had thrust even Victor le Maur into the background of her mind.

Not once during that three months had she taken an evening off and sat with him in the Café Royal, trying to look as much like a professional model as possible, seeing the real professionals sitting there hating her, telling themselves, probably: "Another of these society dames boosting herself into our job." Her interest in that studio world had faded out. But now here was Victor sending her a note:

> Mind you're at Hampten House on Tuesday, dear. Don't suddenly decide to leave town a day early, and miss the show, deadly as it will be. You know I'm lending Her Grace a few things. Your portrait, of course, will be among them.

She assured herself, "Jack will like to see that," for she had told her lover of the portrait. She had thought she would give it to him; hoped he would ask for it.

Needless to ask if Ellaline would go into the country before the very last drop had been drained from the London season! Rosamund telephoned Jack: "The duchess has sent you a card, hasn't she? It's important you should go; very important. She is such a big political hostess; and then, too, she has quite a salon. She'll be awfully useful to you if she likes you. The Prime Minister will be there. And everybody who is anybody. Dine with me here, first, darling, and I can take you on."

Jack had lulled himself to content that summer night. For him, too, the future that she had been so swiftly and ably planning obliterated the past. Mounting an arm of the double staircase of her parents' house toward the lift, he couldn't help knowing that life was good. A man should take the best and the most that was offered to him. Too much introspection, reflection, were killing. At last he felt that he could let himself go now with the stream. No more fighting with dark thoughts and inscrutable hungers; eat, drink, work and play; marry Rosamund, satisfy her ambitions for him and call it a life.

"Nothing wrong with it," he said to himself. And there was Peter, her own small page boy, smiling at him by the lift.

He went up to the flat, and Rosamund's maid asked him to wait. Rosamund's own cook was busy in the kitchen making him a delectable dinner. And while he sat by the opened windows in Rosamund's lounge—that she would not call a drawing-room—in came little Peter, with a smile all over his nice chubby face, bringing him a most perfect cocktail.

Harcourt Square was so richly quiet, the cars that came and went below so silent and powerful that the purr of their starting or stopping barely assailed the ear. Rosamund's room was full of the scent of roses. Jars of them, all dark red, stood here and there. And suddenly it occurred to him that he had never once given her flowers. It was evident that she liked them, because they were always here, but somehow it had seemed—if it had seemed any way at all—as if she would order them casually with her groceries and cakes and wines. They would be so much tradesmen's stuff. Wrong, no doubt, he thought guiltily. For didn't all women like gifts of flowers? And for a second he saw a poor thrifty red geranium in a pot, much beloved.

He tossed off his cocktail and said to Peter, who had come in again to switch on a still unneeded lamp, "Here, Peter, shake me another. But you know far too much about 'em."

He sat there by the opened windows till Rosamund came in, with her greyhound walk. And instantly he went to her and took her in his arms and kissed her devotedly, so as to affirm to himself his content with life.

"How's Lucas?"

"Very well, and cheering up these last days."

"The sweet! He's looking forward to peace at Riverside. It's awful to mourn in London. He only stayed because of you and me, I'm afraid."

"Your mother has asked my mother to stay with her in the North for August."

"I know."

"You worked it? Oh, you clever Rosamund."

"I wanted Riverside for you and me—and Lucas, of course. But then he's all in the picture, isn't he?"

"You look glorious, Rosamund."

"I feel it."

They sat at her old refectory table, she at the top, he closely at her right hand. And the dinner began to pass in delicious courses. They had spoken before, not settling anything save that it would be very, very soon—the date of their marriage.

Now Jack spoke again, "Let's have it from Riverside, shall we, Rosamund? I think the constituency would like it. They love a romance. And ——"

"In early September," she said quietly.

"A jolly village wedding, eh, Rosamund?"

"That would be best."

"Your clothes?"

"Oh, my dear boy, a trousseau is child's play to me."

When Peter absented himself for brief moments he held Rosamund's hand. Once he bent forward and kissed her lips. Her eyes were shining. She looked younger than he had ever seen her look. So, deliciously, the dinner passed, and they sat over dessert and he drank her father's vintage port. How modern and smooth and comfortable this engagement! How skillfully she managed things!

He had thought now and then, when the moods of self-examination were on him, that if their engagement had meant parental talks, a courtship about the family dinner table or in those vast drawing-rooms below; if it had meant placing upon him, as it were, the onus of the affair, he might not have gone into it with so much relief.

But she was so wonderful. She removed, or rather disregarded, exactions. She was so wise. A certain minimum of pleasant family communications established; and then this flat of hers right up here, level with the tallest tree tops of the square; this intimacy and temptation and promise; this lulling with comfort and caresses, and the occasional stimulating badinage of her wit. A man could hardly help marrying her if she were willing to have it so.

As if she divined his reflection, she said now, "How glad I am to have enjoyed my own income, my own way and my own home right from my twenty-first birthday! How glorious I've found my financial freedom and my moral independence!"

"Rosamund, you won't mind giving it up?"

Real laughter was rare with Rosamund, but it came into her face then, as if she thought, "Very naïve. How simple they are!"

And perhaps she did think it, for men had been her childhood's primer.

(Continued on Page 83)

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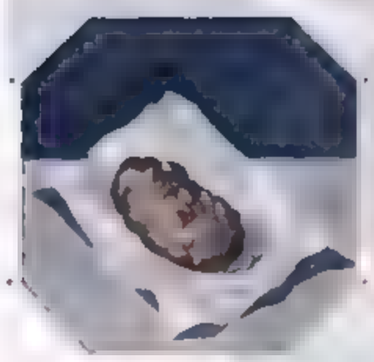

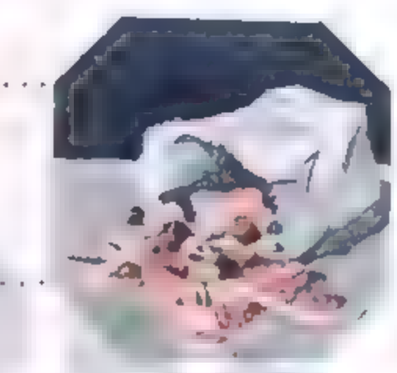

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(Continued from Page 78)

Suddenly, moved by momentary male sentiment, he was nearly on the edge of a confession. Tell her of Jenny—what would she say? He remarked, still naïvely, as she thought, watching him:

"Life's rather like a moving picture, I think. Things happening—going on and on from one point to the other—and in the end I suppose a plot has been found."

"Of course life is like a moving picture. Why not? The moving picture was made to show life. Only every successful film, I've been told, has been well edited; all the weak, the disjointed, the unprofitable stuff, is cut out. Well, we should edit our lives like that when at length the final plot is revealed."

"Cut out all the weak, the unprofitable—stuff?"

"Of course. Man and woman—both the same—should cut it out. But most of us are very bad editors, not nearly ruthless enough with the blue pencil."

With her shoulder nearly touching his, now that Peter had left them alone with their dessert and wine, she was reminded by the whole of the room—by the whole of the flat, in fact—of how much she had to, and would, edit the tale of her life up till now. Jack wasn't the first man who had sat here, his shoulder nearly touching hers, while night dropped veils over Harcourt Square. He wasn't, indeed, in the first score of men. No doubt he thought that he was. Or rather, he didn't think. Men preferred not to know these things. Too uncomfortable! Men might not object to their successors in love, but their predecessors must always be a sore subject. Therefore, taboo. Yes, the hour, and the shaded gleam of the lights, and the scent of flowers on the table, and this vintage port looted from the cellar of an unprotesting father, all brought memories of a certain poignance—memories of gestures, of men who had mattered once; memories of words that, at the time of reading that particular page of the primer, had seemed divinely significant; but that, as one passed on from page to page, becoming a more expert reader, learning longer words, were dropped altogether for the ensuing pages.

Only last spring it had been Le Maur who sat here with her sometimes in the evenings, who had almost brought the first torture of love into her life. She had known him for a satyr, and it was that very quality in him which had so provoked her, made her, for the first time, pursue a man unavailingly.

Memories such as these. What a lot her servants must know of her! What a lot even little Peter must know in the short time he had served her! Well, perhaps servants were among the items to be blue-pencilled. Replace these personages in the film with newcomers.

She was aware that Jack wanted to tell her something. Men had these weaknesses of self-revelation. And she commented casually on her last words:

"Don't you think so?"

"I was wishing I could edit my life better."

"You must leave yourself to me. And perhaps I'll manage it."

"During that time I was down and out—in social hiding, or whatever we choose to call it ——"

"I'm sure some woman looked after you."

There! She had said it, naturally, consolingly, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world!

"Yes," he said, eased.

She smiled at him. "And now, let's go and have coffee in the lounge."

They went into the lounge again, where the curtains were now drawn across the windows, so that the scent of the roses, more closely confined, was heavier. Going to her piano, Rosamund began to play. She sang a light French love song in her exquisitely trained voice. And then, until the car came, she sang and played, leaving him alone to look at her across the room, much as he had done the first night that they met.

Peter came. "The car is here, My Lady."

Jack possessed himself of her hand once more, in the car. And she began to tell him more about her portrait, of the many sittings, of the genius of Le Maur, of the difficult temperament of artists who were spoiled darlings of society. She made that portrait seem the pivot of the exhibition, and, indeed, in her own mind it was so. She had been hearing little studio gossip, and the probability of finished paintings posed by the new model did not occur to her. He might show sketches; a picture half completed for his admirers to wonder over.

Jack asked of her what she wanted him to ask: "If I think it worthy of you, will you give me the portrait for a wedding present?"

"I had thought of it, dearest."

Then they came to Hampten House, fairly early in a long procession of cars. Before them was Lucas' car, out of which Ellaline stepped, at her most incorrigibly girlish. Jack saw his mother ascend the steps of the great house, in her expensive clothes that she wheedled from Lucas and her dressmakers somehow; and she typified for him the light pleasantries of the leisured world.

Not that, the thought registered itself in his brain, there were not seriousness and service and power behind the massive doors of that house. The duchess retained something in the nature of a political salon, to which came the greatest and finest men of the day from all countries. But who was he to be among them, wearing a dead man's shoes, financed by a bereaved father longing for a son, if only by adoption; led here and there by this scintillating young woman now sitting beside him and even now plotting and scheming and dreaming for them both? How ignobly easy!

With a reflective smile he looked out at his mother, crossing the threshold of the duchess' house; and he saw that she had somehow persuaded, urged, nagged Lucas into escorting her. There walked, too, the old man, with his whitened head and his remote, stern look.

Rosamund's car now took its turn, and one of the Hampten footmen had opened the door and was guarding Lady Rosamund's cloak from improbable soiling as she stepped out, while Jack was still in his reverie. He woke from it, chagrined by his own slovenly manners. He had forgotten to alight first, to guard Rosamund's swinging silver cloak. "I'm broody!" he apologized, and she smiled consolingly at him.

There was a crush in the huge hall and on the enormously wide staircase; he saw above them, his mother's tiaraed head and Lucas' head, wedged in the crowd.

"Everyone's here," murmured Rosamund in his ear, "and those who aren't here are on their way. There are a lot of people you must talk to tonight, Jack."

Her cool fingers, crushed down by her side, found his, crushed down by his side, as inch by inch they made their way, side by side, up that vast stairway.

"I'm at your service, Rosamund."

At last they were up and had touched the overworked hand of the duchess at the top. They had moved on, and within a few yards Rosamund had attached to them the undersecretary of state, the most talked-of woman member of Parliament, the Spanish Ambassador and his wife.

The mantle of her importance fringed Jack. And again he knew, as he had known in the darkness of his bedroom in Beverley Place one introspective night: "These women—women like this—are more than a match for us."

He stood with Rosamund in a distinguished group, talking. He had to realize with admiration that she was singularly intimate with all the undercurrents of high politics: every word she uttered—light, witty, philosophical or questioning—was informed with her knowledge. She wanted place and she wanted power. He felt empty and without the desire to dance to her piping.

He felt, clearly and strongly, the upsurge of desire for powerful work of his own making, for clear spaces to do it in, for a struggle in which not only prestige but life itself should be at stake. He heard, standing among these urbane and clever people, sleeked and jeweled as they were, the great call of dangerous living.

His mother passed them, fifty, and so girlish, very fair skinned; the tiara which Lucas' wife had worn upon her brows. She had argued it from him.

As she passed she uttered, "We're going to see the pictures while we can get near them."

"We're coming presently," Rosamund answered.

"Your portrait's there, darling, isn't it?" the woman member asked.

"Oh! I think so, darling."

"Such a disappointment that it wasn't finished for the Academy. So many people were looking forward to it."

So many people, Rosamund reflected, knew of her restless *penchant* for Victor le Maur, and had said among themselves: "I wonder what he's made of her? He's so malicious; such a witty painter."

She smiled serenely.

Remarkably soon the great staircase was emptying, save for a few stragglers. People came early to the Duchess of Hampten's receptions, because she hated perfunctoriness, and also because no one wanted to miss anyone. The drawing-rooms and the gallery that ran above the hall and the room set aside for Le Maur's exhibition were thronged. But Le Maur himself had not come yet. He liked to make an entry. He liked even elderly duchesses to learn to wait a little for him, and for people to be expectant, titillated for his arrival. He hated jostling with a crowd.

"Victor's not here yet," said Rosamund. "I thought he might have liked to show me his things himself; but don't let's wait, Jack. Come along."

Again he was answering, uncaring, "As you like."

She said as they threaded their way toward the humming room at the end of the gallery, "Victor's such a showman. He always knows just how to arrive. Though that sort of pose gets terribly absurd, don't you think?"

Her dead passion for Victor le Maur made her now wish to despise, to ridicule, to patronize him a little, though she was unaware of it. She merely thought, as she made her way beside Jack Riverside to the picture room: "I wonder why one was ever interested—when this is so very much more worth while; when this is so much more my kind of man! That sensation hunting in studios isn't good enough."

Then they were in the room, which after all was not so full as it had sounded from without. She sought, studiously veiling the eagerness in her eyes, for her own portrait.

"There I am. Will it do for your wedding present?"

He stood before the picture, which, indeed, Le Maur had painted wittily. "It's gorgeous. Of course I want it above all things."

Rosamund deprecated, but with pleasure: "He sees all kinds of awful things in people that they don't see themselves, and is apt to paint them if he hates one."

"Evidently he didn't hate you."

But was that entirely true? "No, I don't think he hated me."

Moving on a little: "There are some good sketches."

"Unfinished."

"The crowd is at the end of the room."

She said, "Come along. That will be the things he's done of his new model—some girl he found in a slum, I think."

Still uncaring, still hearing that loud call for dangerous living, he confronted the four brilliant roughly finished studies of Jenny—big canvases, five feet by three—Jenny herself looking out at him; Jenny in the flesh; all her color there, her life, her rage and laughter. Oh! Oh, Jenny!

"Outrage!" Rosamund's husky voice quoted beside him, somewhat quickened by curiosity. "What a marvelous pose, isn't it? And what a brute Victor is. He'll bully and terrify and shock a wretched girl like that to get what he wants. . . . Look, Modesty! Do you like that, Jack?"

He could only stare, his rage rising in him—rising and rising. And he heard with drumming ears voices near him. He did not know that the two celebrated painters, Dauphin and Orchard, stood close by. To him they were just voices imparting the foulest and most terrible news.

"His new girl. Extraordinary life and vitality ——"

And a feminine voice in an undertone: "Yes, that's Victor's new woman. . . . Look, look, darling, at the innocence of it! Happiness. Something new for Victor. Those are Michel's Persians, of course. I'm to have the blue smoky one."

"Hypocrisy's devilish clever." That was lusty old Lord Cheltenham, who knew nothing of art, but who was tantalized by the subtle leer of the picture.

"Yes, and with all Victor's snigger in it. Nothing'll make me believe Victor doesn't hate women—with his mind, I mean."

Rosamund's own voice, with almost a jealous undercurrent in it, because everyone was drawn from her own portrait, "Terribly attractive, isn't she? I wonder if Victor will take her to Venice when he goes"

Jack turned and walked out. Extraordinary! She wheeled hastily, too, and walked with him, as if the decision that they had seen enough was mutual. But he mustn't really be so abrupt! Then she looked up into his face. Older, grimmer; blazing eyes well alight; with something of the rageful despair and shame of a gambler who has recklessly and disgracefully staked his all and lost it, and now has nothing! "Jack?" But he was lost to her voice; her touch on his hand was unfelt. "Jack!" They went quietly back along the gallery, Rosamund with her greyhound walk, smiling greetings here and there, but tensed to a realization of shock and alarming uncertainty.

"Jack, there's the most divine little garden at the back. Let's go downstairs and sit out there in the cool—one always does here—and talk. How you hate this sort of show, don't you, my poor Jack?"

But as she spoke, coaxing him, a mild sensation came up from the vestibule below—a sensation rippled along the gallery, and from the stairs that a few people, like themselves, were about to descend. Le Maur was making his entry.

Pallid, dark, turned out with the last degree of polish by Michel, he was ascending slowly. He looked as if the opinion of anyone on earth—even the opinion of duchesses—mattered not at all to him; as, indeed, it did not. He looked, as usual, arrogant, with the slight smile of arrogance upon his well-cut mouth. And he had two finger tips lightly under the elbow of a girl who ascended with him—a girl with a flame of hair, a white face, mouth of a rich natural red which he had made her, however, accent for tonight; a girl who needed no penciling under the eyes, for the shadows lay there. And she was dressed in a swathe of peacock's tail colors—blues and green—with a great fan of peacock's tail feathers. And like a peacock she was going to parade; for he had brought the original to show beside the copy, as he had told the duchess that he should. Jenny drew all eyes.

"Jack?" said Rosamund once more, urgently, but again he did not hear. He stood at the top of the stairs, staring down. Strength flowed through him, so that he felt filled with a perfectly aching and intolerable strength. And the suave people and the historic house all slipped away from him like phantoms in a dream, so that only Jenny was real, coming slowly up the staircase—Jenny—and the man. And just as he had leaped and flung himself upon Heiner, so now he leaped, impelled by forces mightier than Rosamund and the splendid future and the historic house all put together, and flung himself upon the elegant, splendid painter. His hands were

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A year ahead—in style, safety, com

THE Whippet, introduced a year ago, embodied unique features of economy and modern engineering which have not yet been approached in other light cars. In less than eleven months over 100,000 Whippets have been sold.

Whippet is not only the most economical car in America to operate, but the lowest priced with 4-wheel brakes as national standard equipment. Today, with sales climbing faster than ever, Whippet design is still far ahead in its field.

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automatically upon Le Maur's throat, and he shook him to and fro, and heaved him up and threw him, just as he had thrown Heiner. Le Maur tumbled the whole length of the staircase, to the aghast footmen at the bottom. Still Jack knew nothing of the great hush—which in lowlier places would have been a tumult—about him. For a moment he stood looking down upon his work, his muscles starting and rippling under his smooth evening clothes, and the surface of his hard white shirt front broken across and his hands clenched and straining. He did not see old Lucas reach Rosamund and draw her aside, nor hear Ellaline's distressed, high, outraged protest, nor the duchess' order, nor the low, quick, authoritative voices of men about him, ordering him—ordering him—what? He did not even hear Jenny's sharp and triumphant cry. He rushed down the stairs, thrusting someone aside, and did not know that it was she.

As he reached the massive hall door—which the duchess had signaled a scandalized butler to open for him as quickly as might be—let the mad fool go—Jenny reached it too. She put her back against it, and stood against it with outspread arms, and all the people saw her limned there, sharp blues and greens, and fire of hair, and white of arms, on the black oak. And for a second she and Jack looked at each other, wordless.

Old Lord Cheltenham hurried down. "Open that door!" he said to the butler. "Let him out."

Jack himself pulled the door open and was gone into the summer night.

Then, very quietly and suavely and easily, as a well-bred gentleman knew how, old Lord Cheltenham and a few more staunch supporters of the most respected duchess in London rallied round, and it was over. Le Maur was put in his maroon car, with Dauphin insisting—though in secret satisfaction, gloating, "Serves him right, whatever it's for"—on accompanying him home; that poor wretched girl—must inquire more about her tomorrow—escorted into a taxicab; and Lady Rosamund, sharp and white, in the duchess' own boudoir with Ellaline and old Lucas, was waiting till all the rest had gone.

"Lucas," Ellaline quivered, "won't you forgive?"

"Your son," said Lucas, very clipped, but trembling, "had better have shot himself."

Rosamund was quite silent in still, white chagrin. So ended the last great social entertainment of the season.

Jenny sat erect in the taxicab, beside old Lord Cheltenham. She was conscious of a presence there, but he was not worth noticing save as a voice that could answer questions.

"Who is he?" she trembled gloriously. "Who is he? Jack. What is his other name?"

"Jack, my dear little lady," burbled the old peer, seeking, not unwillingly, to soothe this surprising girl by finding and stroking her hand. "Jack—er—the name of our turbulent friend is Mr. Jack Riverside—Mr. John Roe Riverside, in full, I believe—nephew of Sir Lucas Riverside; was going to stand for the East Devonshire division, but good lor', I fear that's all gone phut now. But surely, little lady, I am not to presume that he and you are unacquainted?"

"John Roe Riverside!" Then he was the affianced of Rosamund Lacey. And she gave a sharp cry and sat more erect than ever.

"But he loves me!" she thought. "See how he left her! That was just how he hit Lewis Heiner, and that was for me too!"

She was in the battle of the women, and all her seething blood told her that she was going to fight. Just as all the women of Greengrove Alley fought for their own, so could she.

The old peer, now no longer under the eyes of the duchess and the rest of his own kind, burbled on, admiring the dimly seen line of her throat and chin, and knowing from past experience that you got good ones sometimes out of the most obscure stable, even with no pedigree to boast of at all.

"I've lived a long time in this wicked world, young lady, and when a young man goes berserk directly he sees a charming woman with another fellow—well, though it was distinctly not the place and time, and though I fear he's done for himself as far as many of us are concerned—I can't help putting two and two together and making four, don't you know."

She did not answer the old gentleman. She cared not at all for him or his kind. They were driving toward Chelsea, toward the studio, where she had insisted that she must change the peacock dress before going home. Michel was to wait in for her. That was tonight's program. What of tomorrow? Her ear continued deaf to old Lord Cheltenham's statement that he had not seen her about very much, and did she go to Ciro's at all? Would she lunch there with him—let's say, tomorrow—and tell him her troubles? 'Cause, said the red-faced peer, goggling at her, girls did get themselves into such foolish scrapes, bless them, and there was nothing he liked better than hearing about 'em and giving a girl some sound advice. Where was she going now? . . . Well, that was Mr. Le Maur's studio, wasn't it? If she'd do as he told her she'd go straight home instead. He'd drive her there. Where was it? What was her address? "Come now!" said old Lord Cheltenham remonstratingly.

Michel was loitering about the quiet square of the studios, smoking his pipe, enjoying the summer air, and she leaned forward, waving to him through the open window of the taxicab as it drew up.

"There already?" said Lord Cheltenham in remonstrance. "And you haven't given me your address, y'know."

She passed him like a flash, and jumped out.

"In a hurry, Michel," she called.

The servant did not see the beckoning hand of Lord Cheltenham or he might have hesitated. He hastened in before Jenny, switching on lights.

"Ciro's tomorrow, at 1:30!" Lord Cheltenham called.

She ran upstairs, up all the flights just as easily as if her feet were on level ground. She felt like flying. There was no solid earth. Into the studio and into her cotton frock, and then, flashing a smile at Michel, who had put his kittens to bed and wanted to go home himself, she was out again. The taxicab had driven off with her escort. She had forgotten it and him. What of tomorrow?

XVII

JACK woke up very early to the dawn of the next day. He had gone straight back to Beverley Place, locked his door, turned out his lights; and then he lay stiff and quiet, seeing in the darkness Jenny in her peacock dress. She had looked proud as ever, but—what was she to Le Maur? His fists still tingled with the recollection of their impact with that distinguished man, who had been as soft to hold and to feel and to hit as had the fellow Heiner.

Tomorrow there would be the big reckoning with Rosamund, and with Lucas and Ellaline. For, of course, it was all over.

The papers would have it in headlines in the morning. There were always half a dozen or more of those society journalists at these affairs. Moreover, even without them, it would be all over London. Every club would have it, even without the newspapers. Well, live dangerously . . . and then, in spite of the rage of frustration and of jealousy that boiled in his veins, in spite of his bitter and breaking heart, he was suddenly peacefully asleep.

Dawn was early and, in that house, very quiet. There were no really early workers astir in such an establishment. He got up. There was a delirious indictment, scribbled on her affected note paper, from his mother, evidently pushed under his door on her return last night. From old Lucas, nothing. From Rosamund, nothing. Words or silence would be equally effective from them, and to the same purpose. It was, naturally, all over.

He got up and, going noiselessly to a bathroom, took a cold plunge. And then, in his room again, he wrote some sort of apology and good-by to Rosamund and to Lucas and left them there, addressed, on the writing table. And he went downstairs and out, noiselessly, from the noiseless house.

He had money in his pocket—a note case full, and a handful of loose change—and a gold and shagreen cigarette case and the excellent clothes he stood up in. He knew himself to be far more fortunate than many others. He walked riverward and passed along the Embankment, seeing the sleeping forms on the many benches, reluctant to awake to the unprofitable day. Once or twice he stopped by a lone sleeper to push a half crown into a lax hand, and, not staying to hear the awakening mutter, walked on.

At six he took a cup of coffee and a slab of bread and butter at a coffee stall; and then, following just his instincts, more because he had as yet made no plans than because any were forming, he boarded a Whitechapel tramcar. As he sat there, incongruous among the workmen going to their jobs, it seemed to him to be not half a bad idea to go to that parson fellow, who would just about be breakfasting in his half-furnished vicarage, and have it all out. He would get the truth from Matthew Hamilton, and no mistake about it.

First he had to find himself work—he, who had never found it for himself yet, would darn well do it now! Then he had to find himself a room in such a neighborhood as would let him husband his cash. Then he might seek Jenny. But the picture of her in her peacock dress, coming up the duchess' staircase, assailed him. She'd be living in more luxury now, as beautiful girls might live, if they so chose.

He had come out from the dreadfully shabby vicarage, where indeed, as he had expected, he had found Matthew Hamilton at his ascetic breakfast. He had, at the parson's cold and forbidding invitation, taken a second breakfast with him. He could not tell Hamilton of his fears and despair for Jenny. And Matthew Hamilton would not tell this out-of-place gentleman his own unease. They fenced with each other in mutual mistrust.

But at last, when he must go, Jack had managed: "Where is Jenny?"

The parson had replied, "At home, I suppose, at this hour in the morning."

"Yes, but where is 'home' now?"

"Have you really forgotten the address?"

"She's still there then?"

"Why not?"

"I—I fancied she had—changed her work."

"She has doubled her work."

"She—she still works for Dealy?"

"Why not? I believe he is quite an honest employer."

"After I cleared out in the way I did——"

For a few moments Matthew Hamilton paused, as if considering his answer. And when it came, the answer was just, badly and barely, the episode of the wedding cake.

"And her white dress hung over the chair all ready," said the parson.

Jack got up and went out of the vicarage, to the alley.

It was 8:30, and such men as had work—among whom, at the moment, was George Leave—were already away; but the listless women stood banging frowzy mats against door lintels and driving children off to school. They stared at him. Linda came with her floppy walk up the alley on her way to the local Charwoman's Employment Bureau, and stared at him.

He heard a woman exclaim, "Here's Bad John Danby come back to give us a treat!"

He went swiftly through the remembered doorway and heard the familiar clanking of Mrs. Leave's pail as she filled it at the tap. She was engaged in washing the hallway, but for the moment was invisible in a back region. The alley was hot from a dry, burning summer; it was tired and had a fetid breath.

He slipped up the stairs, past open doors and closed doors, past sounds of quarreling, sounds of sighing and sounds of housework. Here was Lewis Heiner's door, locked, for he, too, had gone out to his work. And upon the top landing here, just as there always had been since he knew it, he found cleanliness and peace. There were order and hope in this disorderly hopeless world of Greengrove Alley.

On the landing he stood still. Then he turned cautiously the handle of the door of the room which had been his. It was not locked; it opened, and there was the room—the absurd room; and yet not so absurd, was it? It was the place of great endeavor; it was like a fair little town for which a battle had been fought and won. And he felt a dreadful softness upon him as he stood looking in, seeing the so-called furniture that he himself had carpentered from boxes and sugar crates which he himself lugged home from the grocer's round the corner; he saw the skimpy curtains moving very gently in the air from the window which someone had opened. And he saw the geranium, standing on the window ledge, very lively. He went in and shut the door and sat down.

His head in his hands, he thought about it all. He thought of how he came first to this small place, and of his sickness, and of who had nursed him, and who had loved him, and who had urged him to his feet. He thought of Beverley Place, and how easy it all was—how easily and smoothly the privileges came.

He saw Rosamund's flat at the top of the Harcourt Square house, and Rosamund herself living by privilege on the top of the world. But he could not feel or remember Rosamund in his arms. She did not stay in the memory, impossible to exorcise, as Jenny did.

Then a low sound broke the stillness of the top floor—a sound that had to move through two closed doors before it reached him. Yet reach him it did, poignantly. A busy humming. He sat listening to the sewing machine.

It went on and on, unceasing, except for the tiny pauses in which he knew she would be shifting the position of a garment, removing a finished seam. On and on, and again he thought of Rosamund, who would just now be stepping into her marvelous bath—he had been shown her bathroom—famed among her friends. A pale green marble bath, sunk into the floor, above which rose walls mirrored all over. Fresh flowers—her red roses—were always kept in Rosamund's bathroom. It was a houri's paradise of perfume.

"Here's a kettle of hot water for you, my dear." He laughed out aloud, quietly. So much more clearly and endearingly he recalled that voice and that smallish blackened kettle, than he recalled the exotic memories of pale green marble and beveled mirrors.

Then he could hear snatches of Jenny's singing over her work; not soft and low, but clear, triumphant like the march of soldiers—the song of a woman who was glad, and let the world know it—and hearing it, he got up and stood rigid, breathless. "I'll go in!"

So he went across the landing, and after standing for a while before her door, opened it and, going in, stopped the whirring of the sewing machine and Jenny's song. She sat looking at him, her eyes widening and a smile fixed on her mouth.

He walked forward and saw on the table, spread by the pile of garments, a morning newspaper, folded back at a page where a great black headline flared:

AMAZING SCENE
AT THE DUCHESS OF HAMPTEN'S RECEPTION

Of course, he had known it would be there; he hadn't even troubled to buy a paper to see it, or to look at the posters by the news stalls.

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Are you paying toll *for this needless neglect?*

One simple rule in the care of your car that will end the cause of 80% of repairs and actually save you 1c to 1¾c per mile

IT'S the hidden toll you pay for repairs that runs up your cost per mile.

For every dollar you spend for gasoline you spend over a dollar and a half for unnecessary ***repairs and upkeep.*** According to recent statistics the national gasoline bill is $1,200,000,000 per year. The cost of repairs is $2,000,000,000.

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You keep oil in your engine; air in your tires; water in radiator and battery. But you should also remember to Alemite your chassis—every 500 miles—is just as important.

You will save not only in repair bills, but also in lessened depreciation. Hundreds of taxicabs are still in good condition after 300,000 miles and more, due largely to improved lubrication.

If you want to know more about your car, write today for a copy of "Vital Spots to Watch," a free booklet that tells how to Alemite every car to save repairs. It's yours for a postcard.

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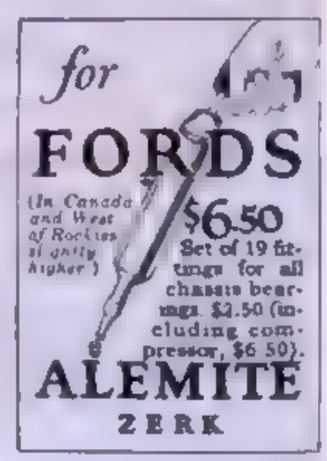

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High Pressure Lubrication

Orange-

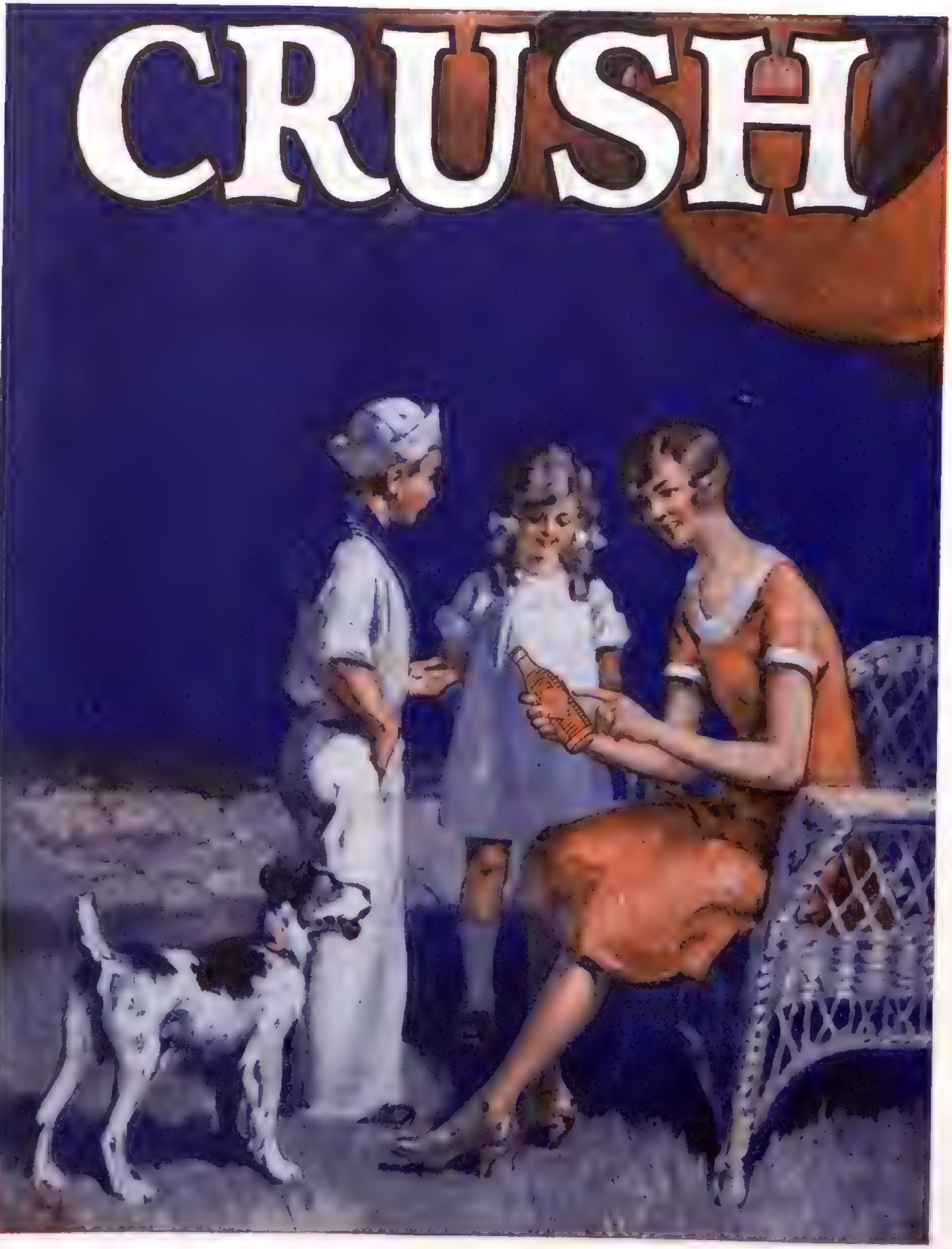
Look for the Krinkly Bottle!

It makes a *big difference* what you let the children drink—at home—at school—at play. Teach them to take only drinks that are pure and helpful.

Orange-Crush is made from real oranges—*contains real orange juice.*

To the juice of luscious oranges is added the delicate flavor of their peel—the zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons and limes—a pure food color such as you use in your cakes and candies—healthful carbonated water—pure cane sugar—*and nothing else.*

Teach the children to ask for Orange-Crush *by name*—and to identify it by the Krinkly Bottle.


CRUSH

Illustrating 6 of the 12 popular VAN HEUSEN *Styles*

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For your convenience, Van Heusen Collars are packed *three in a sanitary, dust-proof container*, as illustrated.

¶ No starch. ¶ No bands or seams. ¶ Will not wilt. ¶ Will not wrinkle. ¶ One piece, multi-ply fabric. ¶ Woven on a curve. ¶ The fold is woven in.

The overwhelming popularity of Van Heusen, the world's largest selling semi-soft collar, enables us to announce the *new low price of 35 cents each, 3 for $1.*

This has been made possible through new and improved machinery, which greatly increases production at lower costs.

The same exclusive patented features and high quality that made Van Heusen at 50 cents the world's smartest, most comfortable and most economical collar, now make Van Heusen, at its *new low price*, indispensable to every man in America.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

The World's Most ECONOMICAL COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 86)

What was Jenny to Le Maur? His pain faded. Here she was stitching, working, earning the means of life, singing of life, just as before. All that mattered was what she would be to him. He knelt down and put his arms round her waist and his head on her shoulder. "I can't live without you."

"I was waiting to see if you'd come. My dear my dear."

Lucas felt very old. He felt too old to be even terribly angry for long. The vitality of his anger was this time just a flash in the pan. Philip's going and now Jack's going had left him like that. And, leaving Ellaline to her orgy of bewailing, with that same address his detectives had got for him four months before in his pocket, he ordered his car and drove to the Whitechapel Road. He came through hopeless-looking by-streets to the entrance of Greengrove Alley. He left the car there and walked slowly into the place. He owned a slice of such property himself, but not here—Bethnal Green way; managed, of course, by his agents. He didn't care to think of it. These women, staring at him from their doorways on this sultry afternoon—poor souls!

He had the number of the house. He knocked with the handle of his stick, and the same sort of woman opened it as stared from the open doorways or behind grimed windows. He was not, of course, familiar with the brave qualities of Mrs. George Leave, and he could not admire her as she let him in. There was a congested smell of children and cooking. It couldn't really be that Jack, even after behaving like a ruffian, could return here?

"Yes, sir?" said Mrs. Leave defensively.

"Would there be anyone named Riverside—or, I mean, Danby—here?"

"John?" said Mrs. Leave. "Why, he deserted his girl months ago and went back to being a gentleman. I ain't 'eard nothin' more of 'im. But you could go up and inquire of Jenny, sir. Top floor."

Climbing all those long narrow flights—heads poking out from doors at the sound of his strange footsteps—Lucas arrived into what seemed cleaner, sweeter air. And up there the first sound he heard was of two people laughing.

He rapped upon the more promising door of the two and Jenny opened it. He saw, indubitably, the siren of the peacock dress: the young woman about whom all that shameful pother arose last night; the young woman who, he must consider, had raised a scandal about Jack Riverside that no politically ambitious young man would ever really live down. She looked poorer than one of his own housemaids; and yet, she looked, too, full of life and love and laughter.

"Could you tell me ——" he began, stern, but breathless after his climb. And then he saw Jack.

Jack in shirt sleeves; a fork in his hand; Jack who was scrambling eggs for tea!

"Uncle Lucas!" said Jack in a hurried aghast tone. So the girl let Lucas in. He looked about him. It wasn't conceivable.

But then Jack, his arm thrown about the girl, said, "I'm going to marry Jenny, Uncle Lucas. The finest girl in the world. And isn't she a beauty?"

Lucas was old. He wanted a son. And he sat down by the table which was laid brightly for tea. The girl produced another cup and saucer, pointing out to Jack, as she did so, some little spoons, of which she seemed proud

"No, Jack," said Lucas. "You can't. No, Jack."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"Jack," said Lucas, "I wanted to say—we can do something. . . . Who is Le Maur, after all? We—of course, it ruins your chance for the constituency—this public fight over a woman—people won't stand that, but ——"

"We don't want anything, sir," said Jack.

"Nothing at all," said Jenny.

Lucas looked from her to Jack. "Can I talk to you privately, my boy?"

"There's my room just across the landing—but Jenny's in on this."

"I'm in on this," affirmed Jenny.

"What earthly prospect ——" Lucas began, raising his voice.

"We're going abroad," said Jenny.

"Abroad!"

"Canada, or New Zealand. We don't quite know which yet, do we, Jack?"

"All we know, sir, is that as soon as we can be married—and you'll meet our parson friend if you stay to tea—we're off!"

"Those big countries," said Jenny on a happy note of hope, "where there's room for all, scope for all, work for all."

"Work!" said Lucas testily. "That's just it! What possible work do you suppose you'll find, boy, without someone to back you?"

"He'll find work like other men do, and he'll do it like other men do!" Jenny cried.

Lucas paused. He looked a long while at this flaming girl from under his gray brows. "Jack, I'm here to help ——"

"We don't need help," said Jenny.

And Jack: "I've nearly fifty pounds in my pocket, sir—your money, of course. I shall repay it in time. As soon as I can."

"R-r-repay it?"

"Of course, we shall repay it," said Jenny. "We aren't children. We're going to work."

"Fifty pounds won't take you far," said Lucas, breathing hard, gleaming at them both more piteously than angrily under his gray brows.

The girl's laughter: "I'm rich. I've sixty pounds saved up. Saved up for this very day!"

Lucas suddenly drew a long breath. This work girl rich with her sixty pounds! Sixty pounds? Sixty pounds? A reminiscent sum—what was it? Ellaline. He could hear her now saying: "I must have a new gown for Hampton House. You will pay for it, won't you, Lucas? I won't go over sixty."

"I suppose," said Lucas in a very arid voice, "that a great deal can be done, really, with sixty pounds! Yes, no doubt. Only, Jack—look here—I'm lonely. If I gave you the land agent's job of the Riverside estate . . . and by and by this'll blow over and you can have a go at Parliament again ——"

"I'd rather find my own level, you see, sir; stand on my own feet."

"Jack's going to buy his own shoes," said the triumphant girl, who, in spite of her triumph, looked poorer than one of his own housemaids.

"There's such a thing," Lucas began in a voice tremulous from tiredness, "as sense, as prudence, putting aside any bigger considerations."

And then he stopped, knowing himself in the presence of bigger considerations. Here in this poor room were more than sense and prudence. He mustn't let his own argument foul itself. Trying again:

"After all, I can do a good bit to make life comfortable for you, Jack."

"I hate beggars!" cried Jenny Croft.

Lucas started and stared. The words—he could remember uttering them himself: "I hate beggars!" So he did. But——

Jack was smiling, laughing, "She hates beggars. She won't marry a beggar, you see, sir."

Lucas hardly knew of the very slow smile that was dawning on his own face. "Well, but—this marriage. You can't really ——"

"Can't!" said Jenny.

"Why, getting married is easy," said Jack.

Lucas muttered this and that, and then he said, "I'm tired, and it's hot, and those abominable stairs—four flights ——"

And then suddenly this girl was taking from him his hat and the stick that dangled so tremulously from his hands. She was saying:

"You came up those stairs too fast. You're worrying and fretting too much—you, with nothing in the world to worry and fret about. Why, if you get too lonely you'll take a trip, and come and see what Jack and I are doing on the other side of the world. Now, won't you?"

Lucas made another try: "I'm an old man and my experience is worth something. You, Jack, you'll never be happy like this. . . . You, my dear young woman, will realize you'd better have left well alone. You'll have bitter disillusions, both of you; you'll have bigger struggles than you dream of. The race in this world is to the swift and to the strong: as you, young woman, in surroundings like this, should know better than I do."

Yet, as he said all this, he felt neither swift nor strong. He muttered again, "I'm old, and I know. Experience teaches. I'm an old man ——"

But after all, was mere age in itself such a triumph? Such a weapon of wisdom and authority? Of what honor was mere age? He felt disconcerted, grieved at the way precedence seemed to slip from him in this stripped and simple place. He tried to think of Ellaline, of Rosamund; above all, of himself, who needed a son, and went on:

"You should know that the swift and the strong are those born with natural advantages, natural power." Yet, was this infallible? "You can't get away from the old order of things, whatever anarchy you talk. You'll meet disillusions, struggle and failure. You'll be ghastly poor; you'll be ghastly tired of it all, boy, once you've burned the boats and set out into waters where you don't belong. I'm an old man ——"

The girl's laughter, "You're a dear sweet old man, but——"

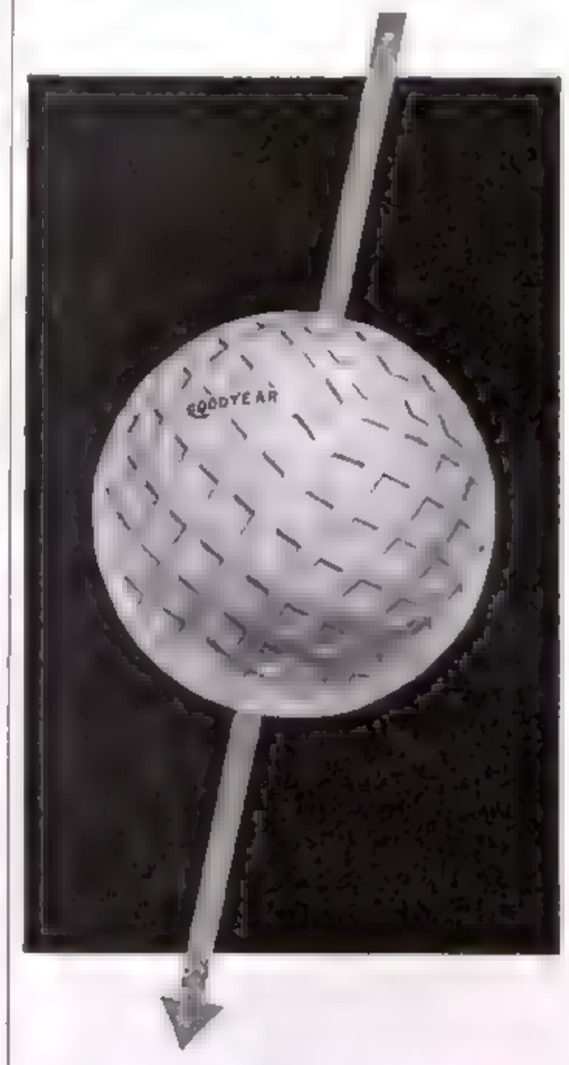
Lucas thought: "If a woman would laugh like that for me, I suppose I'd do what Jack's doing. If I were young again I might be mad too."

Her laughter: "—— you can't stop the sun shining."

(THE END)

PHOTO. BY WALTER E. SANDT

A Goodyear cover



In tiny letters on the cover of this spunky little sphere is a mighty big name—Goodyear—the greatest name in rubber.

And make no mistake about this: it's *knowing how* that makes a golf ball, and it's Goodyear that knows just how to prepare the right compound for every need.

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Hear the surprising effects produced on the human system by carbonated beverages. Every one a wholesome effect, proved by eminent scientists.

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Likewise these delicious drinks that bubble, sparkle and refresh, leave one exhilarated by a tingling after-glow.

For the whole nervous system and organs of circulation are stimulated and invigorated by carbonic gas. It renews vitality, it aids digestion, and it helps the whole human system to function.

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No drinks are more delicious. And none do more to keep you in the pink of condition.

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Reading references for Physicians and Health Authorities:

Statements by Dr Kisch in "A System of Physiologic Therapeutics." Edited by Solis Cohen, M.D., A.M.

Statements by W W Skinner Asst. Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Dept of Agriculture

Works of Sir James Lowther, English Specialist in Dietetics.

Findings of C. L. Jones, B. S., M. S., Ph. D., Industrial Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research

Medical Treatise, "Practical Hydrotherapy," by Curran Pope M. D., Ex Professor of Physio-Therapy, University of Louisville.

THE BATTLES OF PHANTOM CITIES

(Continued from Page 43)

of Kansas gave the entire county, including both Harper and Anthony, a terrific dressing down after its climactic election in 1879. This tribunal said:

"As 2957 fraudulent and illegal votes were cast at the election, and as it is impossible to determine and declare the will of the 800 voters of the county from such excessive returns, it will not even apparently sanction so gross an outrage on the purity of the ballot-box as to compel a canvass of the returns. . . . These returns are manifestly rotten and worthless and the truth is not in them. . . . They are an intentional and immense lie."

Otherwise the returns were all right, for the Supreme Court gave the merest hint to the effect that if it had been shown that certain precincts had actually cast an honest vote, those particular precincts might have their votes counted. Anthony took the hint and after considerable legal procedure managed to find three pure precincts in the county. The three did not include their own, but it happened that the three corruptionless precincts gave Anthony a majority. So that town finally secured the county seat by reason of the honesty of some of its neighbors.

The county was first organized in 1873, under highly suspicious circumstances. A woman lived in a ranch house where the county-seat election was held. A gang of jolly cowboys brought a Cincinnati city directory to the polling place and used buffalo bones to represent the physical evidence of voters. If there was a man named Stephen Jones in Cincinnati, a buffalo bone was called Stephen Jones and a ballot duly issued for him. This was obligingly filled out by one of the cowboys, since the buffalo bone was unable to write or even make an X in the square.

By such means an imaginary town named Bluff City was made county seat. Although there was no such town, the cowboys did not mind a minor detail of that kind, and Bluff City remained the county seat for five years. The courts, in passing upon the legality of the affair, admitted that the county seat was fraudulently established, but it was the *de facto* county seat, with no other town showing a superior claim, so the phantom Bluff City held the honor.

Toward the end of the decade a group of town boomers from Wichita started a town named Harper. There was some dispute and a number of them withdrew and started Anthony, nine miles away. Anthony received the temporary county seat, the Bluff City fiasco being ignored, and the election for the permanent honor was called for November, 1879.

The Vanishing County Seal

Nearly 3000 votes were cast by the 800 sturdy and hard-working electors of Harper County. Harper claimed to have won by a majority of 275. Feelings became strained. The county commissioners, who were friendly to Anthony, refused to canvass the vote and certify the election. Harper brought mandamus action in the Supreme Court, which investigated and found glaring fraud. Both towns maintained courthouses, and kept two complete sets of county records.

While the Supreme Court had the case under advisement, a number of exciting events took place. Anthony held the only official seal, which was embarrassing to the other county seat nine miles away. A cowboy was employed to secure it. While four or five men from Harper engaged the county clerk in sociable conversation, the cowboy managed to secrete the seal under his coat and ride away before the loss was detected. This theft was a blow at Anthony's pride, but it was not vital, for another seal was secured.

In order to prevent any further pranks by the Harper enthusiasts, Anthony decided to procure a safe in which to keep the records. To outwit the Harper outfit, it was ordered that the safe should be delivered at Caldwell, instead of Wellington, the nearest express office.

Harper got wind of the ruse, however, and on the day the Anthony men set out to bring the safe in, seventy-five Harperites went out, heavily armed, to intercept this useful piece of office furniture. When a large part of the journey had been negotiated, the Anthony escort left the teamster who was hauling the safe, believing that all danger was past. It was fortunate that this was done, for if the two forces had met there would have been a pitched battle out on the plains. In pulling through a ravine the wagon was stuck in the soft sand. A man named Barton, of the Harper crowd, had a team of big mules, and he evolved a stratagem. Leaving all the others behind a hill, he drove nonchalantly along the trail and approached the lone teamster.

Ring Around a Rosy

"I'm stuck here, mister," said the Anthony man. "I wish you would give me a lift. Got more than the hosses can pull."

Barton cheerfully proffered his help.

"Tell you what you do," said the Anthony teamster. "Jest hitch your mules in front of my hosses and I guess the four can yank her out all right."

"That won't do," said Barton. "You see, my mules are a little foolish. They get nervous pullin' ahead of hosses. Lemme hitch 'em on alone. They can pull 'er out."

This was agreed to, and Barton whooped at his mules. They dragged the safe out of the ravine in a hurry.

"I guess that's all right, stranger," said the Anthony man. "Much obliged to you for the help."

Barton drove on without comment.

"Hey, that's far enough," shouted the teamster. But Barton kept his mules going at a brisk walk and in another minute the seventy-five Harper men heaved in sight from behind the hill, and took charge. They parleyed with the Anthony man for a while and finally bought the wagon outright. He went home without wagon or safe and put in a bad night explaining to the home guard. The safe was in Harper. Such evanescent episodes did not determine the issue, however, and the courts made it possible for Anthony to retain the seat of government. During the uncertain period it was customary for the county officers to take the records home with them at night in order to prevent the tangible evidences of government from getting away.

One of the men who took part in the Harper County contest was J. T. Botkin, who later became Secretary of State for Kansas, serving from 1915 to 1919.

When only twelve years old he began witnessing a continuous war in Linn County, in Eastern Kansas. That was in the year 1866, and at that time the statutes permitted the county capital to be moved every thirty days, if the people so voted. As a result the county was in a constant state of turmoil, as the throne of power was no sooner established at Linnville than the Paris boosters circulated petitions to have it moved to their town and there would be another election. Then Mound City took a hand, and for a diversion Pleasanton called an election. At one time a petition was circulated to have the county seat located at the geographical center, where there was no town at all.

"My earliest recollection of life in Kansas," says Mr. Botkin, "was seeing a cavalcade of men from Mound City coming to get the records from Linnville, having won the most recent election. During the campaign the Mound City men, who were mainly returned Civil War veterans, secured a cannon, which they mounted on a hill so as to command Linnville.

"From that time on there was a ceaseless conflict among the various towns. I do not remember that there was any actual bloodshed, but the contest lasted a decade or more, and finally the legislature passed a law making it impossible to change the county seat oftener than once in five years. Then I went out to Harper County, thinking I would find tranquillity in this newly settled country. First thing I knew there was a lively fight going on there."

This contest being settled, Mr. Botkin went farther west, to Seward County, arriving there in 1886. Springfield, in the northern part of the county, had been designated temporary county seat, and an election was held August fifth to establish the permanent county seat.

Mr. Botkin was living near Fargo Springs, three miles south of Springfield, and took some part in the contest, as he was then looked up to as somewhat of an authority on such matters. He does not excuse the method adopted by his home town in the election, however, and was not responsible for the tactics used.

The two towns were in the same township, and the voting had to be done at Fargo Springs. On the morning of election day the Springfield yeomanry arose at early dawn break and proceeded en masse to Fargo Springs, having a premonition that in union there would be strength. The Fargoites, by a coincidence, had had the same kind of premonition, and had stationed a posse of armed men in the polling place, prepared to regulate the exercise of franchise by means of suitable artillery. The Springfield voters, finding it impracticable to vote in the designated building, rigged up a polling place of their own in a wagon bed a short distance away, organized an election board and proceeded to receive ballots to the number of about 265.

The Fargo Springs Prairie Owl explained in its issue of August twelfth that all was perfectly regular and respectable. Elucidating that the 200 or more Springfield voters with arms strapped on them had come to town, the Prairie Owl said:

"But the Fargo people thought possibly it would be best not to give Springfield too much rope . . . hence decided to put only Fargo men on the board." The newspaper further said that Springfield leaders proposed to have a divided board, to make the affair even, "but we had the best of reasons for believing that the proposition was only a deception, made for the purpose of securing an advantage in order that they might elect the entire board."

A Flash of Inspiration

But Springfield was not to be easily defeated. It was a town of 1500 people, "built on the level plain with nothing to obstruct the view but the distant horizon," according to the account of one of its newspapers in a panegyrical rhapsody. It was full of fight, and brought legal proceedings which ultimately resulted in a decision for Springfield on the ground that intimidation had been employed in the election.

The literature of law was enriched by a decision of the Supreme Court of Kansas in the case of State v. Commissioners of Seward County, 36 Kansas 236, where it was held in conservative language that a secret canvass of the vote cast at a county-seat election, made by two members of the board of commissioners, without notice to the third or to anyone else, held on the open prairie, at three o'clock in the morning, by the light of the moon, without poll books, ballots or tally sheets, and without any record being made at the time, was "not only irregular but invalid."

Springfield then built a $60,000 water system and a $10,000 schoolhouse. Before the contest it had three newspapers—the Transcript, Courant and Soap Box. The Courant, speaking of the Fargo Springs Prairie Owl, said:

"It done noble work for the town, but when Springfield conquered in the fight it quietly folded its wings and is now hooting for this city with as much earnestness as in days agone."

Before leaving for its new home to make the fourth member of the Springfield newspaper family, the Prairie Owl said:

"The popular idea that a town in Southwestern Kansas must necessarily be a county seat in order to be on an equal basis with other competing towns for supremacy in our newly settled country is an erroneous idea." This flash of inspired truth did not seem to have much effect on the fifty or more other turbulent municipalities of Western Kansas, however.

It continued to taunt the Springfield Soap Box about the town's poor water supply until the last, despite its intention of moving. In moving it announced:

"We wisely concluded to accept the situation, break off from our old habit of bucking against fate, and as far as we are concerned, join issue with the town which has been so abundantly able to defeat all rivals . . . as zealously as for Fargo." And then it added: "The gloom of despondency has settled over the once prosperous little village of Fargo." Stores were being moved from that luckless town to Springfield. At one time Fargo Springs had a population of 700.

An Acceptable Gift

The victor was indeed a bustling municipality in its day, as witness the following announcement in one of its newspapers:

SPRINGFIELD—THE COMING COUNTY SEAT OF SEWARD COUNTY—ITS WONDROUSLY RAPID GROWTH—GETTING AWAY WITH FOSSIL COMPETITORS HAND OVER HAND—THIRTY BUILDINGS PUT UP DURING THE WEEK ENDING MAY 22, AND AS MANY MORE CONTRACTED FOR—A GRAND SPECIMEN OF WESTERN ENTERPRISE—THREE MONTHS AGO IT WAS RAW PRAIRIE.

A card of thanks in the Transcript during the most exciting days read as follows:

"To my many friends I wish to return thanks for the magnificent revolver presented to me as a holiday present, and wish each one a prosperous New Year."

That some disturbing factor was at work even after the victory is noticed from this paragraph:

"Of all the cursed dark days of the history of the United States, the history of our early days is the darkest. . . . Since the organization of this county we have been imposed upon by a set of merciless robbers who have done all in their power to advance their own interests."

Springfield, with its four newspapers and abundant hopes, was still resentful and suspicious toward Fargo Springs, and when an election was called for the purpose of voting bonds for the D. M. & A., one of the numerous paper railroads of that period, J. T. Botkin became the center of a drama which, but for his cool-headedness, probably would have resulted in the bloodiest of all the county-seat fights.

The railroad was to pass through Fargo Springs, and the Springfield people thought it was one more scheme to wrest their precious prestige from them. The polling place for the township still being at Fargo Springs, there were present the specifications for a first-class riot. Botkin had been made township trustee because of his experience in county-organization work, and had to act as ex-officio chairman of the election board. The election was held February 1, 1887, and on the night before, every able-bodied and straight-shooting voter in the township slept on the town site, so as to be ready at break of day. Knowing this explosive situation, Botkin did not sleep thirty minutes during the night.

In the morning the board met in the back room of a bank. The minute the door was opened the small room was crowded to capacity. Just then Sheriff John Hixon of

Springfield and a band of deputies, all heavily armed, strode and elbowed their way into the room with a warrant for Botkin's arrest on the trumped-up charge that his appointment was irregular. The obvious purpose was to wrest the control of the election machinery from the Fargo Springs element.

Hixon pushed his revolver against Botkin's body and demanded that he come with him and go to jail.

"Don't do that way with your gun," protested Botkin. "It might go off." He pushed the revolver aside and argued with Hixon.

The sheriff insisted. "You know I don't want to shoot you, Tom," he said. "But I'll have to if you don't come along."

"But according to the statutes you can't arrest an election official for a misdemeanor on the day he is on duty," countered Botkin, suddenly remembering a provision of the law that he had happened to encounter in some previous experience.

The atmosphere was tense. Men stared at one another with drawn faces. The crowd was about evenly divided as to factions, and the slightest false motion would have resulted in an immediate fusillade and multiple tragedy. Botkin in those days had the physique of a heavyweight wrestler, and pulled himself together with an effort of will power, realizing from experience that upon his calmness rested the lives of many. The sheriff was a brave man, who afterward figured in the capture of the Dulin gang in Oklahoma, but this crowded tenseness was getting on his nerves. His hand trembled when he presented the warrant.

"Here. Let me read it," said Botkin genially. He felt that the man who could best control himself would win the day, and he took the warrant, held it steadily and read it in a calm voice. This display of nerve was too much for Sheriff Hixon, and he could only stand and fulminate.

In the meantime an attorney named Johnson, a friend of Botkin, went into an adjoining room with a few other Fargo Springs men, unnoticed in the confusion, and organized the election board. Botkin continued to argue with Hixon, promising to submit to arrest the next day.

The initiative was taken from the Springfield crowd, and the election was held. Next day Botkin submitted to arrest on the charge, was fined five dollars and promptly released. The D. M. & A. railroad was not built. But the Rock Island coolly laid tracks across the southeast corner of the county and laid out two towns, Liberal and Arkalon. In December, 1892, the county seat was moved from Springfield to Liberal. There was no resistance, for the two once-prosperous towns had practically disappeared, along with the farmers' boom that struck the county in the 80's and vanished in the 90's.

A Guessing Game

Now there is nothing left of the two once proud communities but crumbling cellars, a few rusty relics of a water system and occasional small heaps of rubbish. The buffalo grass of the persistent prairie has crept back to heal the scars and cover up the moldering skeletons of ambitions.

The transcontinental traveler who follows the uptilting Arkansas Valley out of Kansas into Colorado, whether he journeys on a Santa Fe observation car or by automobile, may notice, just before reaching the Colorado signpost, a few gaunt buildings at the side of the trail One relic of ancient grandeur is a large three-story stone building which was once used as a schoolhouse.

This is Coolidge, on the western edge of Kansas. Just across the line, in 1884, was Trail City, Colorado; now extinct. Trail City aspired to be the successor of Dodge City as a cow town, and harbored the toughs that moved westward when Dodge City became inundated by the farmer wave. There was yet a north and south overland drift of cattle, though the cross-country driving had been nearly ended by the railroads.

Coolidge and Trail City had high ambitions and formed a company to build a street-railway system to connect the twin municipalities. Coolidge had three newspapers, one of them being called the Border Ruffian. At one time Coolidge, Syracuse and Kendall, all of them on the Santa Fe Railroad and Arkansas River, all claimed to be the county seat of Hamilton County, and each of the three towns kept a separate set of books and staff of officers. "One who wished to pay taxes or begin a law suit had to guess, at his peril, which was the *de jure* or the *de facto* government," said the late Judge Henry F. Mason of the Kansas Supreme Court of the Hamilton County complication.

Syracuse was the central town, however, and for that reason finally wore down the opposition on either side. Now Kendall and Coolidge are only trading points. In 1884, however, Coolidge was one of the toughest and liveliest towns in the United States, and saw several fatal gun fights. W. T. Dando, who edited the Border Ruffian, lives to tell of seeing cowboys shot down before his eyes, and of hunting some of the last buffaloes in the country south of there.

The Mortgage on the Homestead

Cornering with Hamilton County on the southeast is Grant County, and it was appropriate that towns named Appomattox and Ulysses should be the rivals for chief honors. The Ulysses boomers started their campaign by offering ten dollars a vote, but as this policy promised to bankrupt the promoters, they contrived to make a written contract with the Appomattox warriors to abstain from bribery or the voting of nonresidents or any of the other prevalent practices. Moreover, it was agreed that the victorious town would make good the financial outlay of the loser. The agreement was kept secret, for fear that the meaning of it might be misconstrued by zealous partisans. However, the news of the agreement leaked out just before the polls closed on election day, and the enraged bourgeoisie of Appomattox rounded up their leaders and prepared for a high-class lynching bee.

The fact that Ulysses had secured the larger number of votes and the further fact that there was much liquor in Appomattox served to emphasize the situation, which required only a small detonator to produce a serious explosion. The matter was compromised only when the prisoners promised to pay their captors the money that they were to receive for their bargain. Prior to the election both towns were fortified, and riflemen were stationed in trenches. Miraculously there were no casualties.

After Ulysses had held the county seat for about twenty-five years, during which nearly everybody had gone away and left little but debts, the few remaining citizens decided to move the town out from under the mortgage held by Eastern bond houses. Since there was no railroad in the county then, it made little difference where the county seat was located. Everything movable was taken three miles west. The mortgage alone was immovable.

The unmortgaged town was called New Ulysses for a time, and then the name was changed back to Ulysses. Now it has a railroad, being a flourishing village in a newly reopened wheat district The present inhabitants say they had nothing to do with the mortgaging of the old town and see no reason why they should have stayed at the old site and paid off the mortgage when the new site three miles west was better anyhow.

Near Grant County is Morton County, the southwesternmost one of the state. Last summer a new chapter in the history of county-seat contests was written when an attempt was made to move its seat of government from a townless and railroadless courthouse at Richfield, near the center of the county, to Elkhart, a town of nearly 1000 population on a railroad near the southern boundary. Elkhart has paved streets and is a modern country town, having been built within recent years. But the rickety old courthouse still stands, to hold the name of Richfield as county seat, for in the election Elkhart failed to receive 60 per cent of the total vote, which is necessary under the present law. It received a majority, but that was not enough. A third town, Rolla, which is also on the railroad, voted solidly against Elkhart, although it is closer to Elkhart than to Richfield.

In contrast to the technic of the old days, there was no violence, and the rest of the state scarcely noticed that there was a contest.

Forty years ago Richfield won the county seat from Frisco, a town a short distance south of it, now extinct. Richfield, Woodsdale and Springfield were northerly towns in the counties of Morton, Stevens and Seward, lying side by side. Frisco, Hugoton and Fargo Springs were southerly towns, and were allied against the northerly ones because of intrigue involving a railroad which was to have been built either to one series of towns or the other.

The Stevens County contest culminated in a bloody battle in which four Woodsdale men were killed in No Man's Land. Later Col. Sam Wood, editor of the Woodsdale Democrat and mayor and promoter of the town named after him, was killed at Hugoton as an aftermath of the feud. C. W. Eaton, Bob Hubbard, W. H. Wilcox and Sheriff John Cross were killed. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, present Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, was born at Woodsdale, which is now extinct. Eaton was her uncle.

The Seward County fight has been mentioned in this article. The Morton County situation, perhaps, stands as a proof of the proposition that the possession of the county seat matters very little after all. Elkhart, without that prerogative, is a flourishing village, while Richfield, which consists of little besides a courthouse, is only the pathetic ghost of a town. No more picturesque argument as to the futility of county-seat fights could be found than this unembellished fact.

It would seem almost as though some ironical supervisory spirit had arranged things so that the final county-seat contest of Southwestern Kansas should demonstrate the utter uselessness of all the bloodshed and bitter feelings in the preceding ones.

History Repeats Itself

One of the towns contending for capitalship of its county is now far from being a phantom city. It is Wichita, with a population of approximately 100,000. When the Santa Fe main line was first built through Newton, north of there, Wichita was only a cow town, existing chiefly by virtue of the fact that the Chisholm Trail, made famous by Emerson Hough in his story, North of 36, passed through there.

About five miles northwest of Wichita, on the Big Arkansas River, was a town called Park City, and the two towns contended for the county seat of the newly organized county of Sedgwick. J. R. Mead, one of the Wichita pioneers, headed a company which built a railroad called the Wichita & Southwestern, from Newton to their town.

Such an undertaking was a mighty straining of slender resources in a small village, but it was the cause of Wichita getting the honor instead of its rival. Now Park City is a farm place, while at Wichita the factory whistles boom and skyscrapers lift their heads above the trees and spires. It was the first railroad, not the courthouse, which made the difference.

Rush, Rice, Haskell and other counties in Central and Western Kansas have had their contests. There were county-seat fights in Nebraska in the 80's, and their history resembles that of Kansas contests. Oklahoma avoided the difficulty, profiting by the experience of Kansas. When it was organized, the county seats were designated by act of Congress and had to remain in statu quo for a stated period, during which there was time for calm reflection. Thus the intrigues of town boomers were circumvented, and the principal cause of such conflicts was avoided.

Biologists say that the evolution of animal life is recapitulated in the history of the fetus, and the town-war phenomena of the 80's appear to be, in some respects, a recapitulation of the processes of civilization, all the way from savagery to present-day culture. The man hunt in No Man's Land, was reversion to jungle fighting. Clans and feudal factions were formed, and state and Federal laws were for a time ignored. Towns virtually became the units of government and clashed against one another, as did the ancient cities of Greece when the four principal factions were the Æolians, Dorians, Achæans and Ionians, and the inter-city warfare continued until the Amphictyonic Council brought a semblance of a unified state.

The formation of this council and the Hanseatic League of the thirteenth century and similar confederations, like that of the Swabians in 1376, which was organized to repel the outrages of feudal lords and knights, were the symptoms of the recognition of larger units of government. And it took several years of supervisory government, including the use of state militia and the power of the Supreme Court, to teach the brash and refractory young towns of Kansas that they could not make their own wars. Finally they learned to respect the state government and refrain from taking the law into their own hands.

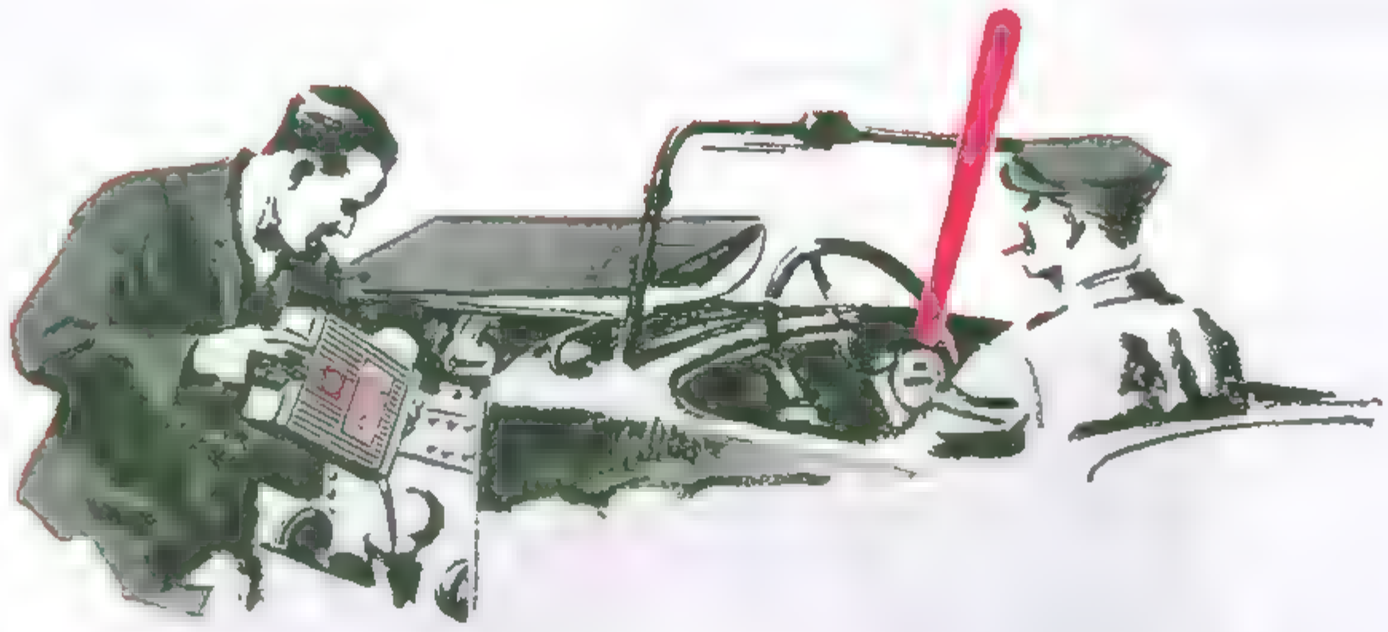
The Power of the Press

The battles between phantom cities of Kansas were battles between towns that all hoped to become important cities. Only two or three of the many contestants were able to attain stature that could by any elasticity of terminology be called metropolitan. In this respect, in fact, nearly all of them failed and are only ghosts of what they hoped to be. The mortality of municipalities was frightful in the dreary 90's, and in this drab decade the country newspapers, which had been sprightly and highly interesting examples of journalism, also died in swarms. The shelves at the Kansas Historical Society rooms are crowded with yellow files of papers that long ago ceased publication. Such names as Razoop, Prairie Owl, Border Ruffian, Optic, Sod House and Soap Box were as common as the Herald, Times, News or Record.

One of the most picturesque of the early day editors was David D. Leahy, sometimes known as Dynamite Dave, who edited the Kiowa Herald. At one time he stigmatized a loathed contemporary as a "Brachylurous, besulcanous, amphibious boralapsus," and thereafter was revered as the dean of the Kansas fraternity. As this is written he is living in retirement in Wichita, the most loved of all Kansas newspapermen, and dean not only of those who set type on the small weeklies but of those who edit the largest dailies of the state, for he has been through all the chairs, covering society, stockyards, murders and national conventions, sitting in the managing editor's slot and writing editorials and paragraphs.

The flow, ebb and flow of the tide of migration taught the people of the prairie states a number of lessons. They found that they could not farm as they did in Indiana or Ohio. The settlers had to work out a new technic. The mesa lands had a strange fascination, but they punished those who did not understand them. The lure of the prairies got into the blood, however, and out of the hardships arose a sturdy race which cast aside the devious plottings of the earlier exploiters, and this race has made a new commonwealth. After nearly forty years of marking time which followed the collapse of the boom, there is a second wave, more cautious and gradual in its advance up the long slope that lifts toward the Rockies. And in the latter-day development there is little trace of the brash and headlong exploitation and turbulence of the

(Continued on Page 99)



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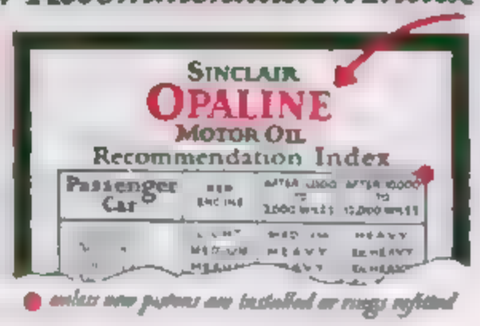


● *unless new pistons are installed or rings refitted*

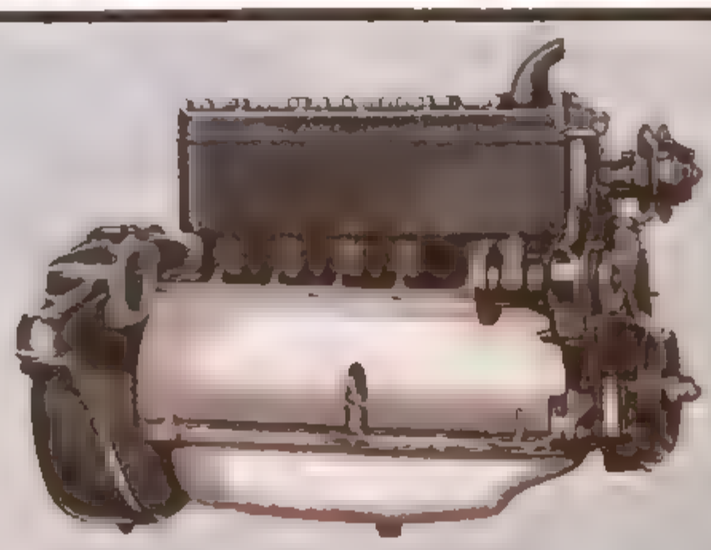
Courtesy of Rudolf Lesch, New York

Rembrandt's Man with the Golden Helmet
(Rembrandt Van Rijn born July 15th, 1607, Leyden, Holland, died October 8th, 1669).

For years this particular painting has been a subject of discussion, accredited first to Rembrandt and then to one of his pupils.

Rembrandt conducted his school in such a way that his pupils' technique, treatment and style were identical with his own. It was his custom to give the same subject to each of his pupils successively. By this form of instruction and a pronounced, recognizable style Rembrandt established a definite quality of workmanship known to art lovers throughout the world.

A reprint of this advertisement, suitable for framing, may be obtained by addressing Continental Motors Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.



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Continental limits of precision are actually closer than those employed in the making of a watch. The materials are the finest known to the engineering world.

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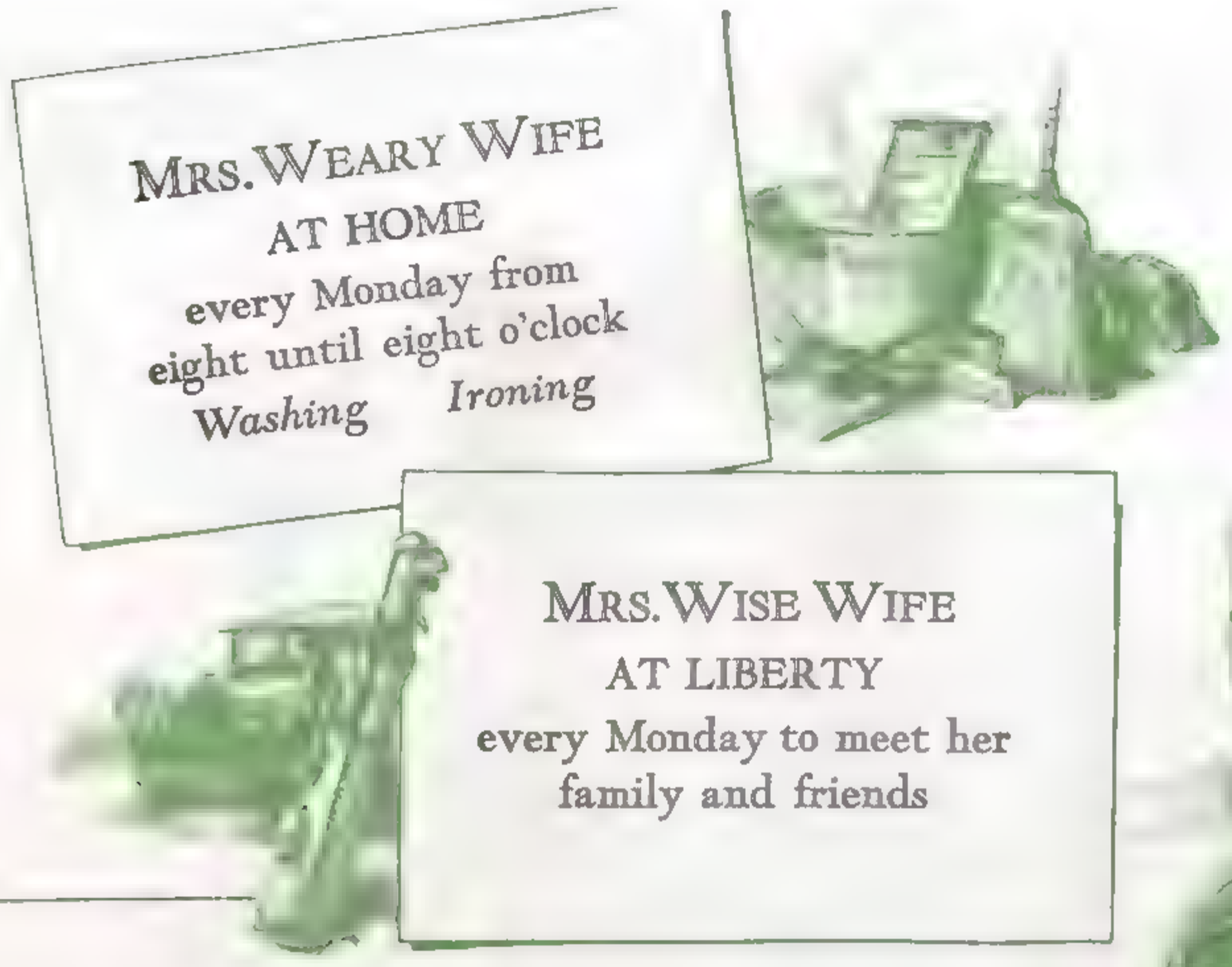


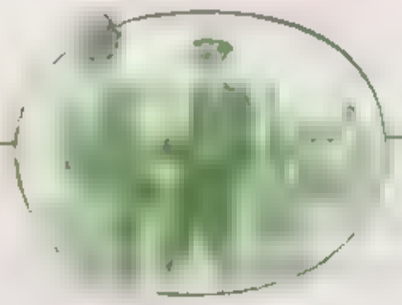
IN this age of feminine freedom when the whole wide world offers recreation and amusement—when there is so much to learn, so much to do, so much to see and hear—why do some women still waste golden hours in the drab drudgery of needless housework?

WHY won't they do as most modern women have done? Break through the wall of housework habits that bar them from so much that is worth while—abolish that ludicrous left-over from the drab 90's—"Washday"?

Just around the corner from everywhere—at the other end of every telephone wire—the modern laundry is waiting with nearly two months of spare time in every twelve!

Why not call for your weekly supply of freedom?

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by



The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers Services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

(Continued from Page 94)

80's. The more cautious spirit of the farmers is reflected in the different attitude of the town builders.

J. T. Botkin, Kansas Secretary of State from 1915 to 1919, who has been mentioned in connection with the Seward County contest, reviews the spirit of the early-day boosterism in language which fittingly sums up the account of the battles of phantom cities. He says:

"From the time I went to Linn County in 1866 until I left Seward County in 1892, I was never free from the turmoil of a county-seat fight.

"It is hard to understand the psychology of a people engaged in a county-seat war. I have seen an entire community wrought up to a high pitch of excitement over some other important matter; I remember as a boy, during the memorable presidential campaign of 1864 of seeing some great political rallies where men actually fought with their fists and sometimes with more deadly weapons; I saw great parades during the Farmers' Alliance craze, and the Populist uprising, and heard Jerry Simpson, Senator Peffer and Mrs. Lease talk to people not by the thousands but by the acre; I have witnessed shotgun parades and torchlight processions when men shouted themselves hoarse in a frenzy of partisanship—but never have I witnessed any sort of a contest among the children of men that in the slightest degree could compare with an old-fashioned Kansas county-seat fight for real deep-seated excitement, bitterness of feeling and lasting hatred.

"Why this should have been so I cannot understand. There was no principle of right or wrong at stake; no disagreement over politics or religion, nor question of sentiment involved. It was just a matter of the increase or decrease in the price of a few town lots.

"What seems so strange, looking at it from a distance of more than thirty years, is the fact that men living equally distant from the two towns and having no lots in either, got just as mad and excited as the people in the towns who had their all invested in town lots. I have seen men ready to fight and have known them actually to risk their lives for a few measly town lots that belonged to someone else and in which they had no pecuniary or other interest.

"After many years of observation and a good deal of experience in county-seat fights, I am determined that under no conditions or circumstances will I ever engage in another one. I am through and have sworn off. If a man should approach me now, offering me the most flattering inducements to mix in another such contest, even with the most positive assurance of success, I would take that man kindly by the hand, gently but firmly lead him to some quiet and secluded spot and kill him."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Peterson.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

On Being a Teacher

WHEN I started teaching English at the university I was told by pitying friends that I would have to wait for dead men's shoes, that no teacher got on except as his turn came. They were right only to a very limited degree, for I soon discovered that initiative and a little headwork would help me onward and upward faster than the armylike seniority rules theoretically permitted. This gained confirmation in the fact that, although there was no spy system employed, good teaching soon reached the ears of the professors higher up. Strange to say, poor work took longer to come to their notice. But if I gave a particularly live talk to a class in freshman composition the department head was sure to pat me on the back next time we met on the campus. Some freshman had told him that Mr. Smith gave a fine lecture last hour.

At the start I couldn't seem to make my stuff—good stuff, I knew—catch fire in the skeptical minds of my audience. I was self-conscious and scared, and they knew it. The fear of having to hide my inability to get over beneath the cloak of stiff pomposity and sharp satire so many teachers assume forced me to find a remedy, and that quickly. I discovered that it lay in rehearsing every lecture before I faced the class with it. Anyone would do for an audience: A former classmate, a fellow student in graduate school, or even a group of my jovial, cynical young colleagues. They never knew, of course, that they were witnessing my skit's first appearance on any stage, that it was a lecture shortly to be foisted upon unsuspecting, helpless freshmen. But their reactions to my pet stuff gave me new ideas and helped settle the progressive points of my talk more firmly in mind, helped me phrase my thoughts into decent sentences, showed me the effect of my witticisms upon hard-boiled listeners. They soon made me calloused to the bored face that is the nightmare of so many sensitive teachers. Some of my colleagues memorized their lectures, but bitter experience led me to seek a better system, one not so wooden and liable to dullness.

Learning While You Teach

It finally worked out this way: I read everything I could lay my hands on about the subject under consideration. Then I set down—in my mind—the main topics this reading naturally suggested. And these items constituted the basis of my lecture; they were all I carried into the classroom with me. Since I had to deliver each lecture three times, my system saved them from sameness and me from going stale. Topic Number One would suggest a slightly different train of thought on Tuesday from what it had on Monday. This method also made for the apparent spontaneity that, back in naughty-naught, I had prized so highly in my best teachers. Moreover, it enabled me to do without notes, and I have not used a notebook since the first few weeks of a fairly long career. The appearance of the little black book in my hand assured my charges that they were in for an hour of talk cut and dried, and boring. They were right too. But if I simply got up and talked with that enthusiastic air of spontaneity, they brightened up, sat up and took notice. Little did they realize that in the depth of my duplicity I had rehearsed all this carefully beforehand.

An instructor may be popular with his classes and he may be teaching them a lot—which does not always follow—but still not rise in rank as he should, through lack of graduate study. Question their validity as you will, degrees are essential to advancement in American universities. So I plugged away at my master's degree at once, although the weekly six hours of lecture attendance and twelve hours of study it entailed rushed me for time. Add to this my regular work of lecturing fourteen hours a week to more than two hundred men, besides correcting their awful papers, and it isn't all the life of Riley. I worked five nights a week to keep up, but it paid in the end. I had my Master of Arts degree in two years, and my Ph.D. in three more. When, with the enlarging university, an opening came for an assistant professorship at an increased salary, I was given the job in preference to some of my immediate seniors in length of service.

The assistant professorship afforded leisure to pursue the extra-curriculum activities which added so to my position in the following years. I had already acted, upon request, as faculty adviser to about twenty students. Mapping out courses in accordance with their aptitudes—which few of them knew for themselves—and setting them back on the right track when they went wrong made them my friends and unconscious boosters in college.

Many of them still walk over to the office on alumni day. Whenever Bill Wentz drops in we laugh together over the time I saved him from expulsion by keeping him in my office until he sobered up. I shouldn't have had the chance to play his guardian angel that day had he not acquired the sociable habit of talking things over with me when all was not right with his world. This was a small act, but is an admirable instance of how a teacher can become more than just a purveyor of lectures. In the collegiate world, at least, the man of many interests is most valuable to his employers.

By this time I had leisure to help prepare the debating teams for their verbal duels and to coach the yearly plays of the dramatic club—work which I enjoyed and strove at with no thought of its ulterior value to me, but which proved as much an aid as my painstaking lectures, in landing the department headship I am trying to hold down now. A great teacher told me he learned more from his students than they got from him. And the best way to get at my students in such a large university, I found, was to enter into some of their manifold extra-curriculum activities. Until I married I even acted as dormitory adviser—an irksome job for a tactless man, but one remunerative in prestige if you can put it over without offending your charges.

Many teachers suffer from the handicap of looking upon their jobs simply as stepping-stones to work financially more remunerative. Their work and standing in the college are lowered because one eye is always on the way out and up. Another reason many fail to become more than mere automatons—and to be paid as such—is their failure to realize, or their refusal to believe, that they must virtually sell their subjects to their students. Because their prospects cannot walk out on them, these salesmen display their wares in the easiest and most perfunctory way imaginable. Their position is analogous to that of the old-time traveling man with a complete monopoly over his route, who was really just an order taker. Today, when competitionless routes are history, he has perforce become a salesman. Similarly has the recent boom in higher education spelled the death, or at least stagnation, of the order-taking teacher. The enormous growth of collegiate enrollments has forced college faculties to make more and more subjects elective. Hence your modern college man can and does call attention to the dull teacher by ignoring his courses. His prospects can walk out on him now. The strange fact is that if their expounder is dull the easy courses are shunned as often as the more difficult; proving, I suppose, that an easy sale can be muffed by indifferent salesmanship.

Making Annuals of Perennials

The question of how to make an ordinarily musty subject live and fresh is not an easy one. The possibly trite but none the less true answer is that the teacher himself must be interested in it; must get "all steamed up about it," as the boys say. I found that the only way to be perennially enthusiastic over my courses was to attack them anew every semester, to approach them as if I had never presented their subject matter before. One of my colleagues, for instance, each summer reads every novel included in his course, although he has been talking about these books for twenty years. His classroom is always crowded. So is that of one Latin professor I know, who always digs up new and interesting outside stuff on the characters his students are reading about in Vergil or Ovid. These are not just adventitious aids to popularity, nor should they be sneered at—"Oh, he dramatizes his personality"—for they give the lecturer a fresh outlook to be transmitted intact to his listeners, and his listeners a depth and background to the subject which enable them to retain it long after some dry-as-dust stuff has blown away. For example, one of our great scholars—the university's boast—is content to use notes he prepared a quarter century ago. In spite of his fame, he talks to a half-empty room.

Teachers bored with their work usually bore their pupils to extinction, or to sleep; a vicious round only too easy to fall into, and one from which the only release is quitting the business entirely. Perhaps it is from this type that the legend of the crusty, rusty professor sprang; at any rate he is fast giving way to men who love the work. I acquired a pleasant, comparatively remunerative occupation, and a fairly enviable—if not very wide—reputation by having enough interest in my work to make it interesting to my classes and valuable to my college. Not content to wait for a dead man's shoes, I cobbled a roomy pair for myself.

Charrapin Park, Covington, Louisiana

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LADY LITTLEMYNCE

(Continued from Page 50)

about that? I have here a definite offer of nine thousand five hundred from the senior partner of the firm of Raphael, Stern & MacGregor, the famous Bond Street jewelers. Mr. Raphael likes the place and he thinks the land and woodlands might be made into a charming little shooting. He likes to walk quietly about with his dog and gun, as much for the sake of exercise as for the sport. Personally, I think he is right. Many rich men like to do that, and it's better for them than entertaining huge parties on huge shoots that produce about enough to pay the army of beaters employed."

Lady Littlemynce was scowling thoughtfully. "Raphael, Stern & MacGregor?" she said acridly. "Oh, I've no doubt he would pay anything absurd. They always overcharge hideously for their jewelry, I am told. But I don't propose that my old friend should be bitterly disappointed to gratify the merest whim of a rich diamond dealer. Most of the old English county families are poor, but not necessarily poor enough for that, Jay. I believe I will pay you your infamous price—this bitter extortion—what was it?—ten thousand pounds—for a place mortgaged to the hilt at six thousand pounds."

"Pardon me, Lady Littlemynce, if I remind you that you did not permit me to finish naming my price for this property to you. I require ten thousand pounds, plus your sanction in a legally prepared document of the marriage of your niece, Miss Beryl Lanyon, to Mr. Leslie Falconer."

She stared. "You understand that means also that Beryl will get full control of an income of five thousand pounds a year—a featherhead like that," she observed.

George nodded. "She has been well trained to do on less—on considerably less," he reminded the prudent one dryly. "And in any case the capital is tied up for her children, if any, and moreover she has me for her agent. She can't come to much harm, Lady Littlemynce."

The old lady glared at him. "You are a cleverer person than I thought when you called on me at Littlemyncing Manor," she said, with rather insincere-sounding mildness. But at the back of her eyes there gleamed faintly a secret joy, an obscure, an inexplicable triumph. "Prepare your contract, Jay, my good man," she said loftily, "and also your document concerning the permission to marry. It happens that I entirely approve of Mr. Falconer."

"That makes my task a pleasure," said George urbanely. He could stand the strain of being urbane to her, for he had been well feed for it.

The documents took no more than a few seconds to prepare, for the old anteater had them all ready save for a little filling in. He passed her the contract to buy for her perusal while he completed the marriage-approval document. Lady Littlemynce read every letter of it twice, then pointed out an addition which she required.

"If I am to purchase at all, Jay, I shall require it to be more explicitly stated that you are selling everything on the place—furniture, pictures, tapestry, fixtures, non-fixtures, paneling, old wrought-iron work, everything of value in the house. That must be clearly understood. I have always envied the paneling in that house and it is my intention to have it all, whether it is fixed or whether it is loose. You are charging me an exorbitant price for the place and I naturally desire to retrieve as nearly full value as it is possible to obtain."

Patiently George wrote an extra clause and read it. "That, I think, covers the point completely, Lady Littlemynce," he said. "I have sold you Clamperdown Court with everything in it, on it and about it, from the top leaf on the tallest tree to Australia."

"I don't understand—what do you mean by 'to Australia'?" snapped the lady.

"If one dug straight down into the earth immediately under Clamperdown Court—or any other part of England, so it is said—one would eventually fall out of the bottom of the well into Australia, it being the other side of the globe," explained Mr. Jay. "You will own—when you have paid for it—everything, loose or fixed, appertaining to Clamperdown Court, whether it is above the earth, under the earth or below the waters under the earth, and past them."

"That," said Lady Littlemynce, "is quite satisfactory."

"Yes," said Mr. Jay, more irritated than he had been for many days, "I am very glad of that. If you find a diamond mine about thirty-seven miles under the Clamperdown cellars this clause acknowledges that it is your diamond mine and nobody else's."

"I imagine you are trying to be insolent, Jay," said the lady coolly. "It cannot be good for your—er—business. I will sign the contract."

She did so, handed him a check for her deposit money and left without cordiality.

"One of the kind that has made England what she is," said George acidly. Then he put his documents in a safe place and went to a luncheon which soon convinced him that he really had no need to go out of his way to acquire acidity.

v

IT WAS entirely due to the very plainly expressed desire of Lady Littlemynce that the settlement took place at Clamperdown Court. From the moment when she signed the contract she was openly consumed by a species of fury to complete the purchase. Her solicitors and George H. Jay were urged on as they had rarely been urged before. Beryl's men o' law—a good firm specially recommended by George H.—were also enlivened in their ways, much to the lovely heiress' satisfaction.

So many interests, each most carefully guarded, were involved that it was quite a goodly company that attended the completion of the purchase in the damp-smelling, uninhabited-seeming drawing-room of Clamperdown Court. A solemn-looking document containing Trustee and Guardian Lady Littlemynce's permission for Beryl to marry and, as a result, to handle her own income was passed from one solicitor to another and approved. Beryl and the horny-handed Leslie would have left the apartment forthwith, but Aunt Prudence stayed them.

An extremely certified check was given by Lady Littlemynce's solicitors to George's in return for an extraordinarily water-tight conveyance, which was duly and solemnly signed, and Clamperdown Court and all within it belonged irrevocably to Prudence, Lady Littlemynce. She faced the crowd, clutching her parchment conveyance. A thin and unaccustomed flush had tinged her lean and unkind face. In a quiet but queerly tense voice she addressed the men o' law:

"There is no doubt, gentlemen, that I now own everything in this place, including the place itself?" she demanded.

"None." They were unanimous, including gentle Mr. Jay and Leslie Falconer.

"Thank you. Will you please come with me, Jay, and you, Beryl, and you, too, Leslie?"

"With pleasure, Lady Littlemynce," boomed George H., and politely held the door open.

She passed down a corridor to a side door, opened the door and beckoned to a large and beefsome person, wearing a pickax over his shoulder, who stood outside. This one fell in behind the little procession.

"This way," said Lady Littlemynce, and led them tortuously about and below the big house until they came to a corridor in brick and whitewash somewhere underground. It was quite obvious that she knew every nook and cranny of the big, dilapidated old barn. No doubt she had learned it years and years ago—more than half a century—in company with the good-looking young Humphrey Clamperdown.

At a certain spot she stopped. "Strike here," she commanded her hireling with the pick.

He smashed his point into the wall and a shower of plaster fragments fell. In a few blows he disclosed a dusty little door, and halted.

"Beat it open," said Lady Littlemynce.

Two beefy smites at the lock opened the door of the secret cell—built in these centuries ago for any one of a hundred desperate reasons.

Lady Littlemynce turned to the celebrated agent of Finch Court with a peculiar little movement that was almost a parody of a curtsy. "You charged me what you considered a vindictive price for this place, Mr. Jay," she said. "But I shall show you now that you were not quite so clever as you considered yourself to be. Sir Humphrey Clamperdown collected jewels all his life long, Mr. Jay—and hid them well. Come and see them—the things you have so expensively sold to me." Her eyes and her voice were full of bitter triumph.

They followed her as she stepped into the tiny brick-walled cell. In the center of that narrow and secret place stood a very old, small and plain oak table. A big box of black iron stood on the table, its lid open. Lady Littlemynce looked with fierce eagerness into this box, the others craning over to see.

But there was in the iron casket nothing more than three withered flowers, a mildewed lace handkerchief and a letter, on which the ink had faded to a pale and rusty yellow. The treasure of Sir Humphrey Clamperdown!

They heard the Lady Prudence Littlemynce draw in a long, long breath—so long that they thought it would never stop. Slowly she lifted out each faded bloom—they fell into dusty fragments as she lifted them.

"I gave him those when I was a girl—a girl," she said, like a woman spellbound, lifted the letter, glanced at it and shivered. She recognized it instantly. "I wrote him that nearly fifty years ago," she said tenuously, and reread it carefully and slowly.

For a time she did not speak. Then suddenly she turned, facing them all, clutching the letter.

"All my life I have pursued shadows and in the end I have captured—a shadow," she said oddly.

But it was the girl of fifty years ago who spoke, not Lady Littlemynce as she had fashioned herself, and it was the only concession to sentiment she had made in fifty years. She proved that to them fast enough. She drew a sharp breath, like a man drawing a dagger, and wheeled on the gentle George, glaring.

"A very clever swindle, you Finch Court ruffian," she stated with acid violence. "I hope you are satisfied!"

"Pardon me," observed Mr. Jay blandly. "You do not state the case correctly. You have swindled yourself. You expected to find about a hundred thousand pounds' worth of collector's jewels in that box—and you paid me ten thousand pounds and a few insults for the privilege of looking in that coffer!"

"Bah, you thief!" said Lady Littlemynce in a most unladylike way.

George flushed—a thing he rarely did—and his glassy eyes hardened flintily. In the last twenty years, by dint of a good deal of honest industry, great patience, genuine artfulness and much brain strain, he had made himself worth about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds for his very own—and he didn't have to stand for too much of that sort of conversation from the Littlemynces of this parish. She was worth probably half a million, but he could not see that that gave her any right to tick him off, so to put it, in that forthright fashion. So he went a tint or two deeper in the face and addressed her again.

"Let me explain, Lady Littlemynce," he said. "You believed Sir Humphrey had made a big collection of rare stones and had hidden them—as misers do—in this secret little cell. And you bought the house very dear because you expected to get the jewels—very cheap. There were no jewels. And the reason for that is this: Sir Humphrey sold them one by one in order to use the money speculating on the stock exchange. He once took a flyer and won heavily. He thought he could do it again, and kept thinking it till all his hoard of jewels was gone. . . . You were the only person who knew of the existence of this room. I certainly didn't, and I'll admit you got me going for a few minutes just now. For a second or two I thought you'd found a Golconda, but all you found were some flowers you once gave to a boy who loved you and the letter in which you turned him down. . . . Well, I'm not a hard man, but my frank opinion, Lady Littlemynce, is that you have reaped as you sowed!"

He raised his hat, half unconsciously patting the pocket which sheltered his certified check.

"Good day to you, Lady Littlemynce," he said politely, turned to little Miss Beryl and reraised his hat. "I am always at your service, Miss Beryl," he reminded her, "at Finch Court."

"Thank you, Mr. Jay."

Lady Littlemynce broke in, still glaring. "But, my good man, do you dare to tell me that you intend to keep this four thousand pounds' profit you have made without at least dividing it with Mr. Falconer?"

George stared. "I never divide my legitimate profits, Lady Littlemynce. They are indivisible," he said coldly. "And I am perfectly certain that Mr. Falconer, who would cheerfully have sold the house to you or anybody else for six thousand, does not expect me to."

"Don't you, Leslie?" snapped out Aunt Prudence.

The somber youth looked her square in the eyes. "No," he said; "no, I don't."

The baffled lady turned on big-eyed Beryl.

"What about you, Beryl? Surely you feel that Leslie is entitled to a share of Mr. Jay's—er—plunder."

"Why, Aunt Prudence, I don't know. It's not very important."

"Two young fools and an old rogue! I hope you never regret it," snarled the indomitable old dame, and flounced away from them to haggle with the person with the pickax about his pay.

George Henry Jay shrugged. "Incurable," he said, caught the glance the lovers were exchanging, and shrugged again. "When, may I ask, do you young people purpose attending at the office of the Registrar of Marriages?" he inquired.

"Next Thursday, eleven A.M.," said Leslie, with a snap in it.

"Ah! Is that so? My hearty congratulations! I shall be there—if I may."

Leslie glanced at the now all-silk little blonde, who corroborated that, offering gentle George a sweet little paw. "Dear Mr. Jay, I should not feel properly married unless you were there to see after the documents," she cooed, smiling.

George took that as the compliment she meant it to be. "Surely, surely, I will take care of the documents—ha-ha! Trust old Mr. Jay—old Mr. George Document Jay, Agent to the Aristocracy, Telegraphic address, Privacy, London—to take care of the documents!"

And so, laughing benevolently if breezily, he raised his hat for the last time and turned away to collect his solicitor and leave—four thousand honest pounds more important than he had arrived.

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VOX POPULI

(Continued from Page 21)

family—and take in the convention. Don't miss it. Be at the hall early to get a seat—and if you can't get a seat, be there anyhow."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, I want to make it a sort of county get-together. We'll make it a holiday. Close everything up and make merry. There'll be a carnival company in town and a carrousel for the kids. And watch the paper for an announcement."

"We'll come," the farmers told him, because they liked him, and because a merrymaking was always a thing to look forward to.

On the day before the paper was to appear Don called on the sheriff, passing audaciously the post of Big-Foot Mosher, deputy sheriff and bodyguard to the sheriff. Mr. Fox sat with feet on desk in conversation with Ellsworth and Supervisor Mather, and did not seem pleased to see the editor.

"Well," he demanded, "what you want?"

"I just dropped in with a suggestion," said Don. "It's a good suggestion. I thought it up myself."

"I don't want no suggestions from you."

"You'll want this one," Don said brightly. "It's so intelligent! None of your gang ever could have thought of it. It took a first-class brain."

Ellsworth smiled. "Go ahead, Oakes," he said.

"Well," said Don, "it seemed to me it would be a good idea for you folks to go out in a blaze of glory."

"Go out!" roared the sheriff.

"To be sure. Election's coming on, isn't it? And you want the folks to remember you pleasantly. It seems the county sort of plans to make convention day a holiday. It just happens there's going to be a carnival here, and a government lecturer in the evening. Everybody's coming in."

"What of it?"

"It presents," said Don, "a gracious opportunity."

"To what?"

"To feed the multitude," said Don.

Ellsworth and the sheriff looked at each other quickly. They were politicians.

"A barbecue!" said Ellsworth.

"Exactly! Kill the fatted steer! Fill up the good old potato hole. Roast the succulent ear of corn. Everybody happy and the goose hangs high."

The sheriff leaned forward. "Listen, young fellow, are you climbing onto the band wagon?"

"You never can tell," said Don. "Anyhow, you make the announcement and I'll scream about it in the Sentinel. Big headlines. Sheriff Invites the County to a Barbecue. Eh?"

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," said Ellsworth softly.

"Also," said Don, "whom the gods would destroy they first make dippy. Maybe my number is up for destruction."

"Anyhow," said Ellsworth, "we'll do it."

"So," said Don, "I fancied. Watch the public prints for something of interest to you. And so, farewell."

He left the office jauntily, pausing to jape a moment with Big-Foot and to leave that heavy-witted individual in a state of bewildered rage.

Ellsworth sat silent for a moment. "I wonder what he's up to?" he asked.

"Nothin'," said the sheriff, "that can do any harm."

"I'm not so sure. He moves in a mysterious way his shenanigans to perform."

"Huh!" said the sheriff. "We'll make ourselves pretty solid—and all for a couple of hundred dollars' worth of beef."

Next day the Sentinel appeared. Its first page was black with headlines flaunting the sheriff's invitation to eat at his expense. Sheriff Fox Invites ——

Doctor Noble read the paper. He tossed it to his daughter without comment.

Iris' eyes snapped. "Well," she said, "he's taken sides at last."

"Yes," said the doctor.

"After promising neutrality, at least."

"He calculated well," the doctor said. "Holding off until the last minute." He sighed. "One doesn't like to think of treachery," he said, not angrily but very sorrowfully.

"Just a trickster," said Iris—"a common, low trickster." She walked to the window and stared out upon the deserted street. "And I was commencing to think we had misjudged him."

"I'm afraid not," said the doctor. "He belongs to the sheriff body and britches."

"Well," said Iris, "that fits one piece into the jig-saw puzzle." There was finality in her voice as she said this, and no pleasure whatever.

During the next week Don Oakes absented himself from Sugar Hollow for two days. It was unusual. For a year he had not left the county which he had adopted. But on Wednesday he returned, making no comment, and went forward with his preparations for the fête. In his activities no one could detect the minutest interest in the politics of the situation, but a great deal of interest in the providing of pleasures for the citizenry. He saw to it that everything necessary was provided and that it would be purveyed efficiently; he induced merchants and householders to get out their flags and bunting to decorate stores and houses. He even undertook the difficult task of collecting a subscription for fireworks. As manager of an amusement enterprise, he showed himself to possess no mean ability; so when the day of the convention dawned he looked upon his work and found it satisfactory. . . . There were even booths where you could throw rings over canes!

Early in the morning folks began to arrive; whole families in automobiles, in buggies, in wagons. The streets were lined with parked vehicles; refreshment stands gay with bunting occupied every corner; and down by the creek, the huge steer which was to be the pièce de résistance of the barbecue was becoming toothsome in its great oven. The hurdy-gurdy of the carrousel already was singing seductively, and eloquent barkers harangued from platforms before the tents of the carnival.

It seemed as if all the country was there, and Don Oakes, abandoning his printing office to the efficiency of Jake and his crew, went out to greet and to observe. Though it was press day, he seemed to feel his presence would be more useful without than within; but he had seen to it that the mechanical staff should be busy and the press ready to turn. One unusual thing he had done—he had locked both front and back doors of his place of business from the outside! Evidently it was his intention that none should enter—but, more importantly, that none should leave.

He strolled down the street to the fair grounds and ball field, where stood the canvas street of the carnival; and where, at noon, the steer would be hauled from its oven and the potatoes disinterred from the potato hole; and here he walked up and down gayly, a small, almost boyish figure. But small as he was and youthful as he appeared, it was to be seen that he commanded both friendship and respect. The most substantial men of the vicinage greeted him with heartiness and were ready to turn even from the seductions of the flea circus and the fat lady to listen to his conversation. Now and again he would draw aside some influential farmer or merchant or artisan for a private word. . . . But always the tag line of every interview was: "Be at the convention at two."

It was mid-morning when he saw approaching Iris Noble and her father. The doctor was electioneering to the last, buttonholing every citizen who would listen to present his case. It was belated industry, since for days every delegate had been elected and pledged, and Sheriff Fox's renomination assured almost by acclamation. Don advanced casually until he came face to face with Iris as she stood regarding the horrific painting of the sea monster before the tent which housed it. Her father was a couple of rods away in heated argument.

Don lifted his hat. "Good morning," he said.

She turned her eyes upon him, and her lips curled. "I suppose," she said, "you are pleased with yourself."

"You've no idea," Don said.

"The sheriff ought to be grateful."

"One never knows. The oddest people harbor the noblest emotions."

"But aren't you a little ashamed? Don't you hate to look in the glass sometimes? Oh, I know one has to earn a living and look out for oneself, but even the editor of a paper can manage that without selling his soul."

"Why, yes," said Don, "it's been done. But so few of our souls have a market value."

"After this," said Iris, "Sheriff Fox will be the most popular man in the county—thanks to you. And you, I suppose, will be a sort of prime minister. Is he to give you a share in the profits of selling drugs to poor unfortunates?"

"Once," said Don genially, "I heard of a man who found that eating his own words was a slim diet."

"You could have done so much," Iris cried, "if only you had a little courage and a little honesty! Maybe you wouldn't have been so prosperous, but at least you would have kept your self-respect."

"By fighting Sheriff Fox?"

"Yes."

"With what?"

"Your paper."

"Probably I would have had no paper by this time."

"You took no chances," she said bitterly.

"You may be sure of that," he said.

She clenched her hands. "Oh, I despise you!" she said tremulously. "I despise you! Don't ever dare come near me again, or speak to me, or look at me!"

"Not even look at you?"

"No! No!"

"'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.' I'll do my best, Miss Noble. . . . And so good morning. . . . Is there anybody else you wish me not to look at?"

He glanced across at the doctor, who stood waving his arms vehemently, and there was a quizzical gleam in his eye. "And we've never been introduced," he said.

"And never shall be."

"Why, as to that," he said, "if you ever ask to be presented, I shall relent. I will consent to meet you."

He lifted his hat jauntily and passed on. For an hour he circulated through the augmented throng, but when the town clock struck eleven he walked back to the office, unlocked the door and went in to sit by his desk.

Behind the partition he could hear the grunt and rumble of the press as it told off copies of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before Supervisor Mather appeared in the door.

"Pazzy Baker said you wanted to see me," he said.

"Pazzy," said Don, "is becoming more and more accustomed to the truth. Sit down. Ellsworth will be along in a minute."

"I saw him just behind me," said Mather. "Here he is now."

Ellsworth came in smilingly. "An invitation from you was so unusual that I accepted," he said. "Where bloweth the wind?"

"I think," said Don, "it blows into the north. I asked you two political savants to drop in and read an advance copy of the Sentinel. You won't mind if it is damp."

(Continued on Page 107)

VELMO—
the "Treasure Fabric" for upholstering furniture

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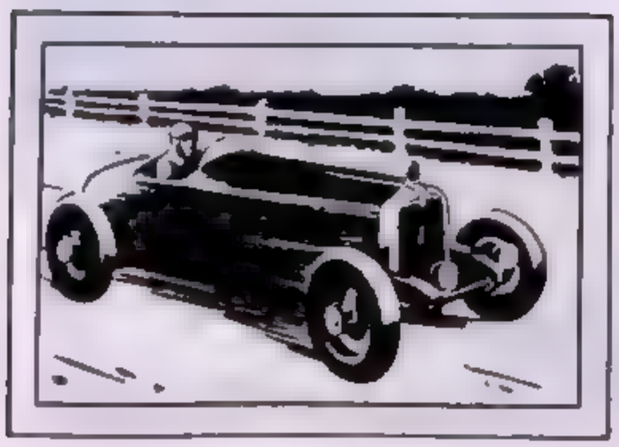

"Hardest test for stock tires"

F. E. Moskovitz, President, Stutz Motor Car Company, made this statement at the Indianapolis Speedway on April 21, just after a Stutz stock car had won the Stevens Challenge Trophy: "Traveling for more than 1,600 miles at an average speed of more than 67 miles per hour, over the rough bricks of the Indianapolis Speedway, is, I believe, the hardest test to which stock tires were ever subjected. Four Mason tires completed the entire distance without a change—conclusive proof of the wonderful wearing qualities which Mason builds into its tires."*

Masons Make Record in bus service

The (_____) † Railway had this experience with their bus No. A-18: Two Mason Bus & Truck tires were placed on the left (dual) rear wheels. Two new tires of well-known make were placed on the opposite wheels. When these latter tires were worn out they were replaced by two new tires of another make. These, too, wore out. The original Masons had not even punctured, and showed scarcely any wear. Because of this unusual record in Chattanooga the officials of the line have equipped their buses in other cities with Mason tires.* †Name furnished on request.

*This remarkable service record is in excess of what may normally be expected of Masons or any other tires, but is indisputable evidence that Mason tires possess the rugged sturdiness necessary in delivering longer wear.

We know that there is no better tire than Mason.

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Hylastic TIRES

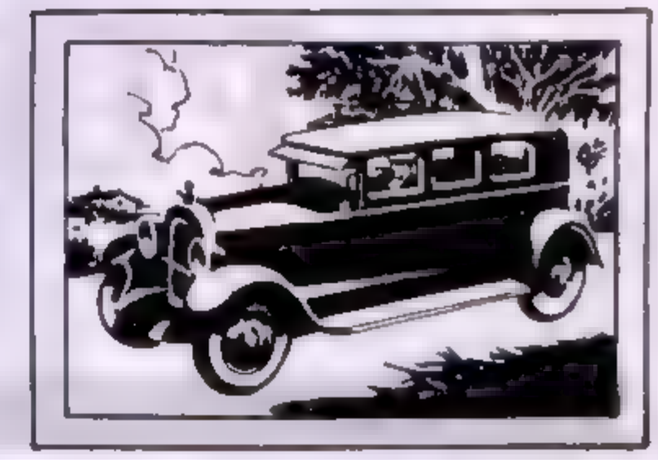
"Toughest, longest wearing"

Leo Tweddel is a veteran Checker Cab owner and driver in Detroit, being one of the first six Checker drivers in that city. He has this to say: "My own experience indicates that Masons are unquestionably the toughest, longest wearing balloons available at any price. On my cabs they have frequently run as high as 30—40 44—48 thousand miles. And another thing: It is a genuine pleasure to do business with my Mason dealer. He understands the meaning of the word service better than anyone else I have ever dealt with."*

"Boulevards and mountain roads"

G. M. Skidmore, lumber dealer, of Downey, California, thinks so highly of his Mason cord tires, that he sent us this unsolicited statement: "I have used Mason cords on my car for the last three years and the mileage to date on one set is a little over 32,000 miles, and they look good for another 12,000 miles. This mileage was made not only on boulevards but over 6,000 miles in the mountains of Oregon and the Sierra Mountains of California. It is with great pleasure that I make this statement."*

*This remarkable mileage record is in excess of what may normally be expected of Masons or any other tires, but is indisputable evidence that Mason tires possess the rugged sturdiness necessary in delivering longer wear.



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Export Sales Department, 349 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

BETTER MADE FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 102)

Don stepped into the shop, to return presently with somewhat clammy copies of the paper which he handed to his companions.

"While you read carefully I will maintain a sphinx-like silence. Restrain any observations until you have read your fill."

Twenty minutes passed. Then it was Ellsworth who spoke. His voice was schooled to steadiness: "And what was the idea of giving us this preview?"

"Different reasons, fitting diverse individuals. The relationship, for instance, between you and myself is peculiar, not to say anomalous. It requires treatment. Breadth of wisdom is indicated."

"You mean Iris, I suppose."

"Precisely."

"We've been rivals after a fashion, but just how it came about I don't know. You've a droll way of carrying on a courtship."

"I haven't started one yet," said Don. "But the situation is there, the personal element present. It is embarrassing. Therefore this gleam of light in the darkness, this word to the wise. As I said before, the wind blows toward the north. It's the sort of breeze in which a sailorman would carry full sail."

"Any conditions?"

"For you—none."

"Oakes," said Ellsworth, "you're one of those rare birds—a natural white man—not painted." He got to his feet.

"The sheriff," said Don, "will be too busy to see you."

"I play by the rules," said Ellsworth, and extended his hand. Don took it. There was no further word, and Ellsworth disappeared through the door.

"Now," said Don, turning to Mather, "you and I will indulge in pros and cons."

Which they did for a matter of half an hour; after which Supervisor Mather withdrew, but not until he had raised his hand in the presence of a notary public.

When Mr. Mather went away from there in obvious haste, Don stepped to the door of the composing room. "Jake," he called, "how many of the juvenile backbone of the nation have you on hand?"

"Fifteen kids," said Jake.

"Throw off the leash at 1:45. Not sooner, not later. And I on the opposite shore will be ready to ride and spread the alarm. . . . Mr. Fox's name will be placed in nomination at two."

At 1:15, working apparently on schedule, Don made a telephone call. "Wilson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oakes speaking. . . . What luck?"

"As you promised."

"Wet or dry?"

"Both."

"Captives?"

"Four."

"Talkative?"

"Voluble."

"It must have been a relief to Steve Brodie when he hit the water," said Don. "Will I see you at the convention hall?"

"I'm on my way."

Don hung up and puffed once with relief. It is a risky matter to print the news categorically before it happens.

The young editor walked rapidly to the hall in which the county convention was convened. The preliminary business of the day had been completed before the barbecue; now, as the hour of two approached, nominations were to be made. As Don entered the crowded hall Amasa White advanced to the platform to put in nomination the name of Sheriff Fox.

Don looked about him. The delegates wore a cut-and-dried look. Nothing had disturbed their serenity. They were there to nominate Fox; presently they would do so without fuss or delay, and would be free to join in the general merry-making. The gallery was jammed with citizens; the lobby was crowded; and outside some hundreds were gathered in the clement sunshine, wondering just why they had bothered to come. As Mr. White opened his mouth Don saw through the open door a number of boys appear with arms stacked with newspapers.

Mr. White made his nominating speech briefly; it was seconded by Mr. Whelan. The chairman asked if there were other nominations, and an agitated, if zealous, citizen named Spratt advanced to place haltingly before the convention the name of Doctor Noble.

The convention laughed. But even as it laughed half a dozen boys were passing among them distributing copies of the Sentinel. . . . A gentleman unknown to the village quietly took his seat beside the sheriff.

There was a sudden hush, a silence of stunned surprise, amid which Don advanced to the platform. "It is my privilege," he said, "to second the nomination of Doctor Noble for sheriff of this county. I do so. At the same time I am constrained to announce the withdrawal of the name of Mr. Claude Ellsworth as prosecutor and that of Mr. Mather as supervisor. Both Mr. Mather and Mr. Ellsworth have withdrawn from our midst, and at this instant are making haste to the northward. As you may know, the Canadian line lies some twenty miles in that direction."

He paused. Sheriff Fox leaped to his feet and bellowed, but the strange gentleman at his side touched his arm and whispered in his ear. Whereupon he sat down suddenly.

"I trust," said Don, "that you have had time to read and digest your papers. Some of the news was published in advance of the fact. Some of it you are now seeing as it takes place. I may point out, as an instance, the arrest of Mr. Fox by Mr. Wilson of the Federal Internal Revenue Department—as exclusively announced in the Sentinel. You will find there also a description of a raid made some minutes ago by Federal authorities upon a warehouse belonging to the sheriff. Some thousand cases of assorted liquors were seized, and a number of containers of drugs."

Don held up his hand for silence. "As the paper states so correctly, the evidence is complete. It was placed in the hands of the Federal authorities some days ago, and they have acted promptly. It has taken a matter of a year to accumulate it. It is conclusive. But if the Federal charges should miscarry, there remain certain other matters of malfeasance in office, misappropriation of public funds and so forth, which will not miscarry. I believe some twenty-four columns of the paper are devoted to affidavits, statements and other proofs. But delegates are delegates. Even in face of these things you might renominate Mr. Fox. It might even save his bacon, for a sheriff is hard to get. But lest you be tempted, I have arranged to have present public opinion. It occupies the gallery and the street outside. You can hear it expressing itself. . . . I will place in nomination a complete slate of all county offices suggested by a committee of our most trusted citizens."

Don read slowly a list of nominees.

"Vote, vote, vote, vote!" chanted the balcony. Outside, the crowd in the street took up the cry.

"Where's a feather bed?" shouted an eager voice.

"Here comes the tar kettle!" bellowed another.

"Vote right or ride a rail!"

The delegates eyed one another and were of two minds.

"Mr. Chairman," said Don, "suppose you proceed with business."

"If," said the chairman tremulously, "there are no further nominations, we shall proceed to nominate. Mr. Clerk, will you call the roll?"

A long, thin individual with a piercing voice arose in his place. "Mr. Chairman," he said nasally, "I move ye that the sentiment of this here convention is so dog-gone unanimous, and the will of the county is so darn apparent, that the clerk cast the vote and call it a day."

"All in favor?" asked the chairman.

The aye could be heard in the clamorous street.

"Contrary-minded?"

Silence reigned.

Don made his way through the excited crowd to the lobby. Men wanted to shake his hand, they thumped his back, bawled his name, gave him such an ovation as only such a gathering could give, but Don kept on his way with a boyish grin. Doctor Noble barred his way, tears in his eyes, hands outstretched.

"My boy ——" he said, and his voice broke. But Iris was at his side, and her voice did not break.

"Father," she said, and her eyes were very bright and her cheeks deliciously pink, "will you ask Mr. Oakes if you may introduce me?"

"Why," said Don, "I've no objection at all."

"Mr. Oakes," said the doctor, "permit me to present my daughter Iris."

Don looked down into her eyes, which did not waver. "Well," he said, "now that we know each other, let's go ride on the merry-go-round."

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THE BIG PEP MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

might possibly stir the Sox into action. Anyways," I points out, "you got nothing to lose. If Coote accomplishes anything, all right; if he doesn't, you're sitting pretty for another yelp for some dough to get decent players with."

"I had planned to send you on a trip this week," says Pat, "but now I'm going to keep you here to play along with Cootie. He's too rich for my blood, and besides, a little morale'll do you no harm. It might help you to bring something back from the tall grass besides expense accounts."

"A shot of it in the arm might not hurt you, either," I retorts. "It might help you identify a ball player when you see one."

"Let's not quarrel," says Heenan mildly. "Remember it was the get-together spirit that put a pair of Æsthetic Pants on every third man in Muscatine, Iowa."

III

THE game that afternoon with the Lizards is the usual dumb show put on by the Sox since the beginning of the season. Balls that a cripple could have caught in his watch pocket without moving out of his wheel chair are overrun and underguessed into marvelous muffs, the pitching is as terrible as the hitting and just a little bit better than the base running. Coote, in the dugout with me and Heenan, observes the crime without comment.

But he has plenty enough to say when we lines up the boys for him in the clubhouse. In his speech he doesn't mention the punk playing of the team, but harps heavy on civic pride. From the pathetic picture Coote paints of conditions in Bostburg on account of the Blue Sox being in the cellar you'd imagine a combination of the black plague, high water and new taxes had hit the burg, with strong men weeping in the public square, infants begging not to be allowed to grow up and women wailing through the dark streets attired in chic outfits of sackcloth and sashes.

Coote's got a glib line of dictionary fodder and a way of putting it over that holds the gang's interest.

Before he's halfway through his piece most of the boys are hanging their heads, and I catches gulps from a couple of rookies who don't know what it's all about excepting that it's sad.

As for me, the home-town civic-pride stuff is just a big inside laugh. There isn't a bird on the team that comes from Bostburg, the nearest approach to a regular resident being Wild Bill Kenney, whose late stepuncle once thought of moving to Bostburg, but changed his mind and settled in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Coote puts a period to his palaver by inviting all the boys to a banquet at the hotel that night. I got a date and can't go, but I hears all about it the next morning when I runs across Wild Bill in the ball yard.

"What you doing around here so early?" I inquires. "Hunting for your batting eye?"

"I've come to turn in my uniform," growls Kenney. "I'm through."

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asks; but I got a pretty good idea.

"Am I a ball player or ain't I?" demands Bill.

"Why, yes," says I.

"No, I ain't!" yelps Kenney. "I'm a service unit that'll die for good old Bostburg."

"Tell me," I invites, gentle, "what happened at the get-together."

"First," snarls Wild Bill, "we sang our club song."

"Club song?" I repeats.

"Sure!" says Kenney. "We got a song and a slocum and we're going to get buttons if we do good in Steal-a-Base Week. Here," he adds, digging into his pocket and pulling out a crumpled bit of paper. "This is the thing he passed around and wanted us to learn. Try that on your French horn."

Coote'd had eight or ten verses printed, the first one going something like this:

We are the mighty Blue Sox,
And we strive with might and main
To play the game like Trojans
And the pennant to attain.
For we love our dear old home town,
Her glory is our aim;
We'd die for dear old Bostburg
To save her name from shame.

"What's the tune?" I inquires. "Meet Me in Honey Time, Dearie, and We'll Have the Hives Together?"

"Search me," shrugs Bill. "I didn't do any singing. The other saps, though, were afraid of their jobs and did everything that young nut told 'em to. He even made 'em learn a piece of poetry—something that started, 'I am the master of my feet.' Will you tell me what good that kind of squirrel food's supposed to do?"

"It's calculated," I explains, "to pep up the boys and load 'em up with morale—the way they done during the war. What else did Coote pull?"

"You may not know it," returns Kenney, "but beginning tomorrow is Make-a-Hit Week; after that comes Steal-a-Base Week, then Catch-a-Fly Week. The winner each week gets a button. If you win two buttons in succession you get a rosette. I don't remember what you get for three—probably a kiss from Cootie. Also he's divided the team into teams. Leaving out the pitcher, there's four on a side, and the layout making the most hits gets a prize."

"What else?" I asks.

"When Coote started teaching the boys a club yell I left," says Bill. "If you got nothing else to do today," he goes on, "you might go out and scout yourself up a new third baseman—preferably one that can sing and looks well decorated with rosettes."

"Don't be silly," I tells him. "This Coote gag is just a barmy idea of young Grant's and will probably do a fade-away in a week. The kid's desperate over the Sox being in the cellar and is grabbing at straws. Stick along, Bill."

It takes a lot of arguing, but Kenney finally agrees to hang on awhile. He's our best bet—the least of nine evils. Without Bill at third, they'd be driving fleets of tractors and herds of elephants through the infield.

Business takes me downtown around noon, and when I gets back to the park the game's already under way with a 0-0 score in the first half of the third. Our count I can understand; the Lizards is quite a surprise. At the dugout I finds Coote, with his arms around two of the players. Wild Bill swinging three bats is walking toward the plate.

"Now, boys," yelps the morale engineer, jumping to his feet, "three lusty cheers for Bill."

The lads give 'em, some of 'em acting kind of shamefaced, but most of 'em as if they liked to do it. Kenney turns around with a scowl and for a second it looks as if he's going to heave all three bats at Coote, but he thinks better of it and advances to the pan.

"The Hit-a-Week yell," orders Coote, going through the St. Vitus movements of a college-cheer leader. "All together!" And there comes to my ears loud and clear:

"Sox, Sox, Sox,
Clever as a fox!
Do we get base hits?
Flocks, flocks, flocks!"

The yell doesn't aim-stimulate Wild Bill any. He swings at one he couldn't have hit with a bat forty feet long, loses his balance and sits down by the plate. There he squats, glaring at his well-wishers in the dugout till Heenan yelps him to his feet.

"How do you like our cheer?" Coote asks me.

"Great!" says I.

"You see," goes on the youngster, enthusiastic, "it's an efficient yell—there's no waste. Next week, you know, is Steal-a-Base Week. All we have to do is substiture 'do we steal bases' for the third line, and we're all set. The week after that it's 'do we catch flies,' and so on. Organized cheering," he adds, "is among the best of morale builders."

"Well," I remarks, as Kenney misses a third one from here to Chillicothe, "it doesn't seem to have goal-galvanated him to any great extent."

"Boys," says Coote, ignoring my crack, "old Bill tried. Let's give him a hand. What's the matter with Bill?"

"He's all right!" shouts the bench.

"Who's all right?" demands Coote.

"Bill!" thunders the dugout.

It's not all right by Kenney, though. With a curse he throws the bat from him, shoots a snarl in our direction and sits sullenly by the left-field wall for the rest of our half. Coote pretends not to notice the grouch, and I casts a glance at Pat to see how the proceedings hit him. He's grim and silent, but his lips are between his teeth and his knuckles are white and tight. Though he doesn't say a word, a jury of mind readers could indict him quick for what he thinks.

With two out, a single, an error and a walk fill the sacks with Sox. I never saw so much pep on the bases and so much excitement among the bench warts as when Joe Gilligan goes up to bat. There's no argument about Coote having stirred the boys up.

Two strikes and three balls puts the Lizard pitcher in the hole. A foul, and then he grooves a fast one—about the only kind of heave Joe can hit. And, baby, he hits this one! Straight for the fence it sails—and over. Four runs! More than the Blue Sox have made in one inning since the Big Breeze in Ireland.

Then the excitement. The gang shakes hands, embraces, jumps around, and when Gilligan lopes home he's lifted to the shoulders of the players and marched around before the dugout.

"Now, boys," says Coote, ordering silence with uplifted hand, "let's not forget all this is for the glory of Bostburg. All together!

"We are the mighty Blue Sox
And we strive with might and main ——"

"Play ball!" barks the umps. "What the hell is this—a camp meeting?"

Red Hennessey finally detaches himself from the bunch and proceeds to the plate, singing as he goes:

"And we'd die for dear old Bostburg
To save her name from shame."

He dies all right—on a pop fly to the pitcher.

The Sox win eight to three—the first victory in seven starts—but the win isn't the big thing. Five stolen bases, including a theft of home by one of the slowest men on the team, practically errorless ball in the field, headwork in the pinches, brainy pitching—those are the things that click with me.

"Well?" says I to Heenan, after the game.

"What about it?" growls Pat. "Aren't we due to cop one game out of eight? We might have made sixteen runs if Cootie hadn't been here. Just an off day for the Lizards."

"Be your age," I comes back. "Of course we're due to win a game occasionally, but did you notice the speed and the spirit and the teamwork of your journeymen? They're the same players you had last week, but they're different, aren't they?"

"Pish!" snaps Heenan. "Every team has its good days."

"Listen, feller," says I, "there are folks in this world who can make mobs eat out

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of their hands. Some of 'em engineer lynchings, some of 'em run Y. M. C. A. drives. It's a gift and Coote has it. He's got your crowd sitting in his lap and calling him papa."

"They're just kidding him," insists Pat.

"Kidding or not," I returns, "they're pepped and Coote's the kid that pepped 'em."

"Has he got you too?" demands Heenan.

"Well," says I, "I'm not quite ready to die for dear old Bostburg, but I'd miss a meal to keep its name from shame."

IV

IN THE next three weeks the Sox take fifteen of the twenty games played and climb up from the basement to fourth place—in the first division for the first time in three years.

Coote keeps right on top of the boys, with weekly get-together meetings, inspirational talks, badges, group singing and all the rest of the morale *mélange*. Spoofing from the papers don't bother him any and he's got the Sox so well trained that it doesn't faze them either.

The only hold-outs are Kenney and Heenan. Though I got a sneaking suspicion that Pat's halfway sold on the youngster's pep program, out in the open he insists that the team was due for a spurt and it would have spurted regardless of Coote. Wild Bill, however, is totally cold on the boy.

He's said no more about quitting, but he sulks so that I expect a flare-up almost any time. It happens a few days after our return from a short swing around the Eastern circuit. I'm in the clubhouse with Pat when Kenney bursts in, choking with rage.

"Now I am through," he shouts, "and I'll break Coote in two before I go!"

"What's eating you?" demands Heenan.

"How would you like a guy to come crashing into your house," comes back Wild Bill, "to see if you're living happy with your wife? How ——"

"When'd you get a wife?" I cuts in.

"I haven't any," barks Kenney. "That rah-rah nut of yours saw me with my sister and he thought she was my wife. What business has ——"

"Calm yourself," says I. "It's part of the morale game to see if the hired hands are living happy at home. No guy having domestic troubles can do good work. What'd Coote do?"

"He started asking me personal questions," returns Bill, "and I was just getting ready to bust him one when Helen got in between us. She took it all for a joke. Not me, though. I'll ——"

"Does he know now she's your sister?" I asks.

"Yeh," says Kenney. "She told him."

"Then forget it," I advises. "He won't bother you again. I'll promise you that."

It takes Pat and myself an hour to calm down the wild Irishman, but we finally make the grade. The chance of crashing our way to the pennant money is the ace of our arguments.

From that day on, though, there's a change in Coote. From the peak of pep he slides rapidly down to a sort of dopy tiredness. The cheering in the dugout dies down and finally disappears altogether; the weekly get-togethers are called off and the inspirational talks in the clubhouse are pretty flabby affairs. There's not enough jazz in 'em to rouse a hungry tiger into attacking a sitting rabbit.

Coote's lack of interest raises heck with the Sox. With the master pepster off his feed, they quickly get back to their old tricks of tossing off games that are in the bag, lazying around the bases and doing a sieve in the infield. It looks like back to the second division for us, and Heenan brings his worries to me.

"What's the matter with Coote?" he asks.

"Don't know," says I. "Guess he's burned himself out. You can't go on hurrahing forever."

"You don't think," inquires Pat, "that Kenney's got his goat, do you? He ain't been the same since Bill threatened to crown him."

"Or since he met Kenney's sister," says I slowly. "I wonder if in looking into Bill's private life he didn't gum up his own. She's a knock-out."

With me, to wonder is to act. That night I finds Coote alone in the hotel lobby, looking into space. "Why the low morale?" I inquires.

"I'm all right," he mutters.

"No man," says I, "can do his best work if he has private worries."

"What," demands the youngster, "do you know about my private affairs?"

"Nothing," I comes back, and then shooting in the dark—"except Helen Kenney." It's a bull's-eye. He starts forward with saucer eyes and then slowly sinks back into his seat. "Wild about her?" I asks, gentle.

"Since I first saw her," gulps the kid.

"And she?" I pursues.

"I don't know," says Coote. "Sometimes I think she's laughing at me; sometimes I ——"

"See much of her?" I cuts in.

"No," he returns. "I can't call at her house on account of Wild Bill. I meet her downtown occasionally—talk over the phone—that's all."

"What you need, boy," says I, "is aim-stimulation and goal-galvanization. Engineer your own morale. Certainly the lad that put a pair of pants on every third man in Muscatine ought to have enough get and go to grab off a filly."

"It's different," mumbles Coote.

"Different nothing!" I snaps. "Make this Get-the-Girl Week—and here's your yell:

Coote, Coote, Coote,
Listen to me root!
Do I get the girl?
You can bet your boot!

"Get busy," says I. "In the bright lexington of youth there's no such word as 'flop.'" And I goes on with an inspirational talk that would make a sitting rabbit attack a hungry tiger.

Coote steams up visibly. "Gosh!" says he. "The Sox don't need me any more. You're a better morale engineer than I am."

"Now listen," I tells him. "I happen to know that Kenney is playing poker tonight over at Gifford's. Call on Helen; ask her to marry you. If she says no, call it a day; if she says yes, call it a life. Whatever the decision, make it final. You don't want to go drooling your life away like a lovesick cow, do you?"

"I'll do it!" shouts Coote, darting away. From the elevator I hears:

Coote, Coote, Coote,
Listen to me root ——

There's a note for me at the clubhouse the next morning. It's from Coote.

"I'm damned," says I, after a quick glance, "and I'm the guy that pepped him up to it. Listen," and I reads to Pat:

She said yes. Got married last night and are on our way to Chicago. Ginsberg wired me to come. When I left I promised I would if he needed me. Æsthetic Pants are falling down badly.

"So are my Sox," growls Heenan.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Cap'n Dick

THESE summer people make me awful tired;
They ask such damfool questions. "Cap'n Dick,
I wonder if you'd let me steer the boat?"
I let 'em hold the wheel, and I stand by
And tell 'em just to keep her on the course.
They never do; they like to feel her turn
And hear the water lap against the side.
They soon get tired, and then I take the helm,
And listen to 'em talk and talk and talk.
Then someone says to me, "Oh, Cap'n Dick,
Tell us about the wild, excitin' times
You must have had!" I ain't had many, but
I've something in my head besides my teeth,
And so I tell 'em things they want to hear.
They oh, and ah, and yap "How wonderful!"
Then smile at one another as they say,
"So quaint!" I ain't supposed to hear all that.
One woman asks for "tales about the sea."
I haven't been to sea since I was young,
But I remember sailor yarns I've heard
And tell 'em to her; she believes 'em all.
By gad, it's better fun to lie to her
Than anyone I know; she's so derned good
And pious—she believes 'em, every word!
Then Clark, the man that owns the boat, comes aft
And tries to tell me how to navigate;
He's just that salty—thinks he knows it all.
And I keep shut and listen, quiet-like,
And nod, like he was learning me a lot,
And hold my course. His charts may be all right,
But when I've sailed a channel forty year,
I like to figger on the course myself. . . .

Sometimes I feel like throwin' up this job
And gettin' out and—goin' to sea again.

—John R. Swain.

"Almost Anything Can Happen"—Shakspere or Somebody

THE CUSTOMER: Now then, let me see your new line of straw hats. Ah! That's the very thing, if it's my size. What size do I wear?

THE SALESMAN: Seven and one-eighth, sir.

CUSTOMER: Good. A perfect fit, you see. Precisely suited to my type—broad shoulders, rugged features. The broad brim's just the thing for me. Now, of course, that style wouldn't go for a small unimposing man, but for me—perfect!

SALESMAN: But, sir, I'm ——

CUSTOMER: Now I'm just going to get a good look at myself in the mirror. No, not over there. Here it is, see? Just as I told you—and it looks splendid from the back. Remember, this is an imported hat. As you were about to suggest, I could go next door to Keenan's and buy a hat that looks just like this for $2.75, but—it wouldn't be the same hat. Now, don't object. Your label alone is worth the extra $7.25. But let me call your attention to the other features—the special fits-the-head construction, the patent sweat band, the extremely light weight, the colored band in perfect taste.

SALESMAN: But ——

CUSTOMER: Ah, yes, I know. Expensive, perhaps, but it's worth it. Why, man alive, do you realize that hat weavers are getting $1.15 an hour, where they used to get fifty-five cents? Do you realize how duties have gone up? Do you realize how rare good straw is becoming? And look at the rent you're paying here! Rents have increased more than 200 per cent in the past five years. Ten dollars is cheap—actually cheap—for such a hat. Now, let me see. What else do I need? Shirts, collars, ties, socks? Socks! Of course. Yes, I know I have a big supply at present, but I'll never find another bargain like this.

SALESMAN: But ——

CUSTOMER: Don't argue with me. I tell you I do need them. Come, come, man! Brace yourself! Here, here! That won't do. . . . Manager, some cold water immediately. Your salesman has collapsed!

—Parke Cummings.

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

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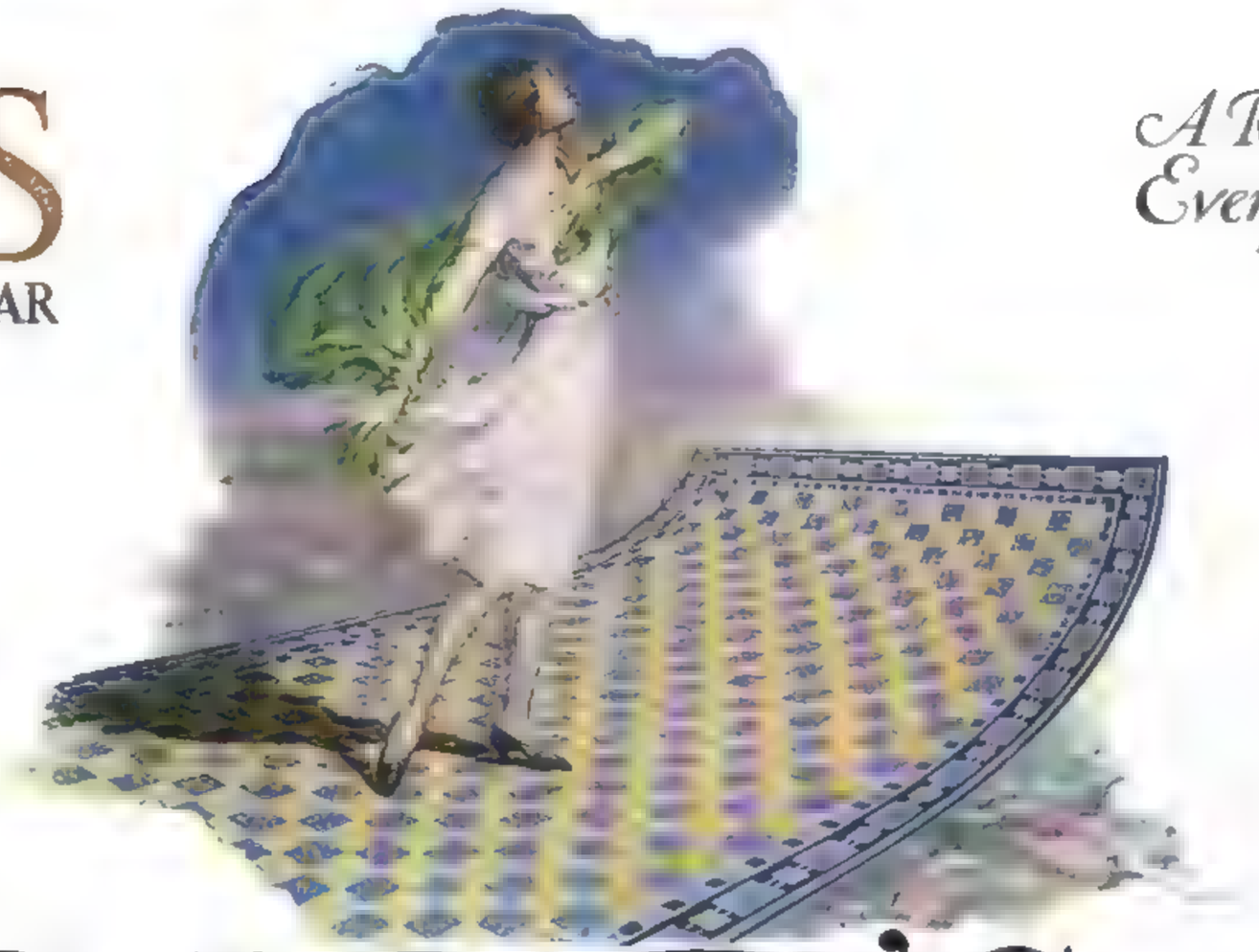

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A Roof for Every Building

BIRD'S
ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Continued from Page 5

silence, supreme and unbroken save for the grating hiss of powdered snow; darkness save for the ghostly pallor of the snow fields and an occasional flare-up of the northern lights. Yet still there traveled with him, out in the obscurity ahead, as if to torment his soul, the vision of a face, in every gust of wind the cadence of a beloved voice, all combining to produce a devastating sense of loss that seemed irreparable.

After some seven weeks on the trail he was roused one day from his abstractions by a low rumble that emanated from the throat of Chief, the leader of his team, the rumble ending in a whine.

"What's the matter, Chief?" Harrington asked. "What is it, boy?"

He observed the big leader closely. Every dog was eager and alert. There was no suggestion of danger in their manner, no tense excitement such as might prevail in the immediate vicinity of game. Rather, they seemed eager to increase the pace after a long hard day on the trail, and Harrington knew that there was a camp somewhere off ahead.

He speculated afresh upon this strange faculty possessed by animals but denied to man. How could Chief have divined the presence of men or human habitation? The wind was at his back, so the dog could not possibly have caught the faintest ribbon of scent from the country ahead. The hiss and grate of powdered snow precluded all thought that a vibration of sound had reached his ears against the wind. And his knowledge could not have been derived from the sight of a familiar landmark, for he had never been in these parts before. Yet he knew, and knowing, had conveyed the information to his master. Harrington traveled on for five hours before verifying Chief's prophecy. Then the dogs broke out into a beaten trail in which loomed the figure of a native.

"McPherson?" Harrington asked, pointing down the trail, and the native assented, falling in with him.

Presently, from just ahead of them, a dog lifted its voice in the mournful wolf howl that is the tribal call of the huskies, and every dog in the post joined in, a hundred voices swelling the chorus that was freighted with all the aching misery of the ages. As the concert died away it seemed to remind the native of something, and he pointed to the south.

"Off there, t'ousant mile mebbe, wild dogs she howl," he said. "You know that place?"

"No, I've never heard of it," said Harrington. That would place it, he reflected, somewhere in the region described to him by Van Dorn.

For another month he traveled southeast in leisurely fashion on the ice of the Mackenzie, stopping for several days at Good Hope and Norman, posts spaced some two hundred miles apart. It was outside this last-named post that a native pointed off to the southwest.

"Ghost she lead wolf pack on the hunt that place," he volunteered.

Again the region designated was somewhere near the country of Van Dorn's wanderings.

"Over by the big falls that no man has seen?" Harrington inquired.

The native assented eagerly. "Hear plenty big water, no see um," he said. "Ground she burn that place. No good go there."

"Ol' Man de Nort' she live there," another native told him later, pointing.

"Ole Mandenort?" Harrington queried. "Oh! I see. The Old Man of the North lives there," he interpreted, chuckling. "Is that it?"

"Um," the Indian grunted, nodding.

Bit by bit he pieced out the fable that the Old Man of the North lived in the phantom falls that no man had seen; that the ground burned round about and that ghosts led the wolves on the hunt in that vicinity. Versions varied greatly, but there was a basic germ of the same idea in each of them.

As Harrington traveled farther to the south and the winter became farther advanced, there were a few hours of light daily—no sun, but merely a lifting of the pall, a brief period of pallor spreading across the snow fields. It was strange, he thought, that between this one string of interior posts and the new gold camps of the Yukon and the British Columbia regions there was no known route of crossing for two thousand miles save that one, at the extreme northern end of the continent, by which he had come from the Yukon to the McPherson post.

"I'd like to have a look-see at that country Van Dorn was telling us about, Chief," he said. "The Moccasin Telegraph is clicking all over the north and spreading strange yarns about that region. Maybe we'll take a jaunt in there another season."

But he had no intention of visiting that country at the present time. The desire to get back to the outside world had become a compelling urge and he could not crush it back after three months on the trail alone. He reached Fort Simpson, a trading post and a mission situated at the confluence of the Liard and the Mackenzie. He slept for a few hours at the post and took the trail again.

After some five hours of travel a point of light showed ahead. As he approached, it resolved itself into a fire of generous proportions, blazing merrily before a ten-foot bank that served to reflect the heat. A man sat with his back to the bank.

The sound of sleigh runners on the ice reached his ears and he lifted his voice, "Ho, Harrington! Welcome to my fireside!"

This hail, drifting out into the night, amazed and startled Harrington. He veered in toward the fire and recognized the swarthy features of Villiers, the Psychic Prospector. The whole North Country credited this man with possessing peculiar powers of divination. Harrington knew him, not as a mystic but as a man of exceptional intelligence, one in whom the natives freely confided, and with an uncanny knack for piecing together odd scraps of information. This greeting was characteristic of the man.

"I believe you are a mystic after all," Harrington declared as he shook Villiers' hand. "How did you know I was anywhere in this country and how could you recognize the song of my sled runners in the night?"

Villiers' black eyes glowed with a peculiar light. He assumed a dreamy, faraway expression and when he spoke his voice came in a flat weird monotone.

"Quite simple," said Villiers. "I met Van Dorn in Seattle when he landed from Alaska and he said you had headed for the interior over the Arctic Trail. This is the one route to the outside. I went inland to Edmonton and headed north. Reckoning our probable rates of travel, it seemed that our trails must cross on the ice of the Mackenzie somewhere within a reasonable distance north of Great Slave Lake. A native left the Simpson post while you slept, and when we met on the ice he informed me that you would soon be starting on. And here you are."

"And here I am," Harrington agreed. "Are you going back outside with me?"

"I'd planned somewhat to reverse that schedule," Villiers said. "Last year, in anticipation of a trip into new country, possibly with a companion, I arranged with the Nahané to make two canoes and cache them at a designated spot on the Liard. We could reach them before the ice goes out, each take a canoe and go our separate ways into that unknown country west of the Mackenzie and north of the Liard, then meet again on the Mackenzie in the fall and mush outside after the freeze-up."

But Harrington declined. Three months on the trail alone, except for thoughts that were not good company, was too long, he said. No more of that for him.

"Love," Villiers presently observed—"love is one of the greatest natural forces. A very great accumulation of wealth is one of the most powerful artificial forces behind civilization. Frequently these two forces conflict. It is unfortunate that in your case they should have clashed."

"This time I concede your powers of divination," Harrington said.

"But it required only the most casual observation," Villiers protested. "You had wealth and position, the entrée to the best circles, a personality that cemented the friendship of men and women, children and dogs. You had achieved honor and recognition in your profession. When a man of that caliber suddenly tosses it all overboard and takes to wandering, moody and alone, in the wilderness, without interest in work or play, and rumors of recklessness begin to link themselves with his name, there's only one answer on this little green earth of ours to account for it—a woman."

Harrington, without comment, made a gesture of assent.

"Love is not logical," Villiers said. "That is, it does not originate in logic, so cannot be dispelled by it. Therefore the application of logic will avail one little as a cure, as no doubt you have learned long since. Time! Time is Nature's anæsthetic. Even if it does not bring complete forgetfulness it induces a growing indifference. And as to time"—Villiers shrugged negligently—"what do a few months more or less matter in the end?"

Harrington envied this man his eternal placidity. The product of the union of a white father and a mother who was half white and half Cree, Villiers was a quarter blood. Extremely dark, with black eyes and straight black hair, his was the broad face adorned with the prominent cheek bones of the native. Extremely intelligent, widely read and extensively traveled, he had succeeded in eradicating the last trace of his youthful dialect and accent. Nevertheless, except for the friendship of a few men such as Harrington, who recognized the man's unusual qualities, Villiers had found himself largely cut off from intimate association with his intellectual peers. Yet he had risen above the mental travail occasioned by this burden and now seemed the symbol of absolute serenity.

"What is there of interest in that country?" Harrington asked. After all, he reflected, Villiers was right. What could time matter to him in the end? In his present frame of mind he could as well put in his time one place as another. "Have you heard of a big falls back in there?"

Villiers smiled. "And all the other things that the Moccasin Telegraph is ticking about," he said. "It is on the headwaters of a river that flows into the Liard from the north. Even the Nahané folk have been up its course only a few miles above the mouth. Your northern aborigine is no traveler, and if meat and fish are plentiful he may reside for generations in a relatively small area. The early tribal feuds fixed that habit. I'd suggest that you post off up that stream while I go farther up the main Liard on some investigations of my own. Then we can meet back here on the Mackenzie in the fall." He smiled suddenly upon Harrington. "I send you to the country of the big falls in search of that peace of mind that you covet—and tomorrow we start."

III

THE distant roar of the falls had throbbed in Harrington's ears for many days. It had come to be a very part of things, pervading all Nature. His entire being had become so attuned to it that there were times when he was not conscious of hearing it. All minor sounds—the startled cries of wild fowl, golden babble of song birds back in the forest, the weird laughter of the loons at night—seemed even louder by contrast, as if the vibrations of this never-ending chant served to intensify all alien notes that clashed with its cadences.

On the day that the ice had gone out he had left Villiers at the point where this unnamed stream flowed into the Liard. Already he had attained to a point some two hundred miles beyond where even the Nahané had penetrated, and the whole summer lay before him.

The banks of the stream were low rolling hills alternating with quivering muskeg flats that were apparently bottomless, yet heavily forested with spruce, aspen, birch and balm of Gilead. Harrington turned aside to explore the courses of inflowing creeks, halting occasionally to wash in his gold pan a few samples of dirt from some promising bar. He had left all his dogs save Chief to be cared for in a Nahané camp on the Liard, and the big leader cruised along the shores abreast of the canoe. The trees met above the waters of incoming creeks, fashioning their courses into water-floored and leaf-roofed tunnels. Waterfowl took wing with raucous clamor as the canoe slipped silently round the bends. Unseen songsters gushed liquid strains of melody from back in the somber depths of the moss-hung forest. The noiseless gliding of the canoe afforded opportunities to make close approach to moose that stood in the water—big bulls with their antlers in the velvet, cows with ungainly calves. Never a day passed without encountering bears. Whole colonies of beavers that had not yet been terrorized by the trap line regarded this queer, moving object curiously; and on one occasion a family of otters swam round the canoe.

This was the wilderness primeval, unscarred by the works of man. When one is thrown into intimate contact with virgin wilderness, be it in a trackless swamp, the snow-capped heights of mountain ranges or in the burning trackless desert, it engenders an odd mixture of self-reliance and humility; the former for the reason that the only equation to be considered is that of one's own ability to cope with the forces of Nature; humility for the reason that no man may abide alone in the wilderness without coming to full realization of his own relative insignificance in Nature's scheme of things. Harrington found it all to his liking and he frequently lifted his voice in song as he paddled. He had come to look upon this region with a sense of proprietorship. It was his by right of conquest; and one night in camp he explained all this to Chief, after the fashion in which lonely men are prone to address their dogs.

"All this is our very own wilderness, Chief," he declared. "It has known the tread of no other human feet before my own. Whatever my eyes behold has never before been viewed by man. It's our own wilderness by right of conquest."

The big dog, instead of listening with his usual dignified gravity, seemed inattentive and uneasy. This restlessness had been increasing for the past two days. Once, his hackle fur bristling and erect, his growls had caused Harrington to put inshore to investigate, only to find that the bar upon which Chief's attentions centered had been tracked up by wolves. Still, Chief should not have become unduly excited about the matter, since wolves were no novelty to him.

Now he cast about, sometimes cocking his ears alertly, at other times questing round with uplifted, quivering nose. Harrington knew that the night carried information to Chief on every vagrant breeze, stray ribbons of scent and delicate vibrations of sound all too faint to register their impressions upon the dulled physical perceptions of man, but conveying infallible messages to Chief.

(Continued on Page 117)

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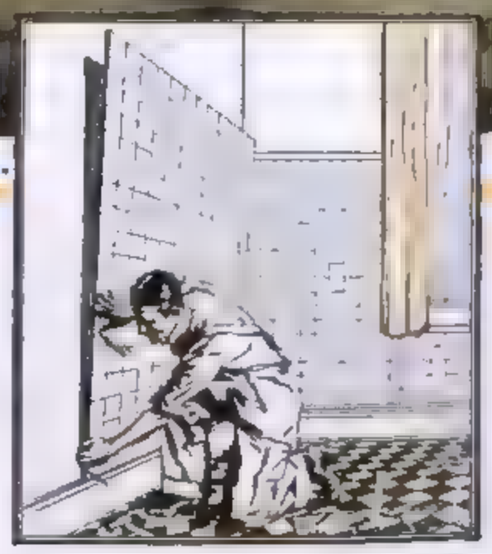

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(Continued from Page 112)

The dog suddenly bristled and snarled, crouching close to the bank of the river as if tempted to enter it in search of an enemy. Harrington knew that in this instance the dog was acting upon some actual message. But the wind was wrong for him to catch a scent from the far side of the river, so it must be some sound that had roused him to this demonstration. Harrington strained his ears but could detect nothing but the gurgle of the current. An owl hooted from afar.

"Nothing to get excited about, Chief, I imagine," he said. "Sharp as your ears are, they fool you sometimes. If the wind was right so I knew that nose of yours was working, I'd take more notice. No chance in the world to delude your smelling apparatus, is there, boy?"

The next day Harrington held on up the river, only to turn off to ascend an inflowing creek. On the return journey in midafternoon Chief appeared on a high point that overlooked a bend in the creek. His hackle fur was erect and his action led Harrington to put ashore below the knob and climb to its crest. On its very tip reposed a single rock. The heavy carpet of moss was too springy to reveal tracks other than those of some heavy animal with cutting hoofs. Just behind the rock the moss seemed to be flattened somewhat. Perhaps a bear had bedded there and had been routed by Chief. The edge of the forest closed in to within five yards of the open point, so dense that one's eyes could penetrate but a few feet into its moss-draped heart.

"Bear, likely, and you run so close up on him before you noticed that it got you all riled up," Harrington said. "But you should be well acquainted with bears by now, seeing 'em every day."

For the next few days the country grew rougher, the current increasingly swift. Rapids necessitated several difficult portages.

"One day soon we'll find ourselves out of canoeing water," Harrington predicted.

Tumbled hills flanked the river and mountains loomed just ahead, the dark slit of a canyon showing. Just outside its mouth Harrington made camp. The sound of the falls was now a steady hollow roar and the earth seemed to throb to its thunderous vibrations.

"It's somewhere round the head of that canyon, Chief," Harrington said. "We can't go through, so we'll have to go round and see the country above the falls."

For answer, Chief elevated his muzzle, filled his great lungs with air and sent the tribal howl of the huskies rolling across the hills. From far off in the night there came an answer—a long-drawn howl—then a score of voices joining in the dismal chorus of the pack.

"Now I call that queer," Harrington said. "Wolves aren't given to running in packs at this time of year. They're all paired off and rearing their young."

With the first streak of dawn Harrington set off to make a reconnaissance of the hills to the westward, and after traveling for several miles he selected the crest of a low knob for an observation post and proceeded to scan the face of the hills that rose tier upon tier to the north. Numerous cross canyons broke toward that mighty main slash that harbored the falls. It would be feasible, in selecting a route of ascent, to swing somewhat more to the westward to avoid the heads of these side breaks. Harrington had about determined his route for the morrow when a lone wolf topped out on a distant ridge and stood sky-lined on the field of his glasses. "There's one of your friends, Chief," he said.

A second animal joined the first and others continued to pop up on the sky line until a score of wolves decorated the top of the ridge.

"First time I've known wolves to gang up at this season," Harrington said. Then he exclaimed in sheer amazement. An upright figure had appeared among the wolves. For the space of a moment this wild crew stood motionless. Then the human figure moved along the crest of the ridge at a swift easy run, the pack surging close behind.

"Holy smoke! The Moccasin Telegraph wins in a walk. 'Ghost she lead wolf pack on hunt that place!' Only those are Mackenzie huskies with so much wolf in them that they look the part. No wonder you were upset. Those were dog tracks, and they couldn't fool that nose of yours, Chief," Harrington said. "If that party has been flanking us he was smart enough to keep the wind on us the best part of the time. You heard him one night and jumped him the next day on that point that overlooked the creek."

It was possible, Harrington reflected, that some remnant of a tribe dwelt here, their presence unknown even to the Nahané people of the Liard. Not likely, though. Anyway he would investigate and report to the police.

"This isn't our own exclusive wilderness after all, Chief," he said. "And we journeyed here to avoid the crowds."

The next day Harrington cached the main part of his outfit, selected sufficient equipment and supplies for a side trip, lashed them on his pack board and set forth to scale the hills to the north. When he topped out on the last rim he discovered that it was not the crest of a divide, as he had supposed, but the edge of a great rolling plateau or plain. The country beyond him was largely open and heavily carpeted with tundra.

He made camp in a timbered pocket near the rims, then set out across the open country. The heads of several minor canyons broke back into it, all of them draining to the main gorge. Harrington rounded these cuts and eventually turned to the east, intending to strike the river above the falls. He came out suddenly upon the rims of a depression, a sort of sink hole, the walls of which fell sheer for hundreds of feet. It was perhaps a mile in diameter and he could discover no outlet. Eventually he made out a narrow slit in the walls of its opposite extremity. No doubt this was the outlet, he decided, draining to the canyon below the falls.

Harrington lowered his gaze to the rock-strewn bottoms of the pocket. A score or more of white vaporous columns writhed aloft and for an instant he mistook them for the smoke rising from the cook fires of some unknown tribe. Then he chuckled, recognizing them for steam jets issuing from fissures in the floor of the sink hole.

"Three rousing cheers for the Moccasin Telegraph. 'Ground she burn that place,'" he said.

Far below him there were several pools, the thin vapor rising from their surfaces indicating that they were fed by hot springs. Suddenly the rocky bottoms below him seemed swarming with wolves.

"That is the hangout of our friends after all, Chief," he stated. "And a right good retreat it is. There's one of the gentlemen now."

An upright figure garbed in buckskin had appeared among the crew of wolfish dogs. It ascended a rock above one of the warm pools and shed the buckskin garments, then executed a graceful dive into the pool.

Harrington swore softly in sheer amazement. "Hell's bells! A woman—a white girl in this hole!"

The dogs clustered about the pool. One great creature took to the water and swam with the girl. Presently she emerged and sat on the rock, spreading her hair out to the sun.

Bit by bit Harrington examined the floor of the sink hole for further signs of human occupancy, but without success. When he put his glasses on the pool again the girl had disappeared. The dogs, too, seemed to have evaporated into thin air. The scene which he had witnessed, the play of these tiny figures far below him, was as if he had viewed the movements of toy actors upon a stage that had vanished with the drawing of some invisible curtain. But presently he located one of the dogs asleep in the shade of a rock, another moving farther down the bottoms.

He returned to his camp and prepared his evening meal, but the work was automatic, his thoughts being engaged with the amazing discovery of the afternoon. Later, as he sat before his fire, the girl was still uppermost in his mind. The mystery surrounding this strange huntress fired his imagination. At one moment he pictured her as a Diana of the North, as wild and untamed as the pack with which she traveled; in more prosaic moments, as the wife of some fugitive who had fled to this far spot. But always, in each visualization, she was possessed of extreme beauty.

"You've been too much alone," he chided himself. "It's the same age-old affliction that leads lonely men to see beauty in an Eskimo squaw or a Zulu belle. Ten to one she's a breed girl with a face that would stop a clock."

Nevertheless, these enticing mental images persisted and he seemed unable to picture the girl as anything other than the extreme of loveliness. He suddenly realized that the charm and beauty with which he had invested this wildling were those of another—the visualization of a face whose likeness ever hovered near the surface of his consciousness and all too frequently obsessed his thoughts. Angrily he sought to brush the picture aside. The woman had gone out of his life completely. Why should she be ever present in his thoughts to harass him with a devastating sense of loss?

IV

HARRINGTON rigged his bed net as a protection against the mosquitoes, indulging in little scraps of song as he worked. Chief seemed uneasy, which caused Harrington to wonder if some one of the girl's companions might be hanging round in the night to spy upon his camp. After retiring to the shelter of his bed net, sleep would not come to him for long, as he speculated as to the reason why a white woman should have come to this far place.

In the morning, as he prepared his meal, a low rumble from Chief caused Harrington to look out across the open country.

"Here comes one of our neighbors now," he said.

A human figure followed by a horde of dogs moved across the tundra toward his camp.

"It's the woman," Harrington pronounced as he focused his glasses on the approaching figure. "Likely they've sent her as an emissary. I'd best tie you up before that swarm of dogs comes into camp."

At a distance of perhaps a hundred yards the girl's voice reached Harrington as she gave certain commands to her dogs. To his surprise the wild crew, as if perfectly trained, remained there while the woman held on toward his camp. She was attired in jacket and trousers of soft buckskin, her feet shod with moose-hide moccasins, and she carried a stout bow, while a quiver containing a dozen heavy hunting arrows was suspended from her shoulder. She moved with the lithe unstudied grace of a wild thing.

When within six feet of Harrington she came to a halt and surveyed him. His chief emotion was one of profound surprise at the incredible beauty of her, coupled with the feeling that he was not gazing upon mere physical perfection but that the woman before him was possessed of some quality which he was unable to define. It was as if some loveliness of the spirit glowed through and illumined the flesh. From some unknown source an explanation of her came to his mind—utter naturalness. Vaguely he was aware that beauty and utter naturalness were largely unrelated. While his conscious mental processes were groping for a definition of her physical charm his subconscious, leaping ahead, had fastened unerringly upon the keynote of her character. Without knowing why, in that first instant of meeting, he was definitely aware that this ravishing creature could not be gauged by any conventional standard. The gray eyes that looked back into his own were alight with eager friendliness. Her lips were half parted and her breath came a bit rapidly, as if from excitement at this meeting. All this in a space of seconds. Then she spoke, and her first words were equally unsettling.

"Sing to me," she requested.

Harrington, startled and confused by this strange greeting, felt a warm tide of red creep up under his tan.

"I'm sorry," she breathed in swift concern, as if instantly divining the change in him. "Shouldn't I have asked that? There are so many things that I don't quite—don't quite know about. But you sang so often as you paddled and it did something queer to me in here." She rested an indicative palm on her breast. "It made me feel all nice and warm inside. That's why I asked."

So she had followed him, Harrington reflected, recalling Chief's uneasiness for two weeks past. The gray eyes were gravely questioning and there was no trace of coquetry in tone or manner. Rather it seemed a simple statement of fact, made with the same unaffected candor with which a child might describe its emotions. Also, it was conceivable that after a period spent in such devastating isolation, the sound of a human voice, even though reaching her ears only in scraps of song, might have served as a reminder to link her to the outside world and the life that she had left behind. Harrington turned his slow amused smile upon her, and the gray eyes quickened to light in response to it, as if she divined that her explanation had sufficed.

"Quite all right," he said. "But it startled me somewhat for the reason that most people, when I break forth into vocal effort, beg me to desist, instead of requesting an encore. So I usually reserve such demonstrations for occasions when there's no one within earshot."

The concern had receded from her eyes with his smiling answer, and they were once more softly shining as her gaze traveled over his big frame in frank approval. As if that topic had been settled, she launched abruptly into another: "Tell me—would you say that I was very good to look at?"

Again there was no trace of coquetry apparent. She seemed to await his answer with frank and eager curiosity, but as if not quite certain of the verdict.

"Very," Harrington answered gravely.

"As beautiful as other women you have known?" she persisted.

"One of the loveliest I have ever seen," he said, and wondered why he had even qualified the statement. She was quite the most beautiful creature of his experience.

"Oh, that's nice!" she breathed. "I had hoped you would think that. Pan has always told me so, but that is because he is very fond of me, and I wondered if others would think that about me."

"Pan!" Harrington echoed.

"Yes," she laughed. "He calls himself that for the reason that he is the god of this particular stretch of forest." Then she added, with a touch of complacence, "I think, myself, that I am far prettier than Tanlika."

"And just who is Tanlika?" he inquired, vaguely speculating as to whether or not Tanlika might be a favored rival.

"My nurse—a native woman," the girl informed. "Her skin is quite dark, not white like mine."

This naïve explanation as to the differing degrees of pigmentation in her own fair skin and Tanlika's dark hide as the chief distinguishing mark between the two different types of beauty amused Harrington, but oddly enough it did not surprise him. He someway felt that he was through with being surprised, that the girl herself was so surprising that everything which she might say or do, coming from her, would seem quite natural. He sensed that she was so unusual that his own usual reactions, as if aware of their futility to serve, had suspended their functions.

"I'm glad you've come," she said. "Sometimes it was lonely, waiting for you."

"For me!" Harrington echoed. It flashed to his mind that she had mistaken

(Continued on Page 119)

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STUDEBAKER

(Continued from Page 117)

him for some messenger whose arrival with news or supplies had been expected.

"Yes; who else?" she dropped to a seat on the ground and motioned him to do likewise. "Talk to me," she said. "Tell me of people you have known and places you have been—just anything. I haven't had anyone to talk with in ever so long a time."

It was natural that she should feel a consuming hunger to hear any shred of news from the life she had known and had left behind.

"Things are running along pretty much as usual," he said. He recited the details of several important events that had occurred just prior to his departure from the realm of the printed page.

"Yes. Go on," she urged when he would have paused. The dogs, taking advantage of her abstraction, had edged closer, until they were ringed round Harrington and the girl. They investigated the man with explosive sniffs and made tentative acquaintance with the great Chief, tethered to a near-by tree. One magnificent female husky, Queen, crowded close to her mistress; others the girl addressed as Wolf, Eric, and by various other titles. Harrington was amazed at the lack of quarreling and snarling among them, for he knew the husky as essentially a savage, prone to indulge in murderous disputes at every opportunity; that even team mates of long standing are seldom left by their owners except when tethered beyond reach of one another, lest they avail themselves of the opportunity to settle old feuds or to start new ones. He commented upon this.

"Yes. We have trained them from puppyhood, never permitting them to quarrel among themselves, picking the best-natured animals out of each generation and eliminating the incorrigibles," she explained. "But do go on. Tell me more."

Realizing something of what every shred of news must mean to her, Harrington recited everything of recent interest that he could recall, important or trivial, ranging from international affairs to personalities. Throughout his discourse the girl listened with intense interest. The gray eyes that looked back into his own were deep pools of expression that revealed every ripple of emotional currents behind them. After perhaps an hour she rose to her feet.

"It has been perfect. If you only knew! But I must go now."

He suddenly realized that she was making her exit without further leave-taking, the abruptness of it as unexpected as had been her opening salutation.

"But wait!" he called after her. It had come to him that if they parted now she would leave behind only the disturbing memory of her presence and the unsolved riddle of her. It seemed imperative that he should unravel the meaning of her presence here—that he must arrive at some solution that would clarify for him the mystery of her anomalous personality. Armed with a bow and followed by her wolfish pack, she had come to him in the heart of a region that was believed to be uninhabited. She seemed the very spirit of the wilderness. Her woodcraft excelled that of a native, yet she gave every evidence of having enjoyed the best advantages that the world had to offer.

Her incredible loveliness and the individual mannerisms of speech that proclaimed her a personality, her sheer unusualness in all respects, would cause her to be marked as one woman in a million in any gathering of civilized society.

"Wait! You must tell me something of yourself. Who are you and why are you here?"

"There is not much to tell about me," she said, turning back to him. "I'm Lynne. Pan sometimes calls me the Nymph, a waif of the woods, because he found me in the forest."

"But I must see you again!" Harrington insisted, knowing that she was again on the verge of departure, as if believing that these few words had explained her adequately.

"Oh! But surely," she agreed in mild astonishment, as if further meetings between them were to be expected as a matter of course. "I'll meet you here tomorrow."

Then she was gone, moving across the tundra at an easy running gait with the pack swinging close behind.

Throughout the day Harrington's restlessness increased. At first, piqued at her seeming assumption that he would await her pleasure indefinitely, he had decided to move camp and let her follow if she could. Then, fearing that she might not find him, he decided to remain in his present location. His former intention of seeking out a route through the maze of side canyons to some point from which he could view the falls from below, or, failing that, to strike the river above them, had vanished. Instead, he remained in camp and shaved for the first time in a month. With the coming of night he sought his bed, but sleep would not come to him. He stared into the dancing flames of his fire, his thoughts engaged with his visitor of the morning. Pan! The fellow had certainly arrogated a great deal unto himself to assume the title and to fancy himself vested with the powers of the fabled god of the forest. The names she had given him, patently fictitious, no doubt had been adopted to accord with the environment. Was this Pan a fugitive or a member of some band of wandering prospectors who had kept their pilgrimage to these parts a secret? In either case love was the keynote of it—the reason for her presence here. Villiers had been right. Nothing save unrequited love could have driven Harrington to abandon his profession and his prospects and to seek the seclusion of the wilderness, much after the fashion in which a wounded bear seeks solitude until its hurts are healed. And, in reverse equation, nothing save a vast love would have led a woman to forsake her former walks of life and follow her man into the wilderness to endure such devastating isolation. It worked both ways, he reflected bitterly, and was conscious of a growing envy toward this so-called Pan. What manner of man was he, to have inspired love so great in a creature who could have had her pick from the world of men? Perhaps he might be somewhat entitled to the name that he had adopted. This reflection brought no particular cheer to the man who had conceived it. Instead, it added to his own sense of bitter loss.

At last he slept, only to be roused by a low whine from Chief. Gray shapes slid silently beneath the trees. Harrington saw Chief renewing former acquaintance with the big husky, Queen. Then, her approach as soundless as that of her dogs, the girl was standing there by his dying fire.

"I couldn't sleep without seeing you again," she said. "And tomorrow seemed so far away."

An hour before, Harrington had wondered somewhat testily if this man of the wilderness would be so selfish as to refuse permission for the girl to meet him here on the morrow. Now, inconsistently enough, he wondered with equal acerbity what the man was about, to permit her to wander alone through this wild region in the dead of night; but he was thankful, nevertheless, for the combination of circumstances that had made the visit possible.

"Talk to me again," she urged, sitting by the fire as the flame leaped up through the fresh wood. "Tell me more things."

Again realizing what every bit of news must mean to her, he acceded to her request, withholding his own question. And again the girl drank in his every word as if she would never tire of listening. After perhaps two hours she stretched her muscles and yawned. Ordinarily this gaping of a human face, particularly that of a woman, would have impressed Harrington with a sense of its unattractiveness. But in this instance, as in all else that she did, the very unself-consciousness of the act relieved it of any offense—or probably for the reason that even a contortion which would enhance the unattractiveness of any ordinary countenance was incapable of impairing this creature's perfection. Harrington was amusedly reminded of the instinctive actions of a tired kitten. Lynne's smile sleepily answered his own.

"My eyes are getting heavy," she confessed. "I didn't sleep a wink last night and have been traveling at a run all day. If I go to sleep now will you promise to talk to me tomorrow?"

"For hours on end," he promised, believing that she was about to depart.

From the case that contained her arrows she extracted a head net, closely woven from some fibrous material, and a pair of buckskin gloves. Adjusting the net about her head as a protection against mosquitoes, and donning the gloves, she curled up contentedly before the fire, her head pillowed on one arm.

"Good night," she murmured.

"But you can't stay here!" Harrington protested, aware, even as he spoke, of the absurdity of conforming to civilized conventions in this far spot. This girl, in any event, would formulate her own conventions and subscribe to no others. Of that he was quite certain, and her latest act was proof of the surmise.

"Why, won't you let me stay here with you?" she coaxed.

"But what will they think?" he queried lamely, with the age-old apprehension of the civilized human lest his actions offend the dictates of society, though Harrington's apprehension was solely for the girl. "What would they think if you failed to return tonight—Pan and Tanlika and the others?"

"Oh! But there is no one now—just me," she said, rising to a sitting posture. "No one since the snowslide caught poor Tanlika."

"You can't mean that you are alone in here!" Harrington exclaimed incredulously. "Impossible."

"I'm alone," she assured him, "and have been for months. Pan left in November to go to the Yukon slope for supplies, expecting to return in February. Then in December the snowslide caught Tanlika. Ever since I've been waiting here, hoping that Pan would come back; but he never has."

Harrington was swept by a sudden rage against the man who had inflicted this thing upon her. He had a swift mental picture of this girl living alone through screeching blizzards and the even more terrifying silences after storms had passed, the long gloomy months of the sub-Arctic night. Yet someway he felt that she had been subject to no panics; great loneliness, perhaps, and grief, but back of it all the calm self-assurance of her own ability to see the situation through to the end without flinching. Nevertheless, it must have been a dreadful ordeal. "It seems impossible," he breathed.

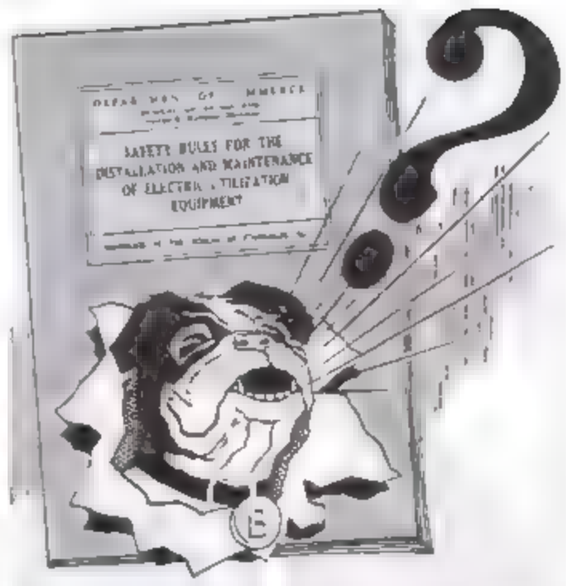
"It was lonely," she agreed. "Sometimes I felt that he would never come back to me. Then it seemed that life wouldn't be worth living without him. I would have to keep my mind upon other things. So I've just kept on waiting, even after the allotted time was up."

"The time was up?" he echoed uncomprehendingly.

"When he left he told me that if he failed to return in six months we would know that he had died on the trail and that Tanlika would take me to Father Ruvierre. Do you know him?"

"No. But I've heard the name," said Harrington. Ruvierre—doubtless he was one of the bearded priests, but Harrington could not recall at which of the twelve posts on the interior trail he might be stationed at the time. "So he knew in advance that he might not return," he stated rather than asked—that smacked of deliberate desertion.

"Oh, yes. He said that he was a very old man to be traveling winter trails and that on some one of his trips he would fail to return; that I must not grieve, but remember that he had outlived his allotted span of years long since. He always has told me that before starting on a long trip for supplies."



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The man, then, had been neither husband nor lover, Harrington mused—her father, perhaps, or a guardian. It was filial love that she accorded him. Harrington reflected upon the queer manifestations of the Moccasin Telegraph. The Old Man of the North, then, had not been a myth, but an actual character. Primitive peoples, far removed from civilization, living close to the earth and Nature, told strange things sometimes; mostly superstitious rot, of course, and much of it that later proved to contain a grain of truth might be traced to material sources—a strange trail, the ashes of a long-dead camp fire, the mark of a paddle blade in the mud bottom of some shallow where a phantom canoe was known to have passed, any one of a hundred ways by which the knowledge might have been gained naturally. But there was something else—allied, no doubt, to that faculty possessed by animals, as evidenced by a dog's knowledge of the nearness of human presence in an isolated region and where no scent or sound could have conveyed the information over the paths of physical senses. Harrington had seen it among many primitive races about the world.

"So won't you let me stay with you?" she coaxed.

"Poor lonely little stray," he said. "I didn't know. Of course, you stay with me until I turn you into the safe-keeping of Father Ruvierre." She had curled up again before the fire. "You take my blankets and bed net," he instructed. "And I'll bunk here by the fire."

But she had already slipped into a sound slumber, her head pillowed on one doubled arm. He covered her with one of his two blankets. From the shelter of his bed net he watched her sleeping there, surrounded by the members of her faithful pack.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA

(Continued from Page 13)

event took place in the early days of September, which is the fashionable season in Biarritz.

The journey of the young sovereign had been much commented upon. People began to flock to Sachino, even before His Majesty reached his mother's home, asking for the privilege of an audience, and invitations poured in. Balls and dinner parties of all kinds and descriptions were announced.

The evening of the great event we were all put to bed. King Alexander's train arrived late at night and we were sound asleep when he entered Sachino.

A numerous suite accompanied him, counting no less than his Minister of Foreign Affairs, his court marshal, generals, aides-de-camp, secretaries and a large number of servants.

The villa of Sachino was a capacious villa, but by no means a palace. Queen Natalie had great difficulty in putting up all the people of her son's suite. I remember Voïca had to be moved into Draga's bedroom, and Draga's bedroom itself, including Voïca, had to be moved to the upper floor. Our little friend now lived close to the magic door, the forbidden door leading to the roof. Sachino was built in the style of an Italian villa, and to get to its flat roof was our permanent ambition. By Voïca we were all to be led into temptation and that is how we discovered the big secret.

I met King Alexander for the first time on the morning after his arrival in Biarritz. I met him on the beach *a la grande plage* under the royal tent, adorned for the circumstance with new little Serbian flags fluttering brightly in the sun—red, white and blue.

He stood beside his radiant mother. He was a dark, sulky-looking little fellow with a little black mustache, of medium figure, badly clothed in a common white-flannel suit with blue stripes, wearing an out-of-date, foolish little straw hat, with a string to keep it safe against the sea winds; and over his frowning black eyebrows, over his short-sighted small black eyes, half shut, he wore a disgraceful, a detestable pair of eyeglasses fastened with a golden chain.

Lese Majesty

I could have sobbed on the spot to find he was so ugly. But happily his mother did not seem to mind. She smiled—she constantly smiled—her beautiful white teeth illuminating her face flushed with overwhelming motherly joy.

Ladies were shown into the tent—ladies and more ladies. Some we knew, some perfectly unknown to us. They came in, one after the other, dressed in the smartest seaside fashion of that year, wearing large skirts of white, pink or blue piqué and big flower-trimmed hats. As they came in, all seemed to collapse in deep curtsies, and one could see in the sand the marks left by their long sweeping skirts. One of them—a lovely French countess, wearing a pale-yellow piqué dress that made her look like a wide-open Maréchal Niel rose—went down so low on her bent knee, that I thought she would never get up again. A king had not been seen in Biarritz since the days of Napoleon III and his empress—the makers of Biarritz—and French society had been starved for want of a sovereign so long that they rushed back to court etiquette with delight.

But those considerations were above my comprehension. A curious flash of democratic feeling came over me. I had always seen everyone curtsy to Queen Natalie and found it only natural—I had curtsied myself. But to this ugly young man with his foolish straw hat and his eyeglasses? Why did all those nice-looking women pay such homage to him? I looked for someone in the tent to whom I could express my disappointment and my disapproval. I could not possibly keep it to myself. I went up to young Prince Demetre Ghika—one of my father's secretaries in his Paris Legation—and I spoke to him of my disgust in a confidential tone: "I don't like a woman to curtsy to a man, and I shall certainly not do it," I said defiantly.

A King in Everyday Life

Having given this outlet to my feelings I slipped out of the tent unnoticed by my parents and without having taken my turn in the improvised court reception. A short time after, Queen Natalie sent for me, took me laughingly by the hand, brought me up to her son, and said, "Here is a little girl who thinks women ought never to curtsy to a man."

The king held out his hand. I remained abashed, petrified with indignation. Demetre Ghika had betrayed my confidence.

Now I come to think of it, if King Alexander had been a handsome young man in a bright red uniform, perhaps I would have been less firm in my protestation against woman's abasement, but, as he was, he certainly seemed not in the least worthy of the homage they paid to him. Soon I discovered that the other children, my playmates, did not like him either, and even Jack growled at him every time he had a chance.

In the everyday life at Sachino, King Alexander had aggravating manners. When in public he seemed taciturn, dull, with an expression of mistrust on his face, and looked like an owl in daylight. The moment he was left alone with us he was teasing and insulting.

We soon began to detest him. Perhaps we were also unconsciously jealous of him, on behalf of Queen Natalie. She had belonged to us alone for one year, and now we felt dreadfully put aside. We could not even hope to share her with him; he was grown up and a king, and for him she had entirely changed her way of living.

She had become worldly in order to distract and amuse him.

In spite of all the trouble she took to make him enjoy Biarritz's brilliant society, he continued to look somber and sulky in society, ungrateful and unworthy of all the care and attention she and everybody else gave to him.

Thanks to the many invitations received by the royal party the children were left to pursue their amusements alone. We made ourselves happy on our own and enjoyed our holidays away from the smart crowd. Except for luncheon and sometimes for tea, we were no more to be seen. Draga alone had still an eye on us.

When Queen Natalie drove with her son and the rest of the company, all the carriages were occupied by the suite of the king. There was no room left for the lady in waiting, and Draga often remained behind. She then took her guard over us; she did not like it, nor did we.

Our favorite playground was the private beach of the villa, low at the foot of the big terrace. Each time Draga came there with a book and a sun umbrella our teasings began under the leadership of Voïca. She had no respect whatever for her eldest sister. Unnoticed, with our swift bare feet silent in the sand, and sometimes creeping on our knees like red Indians, we approached the umbrella. The sudden intrusive presence of a crab on the open pages of the book, or some other unsightly sea animal agitating its many legs, made her shriek out loud.

To give a fright to Draga was one of our favorite sports. We indulged in doing so frequently. Draga's frights were so amusing. She used to jump and scream and fret, and, after all, as Henry, the eldest boy, said, it was not sure that she did not like to be frightened. She always chose to read the most terrific novels. I remember yet the title of one of them. It was enough to give one a nightmare. It was called La Mort Rouge.

Biarritz still worshiped a king, but Alexander of Serbia seemed to enjoy very little the social entertainments that were given for him. Now and then he began to seek for solitude on the private beach at the foot of the big terrace, which we considered as the children's sacred territory.

We did not want him there; as he came near us we made a sort of red Indian war against him, hiding, whistling and even throwing things at him—dead crabs they were, I am afraid. He threw them back. From fight we passed to insult. We called him "Serbian," even "dirty Serbian," and he called us, in return, "dirty Rumanians."

A Place in the Shade

Of course, no one of the grown-up people ever suspected what was going on in the soft sands under the terrace, where we were only supposed to play and paddle innocently every afternoon.

The king, who was a king only for the people in the drawing-room, once treading on our sacred grounds, was treated like a despised foe.

Why did he come there? He had no right to intrude in the children's realm? We had the vague intuition he had come there in hiding; his place was with his court upstairs, with all the fine ladies who had been asked to tea with him, with his ministers, with his A. D. C., with all the grown-ups to whom he belonged. Why did he escape their company and seek for ours? We did not want him.

The thought that he looked for someone who was sometimes with us and sometimes not, had not occurred to us then. Draga's umbrella opened and folded oftener on the beach; once or twice it shaded both king and lady in waiting.

(Continued on Page 122)

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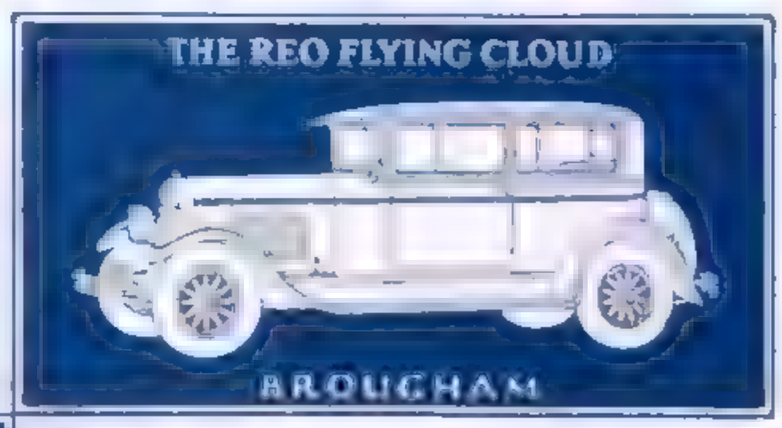

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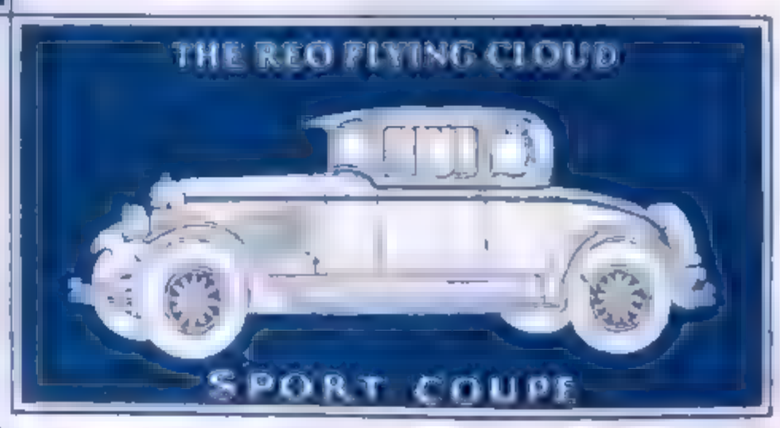

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[IMPORTED BY]

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON MEMPHIS PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES

Wholesale Golf Distributors

(Continued from Page 120)

Against the bombardment that went on from our side, they both crouched under the umbrella. One day on the shore a terrible event happened, making us feel how right we had been in wanting to keep our domain to ourselves. King Alexander, who seemed to like less and less the smart ladies in Biarritz, had refused to bathe on the public beach, giving as a reason that he did not swim well enough. He wanted to practice by himself, with his *baigneur*, a Basque sailor, who taught him how to swim, and for his bathing he chose the private beach, our playground under the terrace.

Everybody tried to stop him from bathing there. We had never been allowed to do so. There was a tale about a hollow in the sea and a strong current under the waters. But King Alexander proved to be quite obstinate on that point. He would bathe there and nowhere else. He listened to nobody; not even to his mother's persuasions.

The Key to the Magic Door

This occasion was the first on which he betrayed his real character. He fell into a violent temper and showed the strong will of an unintelligent youth brought up in the idea that he was a king, and might do all that was not allowed, if he so pleased. The third or fourth time he bathed, the dreadful thing happened. He and his *baigneur* both disappeared under a big wave and were no more to be seen for a few minutes. The agitation of the bystanders was terrible. People ran and screamed for help. When the next wave came, King Alexander was thrown up and rolled on the sand. But the *baigneur* was no more to be seen.

On the shore Queen Natalie, in tears, trembling with emotion, was helping the aide-de-camp to wrap up her choking son in his bath clothes. Servants were trying to bring a boat out to look for the missing man. In the general fright and commotion, Draga had turned very pale, and suddenly she dropped flat on the sand.

My mother and my aunt took us quickly away from the tragic beach. For hours the search went on, but not until the day after did the sea give back the body of the unfortunate drowned man. The *baigneur* left a wife and two little children. Everyone in Sachino was dreadfully upset about his loss.

Queen Natalie went herself to the sailor's cottage to console and comfort the widow and provide for the orphan children. She, Aunt Mariette and my mother had been terribly shocked by the unfortunate event. The providential escape of King Alexander moved us all, but nobody had fainted except Draga. We were strictly forbidden to go near the beach for the whole of the next day, as the body of the dead sailor had to remain on the shore until the Procureur of the Republic could be summoned from Bayonne to make the legal constatation. Voïca alone disobeyed the command. Before the corpse was removed, in the early morning she had crept out of the house at an hour when even the servants were still asleep, and she boasted to us having walked down to the beach, effacing her footsteps one after the other, like a real red Indian, in order to go and see the dead man. Her description kept me awake at night long after. What had made her go to the beach and meet this awful sight, against all the orders so firmly impressed upon us? Had she also Draga's curious inclination toward everything that is dreadful—bullfights and tales of terrors and death?

All Biarritz was stirred by what had happened, and many people came to Sachino to congratulate Queen Natalie on her son's narrow escape. Little we all knew then that if the King of Serbia had disappeared under the waves the same time as the poor sailor who was teaching him to swim, a more terrible death would have been spared to him and one of the most bloody pages of modern history would have been left unwritten.

The magic door to the forbidden roof opened, as I have said, on the passage of the second floor where Voïca lived, for the time being, in the room of her sister Draga.

The key was never left in the keyhole, and it was in vain that we had begged for it from the minor authorities of the household—butler, footmen, housekeeper. The key had remained out of sight.

Where it was hidden we did not know. Why we so desired the key would have been inexplicable to those who had not enjoyed the delights of our great game of the time: Telegraphic messages exchanged with the inhabitants of several of the most important planets, which Henry, the eldest of the boys, and my sister Jeanne, had lately invented, with the help of a great illustrated book on astronomy. All the heroes and heroines of the stories we had read were supposed by us to live now in the stars, and by a system of our own invention we would communicate with them by blinks of a mirror; in return, the twinkles of the stars would answer. For that magnificent experiment no better ground could be chosen than the flat roof of the villa on a clear cloudless night with no moon.

We had discussed for days and days the ways and means of getting upon the roof. At last Voïca, the only one among us who lived on the upper floor, had watched the servant whose duty it had been to fly the flag on the day of King Alexander's arrival. She had seen him locking the magic door. The key had been carried back to the housekeeper's room. Voïca had penetrated in the sanctuary where all the keys hung, wearing each a medal such as a dog wears, with his name written on, and one day—the very day of the great disturbance, when the king had been nearly drowned—Voïca had slipped into the housekeeper's room, left unlocked, and acquired the famous key. Now we had only to wait for an opportunity.

Unwilling Observers

We had to watch for a starlit evening when the servants would be out of the way and the grown-up people out of the house. But this did not happen for some time. After the *baigneur's* dramatic death in the king's service, invitations had been put off. At last a night came when a musical party, gathering all the inhabitants of the house to the drawing-room downstairs, left free for us the upper regions and gave us the possibility to carry out our cherished plan. All the conspirators crept to the passage long after bedtime. We were on the point of reaching the magic door when hurried footsteps were heard on the main staircase. We held our breath. At the end of the passage was a large oak table where the linen maid used to pile the linen before putting it away in the surrounding cupboards. In no time we were under the table. Somebody was running up the stairs and somebody was pursuing.

From our shelter we could see, quite clearly, the long lighted passage. The form of a woman dressed in black appeared at the entrance, coming from the staircase.

It was Draga running, panting; and running after her was King Alexander! What

(Continued on Page 125)

The Royal Palace at Belgrade, Serbia

The thing was office gossip. Would or would he not adopt the Third Great Health Habit in time . . .

Are You Breath Conscious?

To Prove What Astringosol Does to Unpleasant Breath, a Three-Days' Supply Will Be Sent You Free

Centuries were needed to teach people daily bathing and daily tooth-brushing, the first two great health habits. Only a few years have been necessary to teach them the Antiseptic Mouth Wash Habit. They took it up because they were frankly startled at the fearful consequences of Unpleasant Breath—and for a time things seemed better.

For Unpleasant Breath gargle with a little Astringosol in water

Gradually they found, however, that unpleasant breath has an unpleasant habit of BOBBING UP AGAIN AFTER A LITTLE WHILE. And they found that ordinary mouth washes were inadequate for the task of downing it and keeping it down. What a pity that *every one* of the Twenty Million followers of the Antiseptic Mouth Wash Habit has not tried the particular antiseptic favored by dentists—one which has never before been nationally advertised—Astringosol, the CONCENTRATED antiseptic, USED PROFESSIONALLY for twenty years by the dental and medical professions.

But Astringosol, the concentrated antiseptic, is now nationally advertised and available to all. Everybody can now prove what a CONCENTRATED mouth wash means to bad breath. A professional mouth wash. And how unpleasant mouth odors have no chance with Astringosol.

It Does More

CONCENTRATION is the big reason why Astringosol does more. And why it prevents unpleasant mouth odors from bobbing up after a little while. Because concentration means strength. And antiseptic strength is essential in actually eliminating unpleasant mouth odors. You'll find that Astringosol even helps reduce the CAUSES of mouth odors. It stimulates, for example, unhealthy gum tissues, tones up and firms up unwholesome, flabby gums. Tightens loose gum margins till they hug the teeth. Prevents the growth of deadly, unseen micro-organisms which breed between teeth and gums—whose poisons seep through the system. That is how kidney trouble, neuritis, even heart trouble often come. Drop Astringosol in full strength on a moist tooth brush to destroy normal mouth bacteria and those dangerous invisible agents that destroy tooth enamel. Dentists use Astringosol in full strength to destroy the most tenacious of mouth germs. Use whatever dilution you prefer.

The Three Great Health Habits

It Tastes Better

Many mouth washes have a medicinal taste and seem unconvincingly weak even to sight. Astringosol SHOWS its concentrated strength as soon as you put thirty or forty drops in a quarter-tumbler-full of water. The water assumes an agreeable milky opalescence. Astringosol, moreover, tastes like a pleasant fountain drink. A gargle freshens up the mouth like live seltzer, and is as bracing to the mouth tissues as a dip in the surf is to the body.

Refreshes the mouth—purifies the breath

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New Jersey zinc

(Continued from Page 122)

game were they playing? He caught her at last and pushed her against the door of her own room. We saw him trying the door furiously, but it was locked. He put his arms round her, making her his prisoner. Draga gave one of her shrill little screams. He closed her lips with his—to silence her, I believed.

Jeanne, Henry, George, Volca and myself, the five of us, had seen the kiss. For days we said nothing. We were shocked, we were indignant; but why indignant and shocked we did not know.

The kiss became a secret between ourselves—the great secret, greater even than our wish to communicate with the stars. How it came that Henry gave it away, I never quite understood. I believe he quarreled with his cousin, King Alexander, soon after we had seen the king kiss Draga so strangely.

Henry was a boy of twelve, already very masterful, with strong convictions. He believed firmly that his royal cousin had been badly brought up in Belgrade and must change his manners while he was with us in Biarritz. Nobody could give him better advice as to his behavior than Henry's own father. So he went one day and told his father what we had seen in the passage. But, strange to say, Henry himself received a severe lecture. He was told to remember that spying on other people's doings with a stolen key in one's pocket was not a fine deed. He was also reminded of the dignity of his cousin. Alexander, though only eighteen and perhaps still childish for his age, as could be seen by his playing hide and seek with his mother's lady in waiting, was nevertheless a crowned head, a majesty, and the first of the people who had to respect his official character were precisely his close relatives.

Soon after these events the whole party broke up. We left for Paris; the Ghikas for Berlin, where their father was Rumanian minister; and King Alexander, with his suite, returned to his capital on the Danube, in far-away Serbia. Volca was sent back to Paris. Queen Natalie and her lady in waiting remained alone in the big empty villa by the sea.

Prologue to a Tragedy

The lovely holidays were finished. Who could have foretold then that we, the children in Sachino, had been bystanders and even actors in the prologue of a love match and a historical tragedy which brought one of the European dynasties to an end. The forerunner of so many others! Time slipped away. For us the distracting self-centered period of school life had begun. Now and then we heard of Queen Natalie. We wrote to her at Christmas and at Easter. Kind messages came to us from Biarritz from time to time. Easter eggs, Christmas presents proved the queen had not forgotten us.

But the fairy time of the fairy godmother was over now. She once came to Paris for a short stay, and a dinner was given in her honor at the Rumanian Legation. She came in state, met by my father at the foot of the stairs, taken back by him to her carriage.

We had but a glimpse of her then. Neither my sister nor myself was yet admitted to enjoy the contestable delights of an official dinner.

This visit of Queen Natalie took place about two years after the famous holidays in Biarritz. We then heard Draga was no more her lady in waiting. Things were whispered amongst the older people. Draga had been forgiven, but dismissed. We wondered why.

Volca we had been allowed to see once or twice on a short visit in the courtyard of her school, and then no more. Our parents thought she was not quite the companion they wished for us, and at first sight our new French governess, Mademoiselle Viaud, a wise and intelligent young woman, had disapproved of Volca. All the information we lacked at first came to us little by little as time went on, bringing the romance of King Alexander into the light of world publicity.

Had Henry done well to tell his father? I came to think that, after all, he had not been right in betraying the secret. But why had the grown-up people taken no notice then and why did they now condemn Draga's conduct in harsh, half-uttered words?

Draga's behavior toward Queen Natalie, her benefactress, was considered in our house as very much to be blamed. Queen Natalie had forgiven her, as could be expected from a woman as kind and religious as she was. But one could well understand why she did not want her any longer in Sachino, and rightly had she asked for her dismissal as her lady in waiting. As time passed, people began to wonder if Queen Natalie had been as wise as they at first thought in dismissing Draga so hastily.

Serbia's Queen

King Alexander had ceased his visits to Biarritz. State affairs were now taking up all his time; he spent his holidays in Serbia year after year. One pitied the poor mother, deprived again of the sweet presence of her son. People doubted if she had been rightly inspired in parting with a person who seemed to have fixed her son's affection. Draga, once out of Sachino, had nowhere to go except to her own country, Serbia. She was a poor widow with no fortune, and having lost her position with Queen Natalie who else would have given her help or attention in Biarritz? The best she could do for herself was to go back to Belgrade, her native town.

The best she could do, she did, and once in Belgrade, she found herself free of any duty in regard to Queen Natalie and ready to answer the first call of the young man who was, in Belgrade, an absolute master, and whose subject she was, after all.

Queen Natalie was a deeply religious woman and enjoyed a spotless reputation. Her high moral principles would never have allowed her to tolerate the simultaneous presence in her house of Alexander and of Draga. After what was known of them, a Christian, she had forgiven the sinner, but some wiser people could not help thinking and saying that she would have been better advised if her pardon had gone to the extent of keeping Draga in Sachino, safely away from Belgrade.

Six years had passed since his majority and King Alexander was now twenty-four. The constant negotiation his mother kept up with the Russian court, in hope of finding there a wife for her son, had failed; her influence with him seemed now completely lost. The winds had changed since the first happy days when he had come to her in Biarritz, bringing her, as homage, his first public act as a king and taking with him as a witness and executor of his orders his Minister of Foreign Affairs. The triumph of Queen Natalie had not lasted long.

In Vienna, where he now lived, the ex-King Milan, her ex-husband, could now rejoice malignantly. He had feared she might go back to Belgrade without him, on her reigning son's invitation, and carry out there her pro-Russian policy—her scheme that made him quarrel with her in olden days.

Haply someone in Belgrade helped unexpectedly to keep Queen Natalie exiled. The presence there of the widow of a poor colonel in the Serbian Army called Draga Machin was sufficient to accomplish this.

How did she manage to keep her influence increasing as years went on? The little charm she had must have decreased and vanished, as people reckoned she was now over her fortieth year.

The truth was that on the weak-minded, obstinate, shortsighted, fierce-tempered king, her soft helpless nature had worked marvels. He loved her so much that not only did he constantly refuse to marry according to the *raison d'état*, not only did he refuse to see his mother but also he came to believe Draga would be capable of being a queen, to believe her capable of giving him an heir.

The Serbian crown was placed upon the head of the former lady in waiting by King Alexander on the fifth of August, 1900. The news came to us by the papers, and I am sadly afraid it came to Sachino by no other way. Six years had passed since the kiss; the crown had been earned with a kiss. In Sachino, Queen Natalie was in the depths of despair; her hopes for a close alliance with Russia through her son's marriage with one of the grand duchesses had been destroyed. Her moral feelings were hurt by the relations between her son and Draga. She foresaw the prestige of the Obrenovitch dynasty, represented by her only son, could not resist his marriage with a commoner of Draga's reputation; and, above all, she knew that her former lady in waiting could have no child.

The papers were overflowing with the royal romance. But my parents, who always took to heart everything happening to Queen Natalie, were badly impressed by the event. Pictures came representing the wedding. Queen Draga, as she now was called, appeared dressed as a bride. Love and triumph had changed the pale thin widow we had known into a stately matron; royalty had made her fat. Nobody in our family congratulated the couple, but the brother kings and emperors did; they had to do so. The papers reproduced all their telegrams.

Someone remarked that Austria, too, would one day have on her throne a sovereign who had married a former lady in waiting.

This was Archduke Francis-Ferdinand, heir to the Hapsburg throne, married to Sophie, Countess Chotek. The parallel sounds ghastly now, in the light of the double tragedy—Belgrade, Serajevo.

Only a few months after the scandalous wedding the papers again printed large the name of Queen Draga. Her expectations were advertised with royal indiscretion; official telegrams, issued from Belgrade, insisted on her hopes of maternity. Then denials came, abuse, caricatures. In her lonely villa by the sea, Queen Natalie must have suffered cruelly. We heard she was seeking and finding consolation in religion.

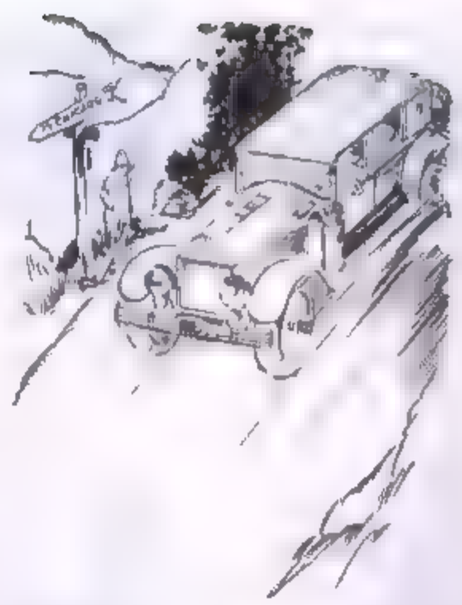
In a Poor Light

As the state religion in Serbia is Greek Orthodox, her conversion to the Catholic faith proved that Queen Natalie had forsaken all hope of ever going back to her son's kingdom.

Two more years slipped by. My elder sister, Jeanne, was to be married. At that time the wife of the Rumanian Minister in Belgrade was my mother's sister-in-law. She came to see us. She had to carry on with my mother a semidiplomatic, semi-friendly negotiation. Before she left Belgrade to attend my sister's wedding, Queen Draga had received her in private audience. She had complained that Jeanne, whom she had known so well as a child, had not written to her to announce her marriage. A present was ready for her and would be sent from Belgrade if the hoped-for announcement came.

It did not come. My family had remained strictly loyal to Queen Natalie. We well knew that King Alexander's marriage with Draga had broken her heart. The news that came from Belgrade, though discreetly covered by the veils of diplomatic prudence, showed Queen Draga in no very favorable light. She had revealed both weakness and ambition since she occupied the throne with her young and irritable husband. The army, it was said, began to murmur against the undue advancement of Draga's relatives—brothers, brother-in-law, uncles, cousins—pushing their way to the highest commissions through the queen's protection.

The king gave way to her in every circumstance, it was said, and she gave way to all her poor relations, who became rich, crushing and insolent. The people knew that through her the dynasty would come



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to an end. Alexander alone believed he could have a son by Draga. The royal couple lived in their palace isolated from the rest of the world.

Nobody ever came to see them if not on duty, except one of the Rumanian relatives of King Alexander on his father's side—Mr. Alexander Catargi. This was an old gentleman, well known in Bucharest society for his somewhat fantastic political ideas and his pearl-gray redingote.

Trapped in the Palace

He sometimes crossed the Danube and stayed a week with his royal nephew, to whom he gave his precious advice on the question of home government.

On his return to Bucharest he used to confide to all his friends of the Jockey Club how he taught the young man on the Serbian throne to crush the opposition. Things in Belgrade, according to him, were going splendidly.

Nobody listened to old Mr. Catargi; among the Rumanian politicians, not even the members of his own party would follow his views or take his good advice, so soundly conservative.

Happily, his nephew Alexander knew how to profit by his uncle's knowledge and experience.

Old Mr. Catargi, each time he came back from Serbia, appeared to be more and more optimistic as to the situation there. His pessimism he wholly kept for poor, mismanaged Rumania. People laughed behind his back at the great airs he gave himself, of his boast of being the chief counselor to his nephew's throne. It had become a sport between the youngest members of his club to ask the old man his views about the situation in Serbia. His replies were always emphatically to prove that everything in Belgrade was for the best. Even Queen Draga had been included lately in his general satisfaction. He thought her very teachable. If she kept on following his advice for a few more years, she would become quite a good queen. One evening old Mr. Catargi was just sitting down to the bridge table, as usual, in the Jockey Club, when one of the younger members came up to his table and put to him the usual question:

"What do you think of the political situation in Serbia?"

The old gentleman had returned from his yearly visit to the Serbian court only two days before. The question pleased him.

"Excellent," he replied, shuffling his cards, "couldn't be better."

"And how is the personal position of the queen?"

"Draga? Well—perfect, my dear; couldn't be better; *"le peuple l'adore."*

"Ah," said the young man, "are you quite sure the people adore her?" And he went away.

The same evening the sinister news of the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga had reached Bucharest.

The night before, they had been caught in their own palace, which had closed on them like a monstrous trap. The revenge of the deceived Serbian people on their weak-minded king and on their ambitious queen had been of a cruelty beyond imagination.

When the conspirators—all belonging to the regular army and to the regiment then on guard—had entered the palace at night, one of the officers had the unfortunate idea of breaking the electric contact. Instantly the whole palace was plunged in darkness and the tragic search was begun. From room to room, in the black night, Alexander and Draga had been pursued by their murderers.

They had run—could I not hear how they had run on the staircase and in the passage upstairs, he and she, panting, as I had heard them pant and run that night of their first kiss in Sachino! What a dreadful, too dreadful ending it all was!

Details exceeding in horror Shakspere's Macbeth reached us through reliable official reports. The murderers seemed to have lost their heads with fright in the complete darkness—which had been caused by the stupidity of one of them—in which they had to chase their prey.

An Armor of Dresses

The search had been horribly long. The furniture had been thrown over in every room. All the inner doors were flung wide open; some which had been locked were broken open. From the sitting room of the lower floor the king and queen flew upstairs into their private apartments. The beds had been turned over by the searchers in vain. At last Alexander and Draga had been found in a remote corner of their palace—the room adjoining Draga's bathroom—the cabinet containing the cupboards where her robes and her dresses hung. Maddened by fear, terrified, like two children, they had hidden behind the dresses, and there at last, after two hours of this horrible hunt, the victims had met their fate.

Poor Draga! Her shrill screams of old were still in my ears. How often had I heard her scream when my father imitated the toreador on the tennis grounds, when we teased her in so many nasty ways on the beach, as she sat under her parasol, while she was reading La Mort Rouge.

Was it, perhaps, because she had not been able to repress her screams while they were searching for her to slay her, that they had been found, she and her young king, her lover, who had made of her, the poor widow, the oldish woman, a happy queen?

They had been found crouching together in one of her dress cupboards, hidden behind her fineries, her dresses. The swords had to find their way to their hearts through those light armors, staining them all with their blood. When they had ceased to breathe, the bodies were pulled out of the cupboard, out of the dressing room, dragged savagely through the passage. From an uncurtained window in the corridor the murderers saw the daylight. How long the search had been!

The Fall of the Obrenovitch

In what anguish the other conspirators—they who had waited on the square before the palace—must be! How could the murderers let them know soon enough that the deed was done and Serbia was free? They opened the window. A group of men dressed, like themselves, in military clothes, were watching in the dim early dawn. Serbia was free! To prove it, those who had done the deed, maddened by the shedding of blood, lifted the lifeless queen and threw her body down over the window sill. And as those beneath shouted to those above to know if they were rid of Alexander, too, the murderers' replies were short. The body of the king followed that of the queen. Thus had ended the last of the Obrenovitch. He was aged twenty-seven.

Queen Natalie had heard the awful news while she was nursing, in Versailles, one of her nephews, our old playmate of Sachino, George, then severely ill. Those who saw her receiving the blow said it was dreadful to her, but not surprising. Ever since, Queen Natalie has lived strictly retired in a convent in Paris.

The fall of the Obrenovitch dynasty was brought about by the passion of a youth for a lady in waiting whom he married against the laws of his country. Eleven years after, another royal couple—again the heir to a throne, Francis-Ferdinand, who married a lady in waiting, Sophie, Countess Chotek, Duchess of Hohenberg—fell victims of the conspiracy which was to shake the peace of Europe.

Now that I come to meditate upon the past, I see in the fate of Alexander and Draga a prefiguration of what was to happen between Serbia and Austria: the two forerunners of the Great War.

When the wearers of crowns follow their hearts' impulses, countries are shaken to their roots. Some of the reasons which made the high Hapsburg tree fall are the same as those which brought down to the ground the smaller tree of the Obrenovitch.

While I write these lines I have before me an old photo which represents the garden in Sachino during those happy golden days of my childhood. Under the shade of the plane trees, on a garden bench, Queen Natalie is seated, holding me, a little child, on her lap. My sister Jeanne rides proudly on the back of the bench.

Behind Her Majesty, half hidden by a tree, stands Draga, the lady in waiting.

A Scene Near Eskasoni, Nova Scotia

This meets that CRAVING *you feel for* "*a* CHANGE *at* BREAKFAST"

A natural craving, say dieticians, that must be met; the result of monotony in diet. You meet it now with food that's "good" for you and wonderfully delicious, too

BREAKFAST, according to the leading dietary thought of today, is a meal that must not be slighted. Yet, as everyone knows, it is the most difficult meal of the day to properly tempt the appetite.

Most people eat the same thing day after day at breakfast. Most people become tired of this monotony. The appetite, refusing to be stimulated through lack of variety, rebels. And because of this, what you *force* yourself thus to eat often fails to nourish.

Thus your craving for a "change" may be construed as Nature's request for food that will, because of its deliciousness, or "difference," be more readily digested and assimilated.

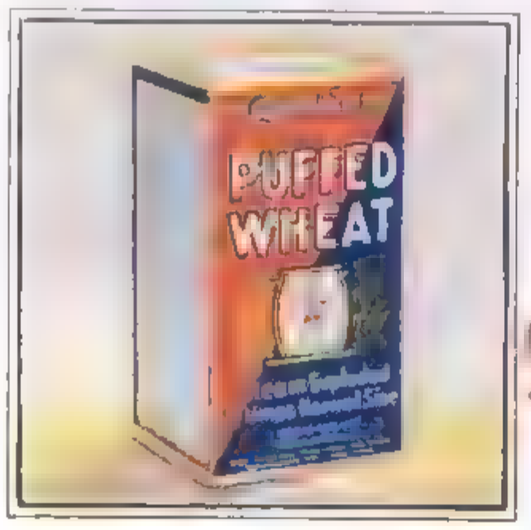
That is why *variety* in the breakfast menu is so universally urged today—both for your appetite's sake and for health's sake.

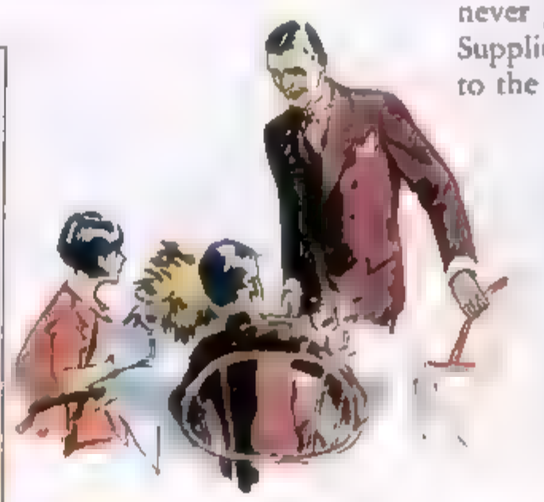
For that reason, thousands are turning to Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice; the most unique cereal foods known. Prepared under a process applied to no other cereal foods in the world, they supply the great adventure of variety.

Foods that supply it

Instead of forcing the appetite, they *tempt* it. Instead of coming as food that is "good for you," they come with the enticement of confections, and thus tempt the appetite into accepting essentially needed grain food.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They attract like no other cereal. Children revel in their unique richness.





Each grain is steam-puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Rich in food elements

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack.

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Bennett Model 200 Pump—all-metal, drip-proof, dust-proof pump, with locking attachment. Assures clean storage of oil, alcohol, gas or kerosene in your garage.

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Model 200 dispenses kerosene and gasoline as well as oils with the same ease as the large Bennett dispensing units on duty at service stations from Coast to Coast. Because of our intensive specialization and large quantity production, Model 200 sells at $3.80—slightly more west of Rockies and in Canada.

Model 200 fits quickly into any size opening upon the upper end of a barrel—at elbow height—perfectly convenient, yet out of the way. It is drip-proof, dust-proof, all-metal with high grade enamel finish

Enjoy the service of at least one Model 200 in your home garage!

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AN HONEST MAN'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

"You took it right. I've been hustlin', but all I got was exercise. I'm afraid that note will have to be renewed, Raish. It will just have to be, that's all."

Mr. Pulcifer sighed. "Nothin' creepin' that way, Dan," he said emphatically. "I can't do it. The bank's got all my paper it'll stand and I'm pinched for cash. If times was good—but they're bad. It's got so nowadays that an honest man can't hardly make a decent livin'. Guess you know that yourself, don't you?"

Young looked as if he had, at least, heard something like it. He clenched his big hands and twisted his fingers.

"I can't raise the money, Raish," he declared. "Lord knows I've tried, but I can't."

"Humph! Well, what will you do? What about the settlement on the hotel? How's that goin'?"

"It isn't goin'. They tell me it will take months before the lawyers, or whoever they are, can decide what's left out of the wreck and how much we creditors will get. If you could wait ——"

"Nothin' movin', Dan. I can't wait. I'd do 'most anything for a friend—all hands'll tell you so—but there's limits. I backed you in that hotel contract all in good faith—just friendship, that's all 'twas. . . . Eh? What's that?"

Young had muttered something about "interest." Horatio's feelings were hurt.

"Interest!" he repeated, righteously indignant. "Sure I was to get my interest! Why wouldn't I? Other folks get theirs, don't they? Banks and all."

"They don't usually get 8 per cent. . . . Oh, well! that's all right. If I could get it you should have it, Raish. But I can't."

"Then what do you expect I should do? Take over your carpenter-shop property? That's about all you've got, ain't it?"

"That's all. Raish, if you make me sell that, I don't know what I'll do. Have to go out at day's work in Trumet or somewhere, if there's buildin' over there. It's too bad. I thought I had a fine start. I built the Odd Fellows' building and everybody calls it first class. Then, when I got the hotel contract I thought —— How in the world could I, or anybody else, know the company would go bankrupt with the job half done? Oh, Raish, see here! Can't you wait a little while? Spring is right on us. There's bound to be some buildin'. If I could only get a contract—almost any kind of one—I could pay you in installments, as they paid me. I don't want any builder's profit. Regular carpenter wages would do me till I got clear of that note. Can't you do that?"

Mr. Pulcifer waved his hand. His lips opened to shape a decisive and final "No." But it was not uttered. Instead he slowly tilted back in the revolving chair, rubbed his chin and regarded his caller.

"Raish ——"

"Sh-h-h! So, providin' you had a job, you'd pay me off, interest and all, eh?"

"You bet I would! All I want is the job."

More meditation and chin rubbing. Then Horatio seemed to have reached a decision. "Dan," he said, "you're a friend of mine, and, same as I told you, I'd do 'most anything for a friend. Maybe I could get a job for you—maybe. If I did, I'd have to handle it, set the figger, and we'd have to sign up papers, you to pay me every Saturday, or whenever payment was made to you, a reg'lar installment on that six hundred—with interest. See? Would you be willin' to do that?"

"Willin'? Don't be foolish. Give me the chance. What is this job you're talkin' about?"

"Here, here! Come up into the wind. There ain't no job yet. All I say is that there may be. Fust of all you do what I tell you. You know the old Hedge place down to North Wellmouth?"

"Of course, I do."

"Yup. Well, you go down there fust thing tomorrow. Look the whole shebang over, inside and out—I'll get you the key. Then you make an estimate on what it'll cost to fix it up: lumber, nails, paint, carpenter work—the whole business. Here! I tell you! You make some of them nice little drawin's—plans, pictures, you know you do them things pretty well showin' how she'll look when you've got through. Make 'em look like a million dollars and cost next to nothin'. Eh? He-he! Then you fetch them and your estimate here, to this office, at nine o'clock sharp Thursday mornin'—that's day after tomorrow. Will you do that?"

Dan Young jumped to his feet. "I'll say I will!" he exclaimed excitedly. "But the note ——"

"Note can hang over till then. And then we'll see. Only don't you mention a word of what you're up to to a soul. Understand? All right. . . . There, there! Never mind thankin' me. You've got worse friends in this town than your Uncle Raish. So long, Dan. Here! Smoke a good My Honey cigar on your way."

Young was prompt on Thursday morning. He and Mr. Pulcifer had a session of half an hour. Then Horatio dismissed him. "Clear out now, Dan," he ordered. "You leave those pictures and the rest of it here. And—yes, you come back this afternoon at two. Two; and that don't mean half-past, neither. Don't keep me waitin'."

Dan's foot was on the office step at five minutes before the hour. Pulcifer saw him through the dingy panes of the office window and shouted to him to come in. Entering, he found a young woman there. Her chair was drawn up to the desk and upon that desk were spread his plans and hastily drawn sketches of the old Hedge house as it might look if improved and made over. Horatio, tilted, as usual, in the revolving chair, bade him welcome.

"Hello, Dan!" he hailed. "Glad to see you. Lucky you dropped in. Me and my friend here was just talkin' about you. Dan, let me introduce you to Miss Hedge. . . . Ethel, this is Dan Young, the feller I said could make somethin' out of that property of yours if anybody could. Shake hands, you two."

Miss Hedge offered a hand and Dan blushingly shook it. He had already recognized her. Winter visitors to Wellmouth were rare and their identity soon learned. She had been pointed out to him at the post office.

"You happened along just at the right time, Dan," went on Horatio. "I've been showin' her your pictures and things. She likes 'em fine. Don't you, Ethel; eh?"

"I think they are perfectly splendid," declared Miss Hedge, her eyes sparkling. "If you can make it look like that," pointing to one of the sketches, "I am almost sure someone will buy it, or at least rent it right away. I know I shall hate to give it up; it will be so wonderful that I shall wish I could live in it myself. Do you think it can be made as nice as that, Mr. Young? Do you, really?"

Dan nodded.

"Don't see why not," he replied, with confidence. "There isn't such a terrible lot to be done, after all. Only ——"

Pulcifer put in a word.

"Ethel she thinks your figger's pretty high, Dan," he observed, "but I tell her there's never any sense in doin' a job halfway. I tell her you're a good friend of mine and, if I ask you to, maybe you'll knock off the extry sixty-five, or whatever 'tis, on the estimate. What do you say now? Will you make over the Hedge house, fix up the fences and guarantee to make the place look same as it does in them plans and that picture, for a flat sixteen hundred? And start right in on it the first thing Monday mornin'? Will you?"

Dan Young's face at that moment was itself a picture. He was staring at the pair with paralyzed amazement.

"Sixteen hundred!" he faltered. "Sixteen—why, that isn't ——"

He did not finish the sentence. Miss Hedge was looking eagerly at him and over her shoulder Raish was making faces faces expressive of command, warning and sharp displeasure. The Pulcifer finger was laid upon the Pulcifer lips and the Pulcifer head was violently shaken. Dan gasped, choked, and was silent. Ethel leaned forward.

"Oh, I hope you can, Mr. Young," she pleaded. "I know it is less than you figured, but it is all I can pay."

Dan was trying to speak, but he was finding it hard work. Mr. Pulcifer came to his rescue.

"He'll do it, Ethel," he announced. "I can see it in his eye. You leave him to me. You run along now, and by this time tomorrow I'll have the papers ready for signin'. Here, take this picture with you. When you look at that you'll be satisfied with what you're puttin' your money into, I bet you."

Ethel rose. "Thank you, Mr. Pulcifer," she said. "And thank you, Mr. Young, for lowering your price. It is very kind of you indeed. You will begin Monday, won't you? I shall come down almost every day to watch the work. I know I shan't be able to keep away. Good-by. I will sign the the contract, is it?—whenever you are ready, Mr. Pulcifer."

She went out. Horatio stepped to the window, apparently to make certain she had really gone. Then he turned back, chuckling.

"And that's that," he observed, with satisfaction. "Not such a bad deal, is it, eh? Told you your Uncle Raish wan't the worst friend you had, didn't I? . . . For thunder sakes what ails you? You're as pop-eyed as an owl."

Young was "pop-eyed"; also his face was bright red.

"Sixteen hundred!" he cried. "Sixteen—are you crazy, Raish? Didn't you read that estimate of mine at all? My figure was eight hundred and sixty-five. What "

Horatio lifted his hand. "Sure it was," he agreed. "All right; I haven't touched your figger, have I? Eight hundred and sixty-five is what you'll get—the whole of it."

"But sixteen ——"

"Sh-h-h! And I'll get the six hundred on that note you owe me. Accordin' to my judgment"—with another chuckle—"it's about the only way I can get it, short of grabbin' your carpenter shop and everything else you own. Eight hundred and sixty-five for you and six hundred for me. Everybody's satisfied, or ought to be, I'd say."

Dan was doing a sum in mental arithmetic. "It's robbery, that's what it is," he protested vehemently. "Just robbin' that girl. And, anyhow, eight sixty-five and six hundred is less than fifteen hundred dollars all together. Where do you get that sixteen hundred from?"

The Pulcifer forefinger was shaken. "Now, now!" continued Raish. "Don't start hollerin' at me, Dan. That note of yours ain't paid yet, and you ain't exactly the one to get mad, as I see it. I know there's a hundred and odd margin in that contract just as well as you do. That's my commission for fetchin' off the deal. Think I'm in business for my health? Well, I ain't. And if I was you, I wouldn't talk too loud about robbin' folks. It looks to me as if I'd come pretty nigh bein' robbed myself—robbed of the six hundred that, bein' a good-natured feller and an easy mark, I lent to a friend to help him out. Now if that friend don't appreciate what's bein' done for him and had rather lose his carpenter shop and all the rest of it—why, he can, I suppose. I shouldn't, if I was him, but that's his privilege, if he wants it."

Young was silent. Horatio leaned across the desk.

"Of course," he went on, "you know as well as I do that you couldn't carry this job through without me, because it'll take

(Continued on Page 130

Greater Speed

Of course, you want a motor car just packed with punch.

Who does not love to "step on her" and silently shout with joy as she nimbly leaps to 50—60—70 miles per hour—and stays there with effortless ease?

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This ingenious invention is made of a new light alloy called Bohnalite which is designed into a brand new type of piston—lighter—stronger and more wear resisting.

Automobile makers are thus enabled to lighten all reciprocating parts and provide for you a car of infinitely greater speed—greater comfort—greater pickup—greater power!

Many leading American cars now come with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons as an integral part of their highly efficient motors.

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3 Under the tongue two more must be kept active. Daily use of Pebeco renews the vigor of the mouth glands, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Inside your mouth~ *are the six real guardians of its* YOUTH

YOUR PRETTY TEETH and sweet wholesome mouth. These are treasures indeed!

And nature has appointed guardians for them—six little mouth glands. These bathe the mouth with protecting fluids which counteract decay.

But you must keep the mouth glands working. Soft foods, lack of exercise, make them lazy. They slow up and leave your teeth unprotected.

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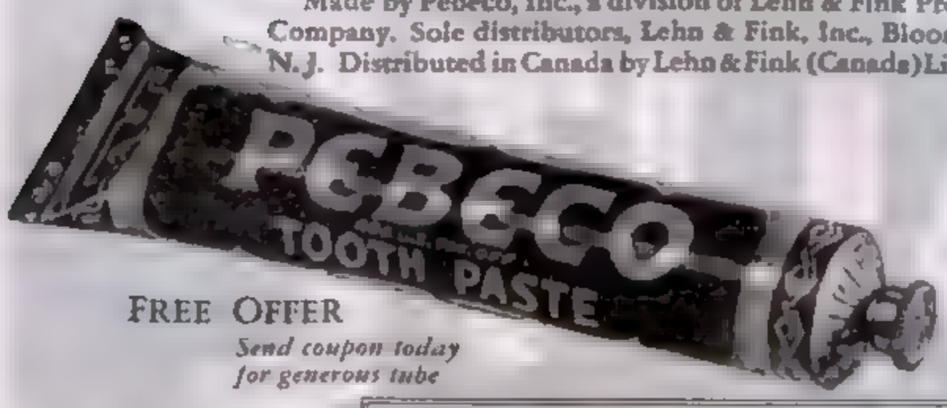

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THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JULY 31st

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(Continued from Page 128

money or credit to buy lumber and stuff, and you ain't got either, just now. There, there, Dan, old boy, you leave it to your Uncle Raish. He's doin' you a mighty good turn and you'll realize it soon's you cool off a little. Here; smoke another one of them good My Honeys and you and me'll talk terms. We've got considerable yet to settle between us."

The papers were signed. One set, private and confidential, before Young left his friend's office; the other, for all the world to see, when he and Ethel Hedge met next day, with Mr. Pulcifer as witness. And on Monday the transformation of the Hedge place began.

It progressed rapidly. The weather was good and, as the weeks passed and spring set in in earnest, the old house on the bluff at North Wellmouth grew to look less and less like a hopeless ruin. In order to gain space for his lumber and materials, Dan had the weeds surrounding it cut down and the bushes trimmed or uprooted. This, of itself, was a great improvement. Then, as new shingles replaced the old, as fresh paint covered the dingy doors and window frames, as the rooms inside were cleared of rubbish and repaired, as the quaint old fireplaces and mantels lost their veils of dirt and cobwebs, as the wide-boarded floors were cleaned and scraped and adorned with fresh spatterwork, Ethel Hedge began to realize that she was witnessing a miracle.

Out of the wreck which she had viewed with shocked discouragement when she came to Wellmouth in early March was emerging the home of her grandparents, as charming and attractive as she remembered it as a girl.

Her visits there were almost daily now. She was regaining health and strength and, in the crisp April and May weather, the mile walks to and from the old house were joys and the best sort of exercise. She looked forward to them from day to day and more than a light shower was necessary to prevent her setting out. She enjoyed sitting on the lumber pile by the bluff edge and looking out over the salt meadow, now lightly tinged with new green, to the sea, no longer gray, gloomy and forbidding, but blue and white and joyous in the sunshine. Most of all she enjoyed watching the progress of the work, with Dan Young to explain what was being done and what would be done next.

She and her contractor and builder had become very good friends. Very good friends, indeed, so the three carpenters and the two painters who were in the Young employ were inclined to think. The intimacy between the boss and that Hedge girl was a standing joke to the workmen.

"If she was payin' Dan day's wages she'd be losin' money, wouldn't she?" chuckled Uncle Sam Beasley, pointing with his saw toward the lumber pile. "She and him have been roostin' on them boards for an hour and he ain't done a lick of work. Better take his grub pail out to 'em, had I, Ezra think? She'll never get back to the Center House in time for dinner. Might's well have a reg'lar picnic while they're 'bout it, eh?"

Ezra Gott, the mason who had been relaying the bricks in the sitting-room hearth, grinned. "Let 'em alone, Sam," he said. "Time was when you and me liked them kind of picnics well as Dan does. Fur's that goes I wouldn't mind picnickin' with a girl like her, even now—old as I be."

Ethel had learned to like Dan Young, and there was no doubt whatever that he liked her. They had become confidential by this time. She had told him of her schoolteaching, of her aunt's death and the inheritance, of her illness and why she was resting there at Wellmouth. And he had told of his ambitions, of his promising start as a builder, of his disappointment and loss in the matter of the hotel contract. It was only when she referred to his present employment that his manner changed. Concerning the work itself he was as eagerly interested and talkative as she was, but when she mentioned the price she was to pay him for doing it, or Mr. Pulcifer's unselfish kindness in suggesting that it be done, and by him—Dan Young—then Dan either changed the subject or became silent and, she thought, queer.

Under the terms of the agreement signed in Pulcifer's office, she was paying Young a certain sum each Saturday. By the third week in May the end was in sight. Another week, or at most ten days, and the old Hedge place, the new old Hedge place, would be ready for tenant or purchaser, provided either could be found. So far there had been no applications. Ethel was beginning to be alarmed. Frequently she dropped in to see Mr. Pulcifer and always his reply was the same: "Nary nibble yet."

"It's a little mite early, of course," explained Horatio; "but I give in that it does seem as if there'd ought to be a little somethin' stirrin'. 'Fraid it's liable to be a pretty dull season, Ethel. Tough on you, but, good Lord, think of me! Real estate is what I'm supposed to live on. When it gets so that an honest man can't do business enough to pay his bills, then—well, what can he do? But you keep a stiff upper lip. We ain't dead yet, neither of us."

Once, about the first of May, she had ventured to propose that he write to Mr. J. Beals Forbes, the millionaire owner of the land next hers. "He might have changed his mind," she suggested. "Really, I must do something, Mr. Pulcifer. When I finish paying Dan—Mr. Young, I mean—I shall scarcely have any money left. And I can't get a teacher's position until fall. I almost wrote to Mr. Forbes myself, last evening, to tell him that perhaps I would accept a little less than the six thousand dollars you thought was a fair price. Oh, don't you think he might be interested if I wrote that?"

Horatio's attitude of sympathy and philosophic calm was shaken. His florid face became redder still.

"No, no," he protested sharply. "Don't you write to him, Ethel. Don't you do it. I have—that is, maybe I'll drop him a line myself, when I judge the time's ripe. You can't hurry his kind, and besides, there ain't one chance in a million that he'd think of buyin'. You leave all that sort of thing to your Uncle Raish. . . . Humph! So you'd sell for less'n six thousand, eh? Well, that might help some. Make it five, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know! I may have to. It would be dreadful if I did, but ——"

"There, there! Don't look like that. Well, we'll wait and see. I'll pull you off the rocks or bust a b'iler. But don't you go messin' in with Job Beals Forbes. That would upset the whole fish kettle. Promise me you won't write him."

She promised, but more than once during the following fortnight she wished she had not. And when, at noon of the Saturday upon which she was to make her next-to-the-last payment to Dan Young, Dan found her sitting upon the small remnant of what had been the lumber pile, a glance at her face caused his own to assume an expression of anxious concern.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Hedge?" he asked. "You look—you look as if you'd been cryin'. You haven't, have you?"

It was half-past twelve and the other workmen, obeying union rules, had quit for the day. They were alone. Ethel turned to look at him, smiled sadly, and turned away again.

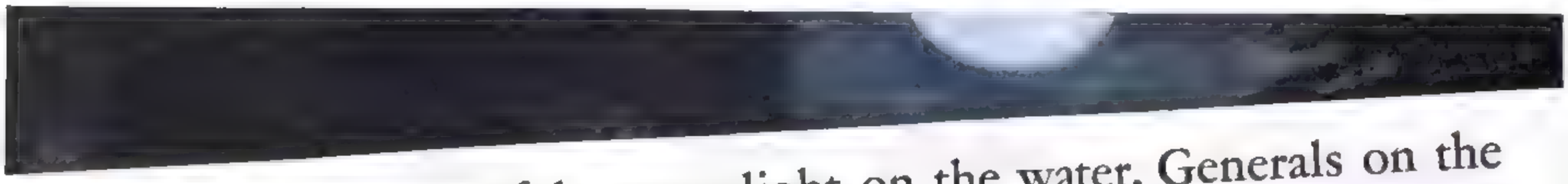
"Oh, no," she said. And then, impulsively: "That isn't true. I have been crying. I cried almost all of last night and—and I feel like crying now. I am dreadfully worried—yes, and completely discouraged. Oh, I am—I am!"

Dan made a move as if to sit down beside her. He did not, however; he remained standing.

"What do you mean—discouraged?" he asked. "It isn't about the work here, is it? You're satisfied with that? If there's anything ——"

She interrupted. "Oh, no—no!" she cried. "All that is wonderful. I am sure

(Continued on Page 133)



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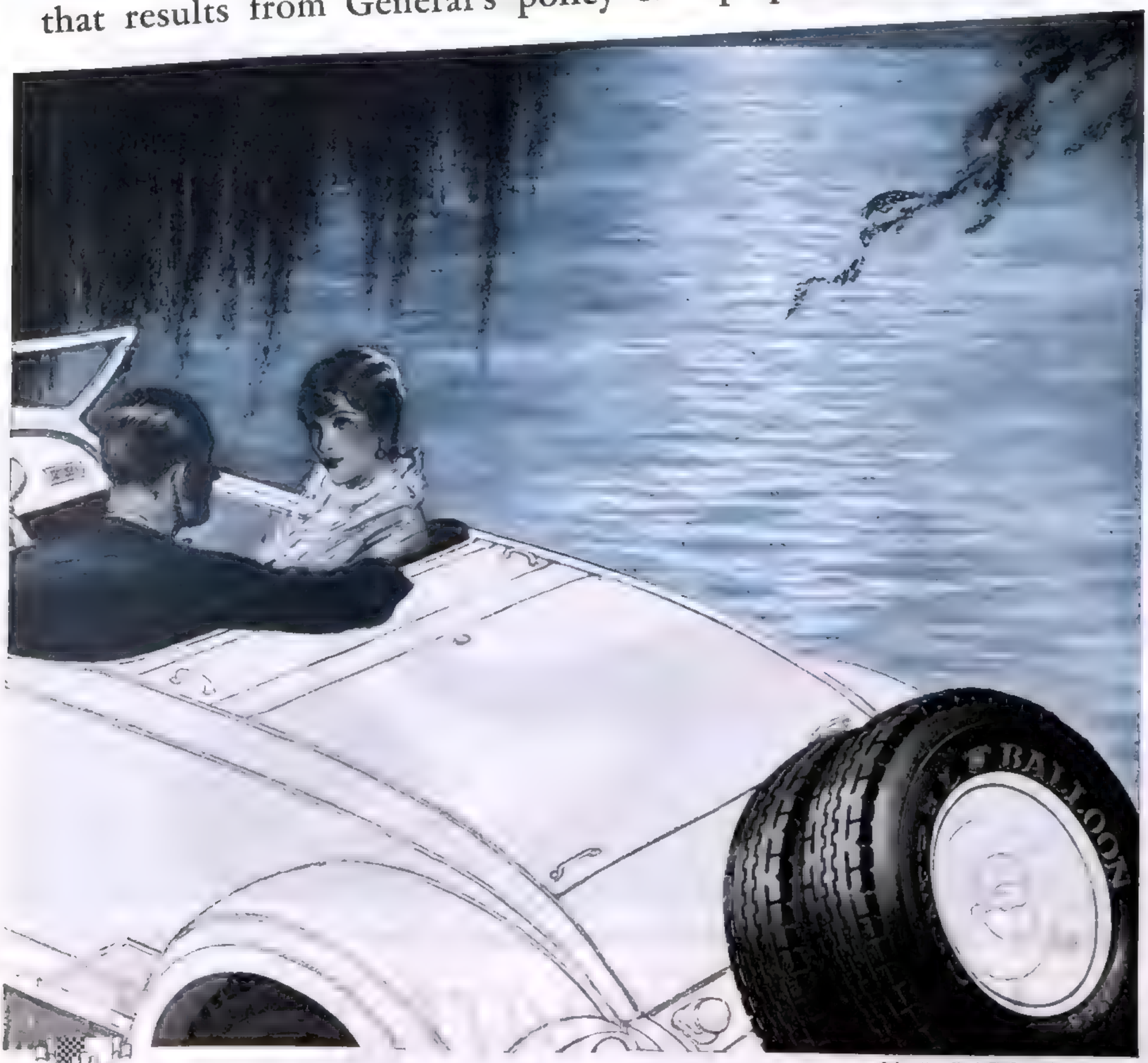

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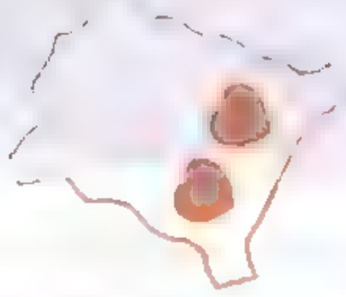

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK OR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 130)

no one else could have done it. That is part of my trouble, I guess. You have made it look just as it used to when mother was alive and she and I used to visit here. I thought at first, when I came back and saw it all tumble-down and horrid, that I hated it. Now I love it and I can't bear to give it up. I wish I could stay here and live in it always—all my life."

Dan caught his breath. "I wish to the Lord you could!" he exclaimed fervently. "I—I mean—well, why don't you? There's worse places to live in than Wellmouth."

"I can't. I can't afford to. That is the most awful part of it all. I can't afford to keep it and—and I can't sell it. No one wants to buy. And so far—or so Mr. Pulcifer says—no one has shown even interest enough to discuss renting it for the summer. And when I pay you all I owe you—or shall owe you when you have finished—I shall have almost nothing left. Oh, I don't suppose I should ever have taken such a risk, but Mr. Pulcifer seemed to think it would be such a good investment for me. Oh, dear!"

She turned away once more. Dan Young forgot his resolution to avoid temptation. He sat down beside her

"What's all this?" he asked quickly. "This about your havin' nothin' left? Raish Pulcifer gave me to understand you had plenty of money. He said your aunt had left it to you."

"She left me this house and land, a few hundred dollars and a little stock in a company out West. And I have just had dreadful news from her lawyer about that—the stock, I mean. I wrote to him to sell it for me and he writes that he can't, just now. It may be worth a good deal some day, but at present no one will buy—for any price worth while, that is. His letter came yesterday. Do you wonder that I didn't sleep last night, Mr. Young?"

Dan did not answer. He was passing his hand through his hair, and his sunburned face was losing some of its color. Ethel went on:

"I can't see," she said, "why Mr. Pulcifer should have told you I had plenty of money. He knows better. I told him just how little I had and that I wasn't at all sure that I should risk as much as sixteen hundred in making over this place. Sixteen hundred seemed a lot to me and at first I wouldn't think of it, but he said ——"

Young broke in. "The low-down, thievin' rascal!" he growled savagely. "I'll break his neck for him."

"Oh, no! That wouldn't do any good. It was my own fault, not his at all. He has been very kind."

"Kind! Yes, he has! About as kind as a shark to a herrin'. I will break his neck, or next door to it. No matter what happens to me—I will!"

He had risen to his feet and his fists were clenched. She rose, too, and caught his arm.

"Dan! Don't!" she protested. "Don't speak so, or look so. You frighten me. I am sorry I told you. I don't know why I did. Yes, I do, too; I just had to tell someone and somehow you—you were ——"

She covered her face with her hands and sank down upon the heap of boards. And a moment later he was again beside her; she was sobbing upon his shoulder, and he was saying things which had nothing to do with carpentering and building, with money or, least of all, with Mr. Horatio Pulcifer.

A half hour passed before either of the pair descended from paradise to terra firma, and then it was Dan who did so. Suddenly he straightened, his arm relaxed the hold it had maintained so long, and she heard him gasp.

"Why—why, what is it, Dan?" she asked. "What is the matter?"

He did not answer. Then he struck his knee with his fist.

"I'm crazy!" he exclaimed. "I—I haven't told you. Ethel, I—I haven't told you! I've said—I've let you—oh, good Lord above! Ethel Hedge, you mustn't care anything about me. You won't when you know. I'm a crook too. I'm as big a crook and a robber as ever Raish Pulcifer was. Yes, I am—worse, maybe. You see—oh, how can I tell you!"

"But, Dan, what do you mean?"

"You'll see what I mean when I tell you. And I've got to tell you. Listen!"

He did tell her, began his confession before she could speak and went on with it to the finish. He told of the collapse of the hotel project, of his note in Pulcifer's possession, of Horatio's intention of seizing his carpenter shop, of the utter ruin which that would mean to him. And then he told the rest; of his original estimate for repairing and rebuilding the Hedge property, of his surprise when Raish named the sixteen hundred figure and his weak yielding under the latter's threats and urging.

"I don't want you to think I'm beggin' you to forgive me, or anything like that," he groaned bitterly. "'Twas just stealin', and I knew it. I was scared of his doin' what he said he'd do, and he did tell me five or six hundred dollars wouldn't make the least difference to you, and—oh, well! There! That's all. No use sayin' I'm sorry. I haven't had a real easy minute since I signed those papers. I'm a scamp and now you know it. Well, there it is. I'll be goin' now. Good-by, Ethel."

He rose and turned away. But she rose also and spoke his name. "Dan," she said, "where are you going?"

He laughed grimly. "I'm goin' to call on dear old Uncle Raish," he declared. "He and I are goin' to have a happy few minutes together."

"But, Dan, wait! You mustn't do that. He—why, you still owe him money, don't you? He can ruin you even yet, if he wants to, can't he?"

"Sure he can! I've paid him the bulk of his six hundred, but he's backed my bills for lumber and paint and all that, so he's got me by the short hairs. That's nothin'. It isn't what he'll do to me that worries me now. If it weren't for you—good-by."

"Wait—wait! Oh, Dan, of course it isn't good-by. Do you suppose I blame you? You poor fellow, you couldn't do anything else. Come back here this minute. Don't you see you mustn't go to—to that man? He could—oh, Dan, dear, think of me, if you won't think of yourself! I don't care about the money, or this place, or—or anything except—well, except you, since you force me to say it. Now will you come back?"

He came, of course, and then followed another blissful interval during which neither Horatio nor his schemes were mentioned. But, later, he insisted upon mentioning them and, at last, when he rose from the lumber pile, it was to carry out a determination which they had reached together. He was going, and at once, to the Pulcifer office to demand—if not a revision of the terms of the contract—at least more time in which to make the payments. It was a hopeless errand; he admitted that he considered it just that.

"It won't do a bit of good, Ethel," he said. "Of course, I can threaten to make the whole thing public and show him up and all that, but he'll know it's all a bluff. I'm just as much of a partner in it as he is and he'll tell me so and laugh at me."

"But he won't laugh at me. He wouldn't dare. Don't you think I should be the one to go to him, Dan? I am not afraid of him. I should enjoy telling him what I think of him. Let me go—with you, at any rate."

"No. I'll go by myself. Then I'll come back here and tell you what he says. I shan't be gone long. You—you might wait here for me, if you want to."

He strode off in the direction of the village. She watched him until he was out of sight. Then she returned to the lumber pile and sat down to wait.

She had been sitting there for some time, when she heard a step behind her. She turned quickly.

"Why, Dan!" she exclaimed. "Are you back so soon?"

It was not Dan Young who stood there by the corner of the old house. It was a man whom she did not know. He was a tall bulky man of perhaps fifty-five, in a gray suit which, obviously, had not been fashioned by the Rising Sun Ready-Tailored Outfitting Company, and he carried a cane. The cane alone would have proclaimed him a stranger to Wellmouth and its customs. As she gazed in surprise he lifted his hat, and spoke.

"Pardon me," he said. "This is what they call the Hedge place, isn't it?"

Ethel rose. "Yes," she said.

"Thanks. I supposed it must be. Humph!"

He turned and regarded the remodeled house with what seemed to be a real interest. And with no less interest its owner regarded him. He was a city man, there was no doubt of that. And he had asked her if this was the Hedge place. Why? A possible answer flashed across her mind and her heart beat faster. Perhaps Pulcifer had sent him there. He might—oh, he might be thinking of renting: even of buying! She took a step toward him.

"Would you—would you like to go inside and look it over?" she faltered. "I have the key."

He turned back to look at her. It was a rather long look and a keen one, but it was not rude.

"Why, yes," he said. "Thank you, I should."

They went through the house together, downstairs and up, even to the garret. He said very little during the inspection, but he seemed interested and in no hurry whatever.

In fact he lingered to examine the fireplaces, to pass his hand over the new paint, and to look carefully at the old hinges and wrought-iron door latches. As they emerged again into the yard he made his first comment.

"A very good job, whoever did it," he said. "The remodeling, I mean."

Ethel's face lighted. "I think so," she said eagerly. "I think it is wonderful. Mr. Young did it. He drew the plans and was responsible for everything."

"Young, did you say? What Young is that? There used to be a lot of them here in my day. Ebenezer Young was a carpenter, I remember, and a good one. But no; it couldn't be he. He can't be alive and active now."

"No, he is dead. It is his son. Dan—er—Daniel, I mean. He is the wonderful man. That is—I ——"

She hesitated, blushed, and was angry at herself for doing so. Her companion did not appear to notice her confusion. He was looking at the old house.

"A very good job," he said again. "In good taste too. . . . Humph! I don't see any monstrosity about it. Quite the contrary."

Ethel stared. "Monstrosity!" she repeated indignantly. "Why, of course it isn't. Whoever said it was? The idea!"

He laughed "I'm sorry," he said. "You are interested in the place, I take it."

"Certainly I am. It is mine. I own it."

"Oh! Then you are ——"

"My name is Ethel Hedge."

He bowed. "I might have guessed it. You are Captain Ben Hedge's daughter? No; his granddaughter. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"I used to know your grandfather very well when I was a boy down here with my own grandparents. I knew all of Wellmouth in those days. My name is Forbes."

Ethel caught her breath. "Oh!" she cried. "Not Mr. Job—I mean Mr. J. Beals Forbes, of New York?"

"Yes," with a smile, "I am Job Forbes."

"Oh! And you—you own that land there—next to mine—to this?"

"Yes."

A momentary pause. Then Ethel's curiosity, eagerness, suddenly aroused hope, could be repressed no longer. "Mr. Forbes," she cried impulsively, "I—oh, please tell me! It is very important. Did you come to Wellmouth to—to look at this property—just for that, I mean?"

"Not altogether, but partially for that. I decided perhaps I had better."

"Did Mr. Pulcifer ask you to?"

(Continued on Page 135)

He May Be A Hero Tomorrow

Philadelphia News, Feb. 21st, 1927

"Eleven persons were rescued and ten others fled through smoke and flames early today after a police dog's incessant barking sounded an alarm."

Almost daily some faithful dog saves human lives. Your own dog is a potential hero—ever watchful and faithful and true.

Take Good Care of Him

A DOG can't tell you what's the matter when he's sick nor what to do to relieve his suffering. Fortunately, you do not have to be an expert on dogs to know exactly how to care for him and treat all his ailments. Nor does it cost any money to find out the best treatments for all dog diseases. There are safe and effective remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

All dogs, puppies especially, should be wormed. Reasons are given on page 18 of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book, Free

Our staff of expert veterinarians has compiled a book of intense interest to dog owners. It contains the accumulated knowledge of fifty years. In clear and explicit language, it tells the symptoms of dog ailments and explains the best treatment for each. There are articles on feeding, breeding and the rearing of pups. This famous book, which has been used as a guide by millions of dog-lovers, is revised each year and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable dogs.

Fleas make dogs miserable and may cause serious skin troubles. Kill fleas with Sergeant's Sure Flea Killer Powder as directed on page 42 of the Dog Book.

We urge you to write for a copy. It will be sent FREE to anyone who cares enough for his dog to write for it.

Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully covered in Polk Miller's Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarians will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for more than fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1003 W Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Mange is highly contagious and alarming dogs. Its best treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

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"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE Sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

No single coffee grown - - - *can yield this special flavor*

* * *

—this blended richness that has swiftly won the whole country

* * *

NO ONE had ever tasted it—that special touch of mellow goodness which was created years ago in the South. A mingling of flavors, perfected by Joel Cheek down in old Tennessee.

Growing to manhood in that land of good things to eat and drink, Joel Cheek brought to his great work of coffee blending an unusual combination of experience and of genius.

Countless shades of natural flavor—yet every one lacking in something. Hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee—yet no single one that could yield the special shade of flavor for which he sought.

Long months of patient work—testing and rejecting, combining and recombining. Step by step it was built up: that rich blend which now has won such fame as never before came to a coffee.

It has brought a new experience to critical people everywhere

It was the great families of old Dixie who first served Joel Cheek's blend. Long ago Maxwell House Coffee became the favorite of the cities of the South.

Today the news of that difference, of that full-bodied smoothness has traveled swiftly through the country. From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. In a long list of our great cities it is by far the most popular of all coffees

A new experience awaits you in your first taste of its mellow liquor, in your first breath of its aroma. See what added pleasure Maxwell House Coffee brings at breakfast and at dinner. Plan now to serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has it on hand in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

It was the most celebrated hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville, at which Joel Cheek's blend was served for years and after which it was named

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

(Continued from Page 133)

"Pulcifer? The real-estate fellow? No; he doesn't know I am in town. No one knows it except yourself. I came on the noon train."

"Mr. Forbes, do you want to buy this property of mine? I hope you do."

Mr. Forbes' square chin became squarer than ever. "Young lady," he said quietly, "I certainly do not."

"Oh! Oh!" In deep disappointment. "I hoped you might. I must sell it, you see. I must. And I would sell it at a very low price. Really, I would."

Forbes smiled. "If ten thousand dollars is your idea of a low price for this—er—estate," he observed, "it is not mine. If I am to be a philanthropist I prefer to do it in my own way."

Ethel Hedge stared. "Ten thousand!" she repeated. "Why, what do you mean, Mr. Forbes? Whoever said the price was ten thousand? That would be ridiculous."

"Yes. So I thought, and still think. Even if the place were the monstrosity I was given to understand it was, I should still refuse to be—excuse me—blackmailed into buying it."

"But I never dreamed of ten thousand. No one could have named such a price."

"Mr. Pulcifer—your representative, or friend, whatever he is—dreamed it. Not only dreamed, but wrote me to that effect. In fact he didn't seem to be sure it could be bought for even that."

"But—but, Mr. Forbes, how could he? I told him I would sell for six thousand. I thought of you—I knew you owned this land next to mine—and I suggested that I write you, but he wouldn't let me. He said you wouldn't be interested at all."

"Oh! oh! Did he, really?"

"Yes, he did."

Mr. Forbes whistled softly. He was looking out over the sea, tapping his boot with his cane, and there was a peculiar expression upon his face. Ethel waited but a moment.

"That's what he said," she affirmed. "I hope he was mistaken. I do hope you are interested, Mr. Forbes?"

He nodded. There was a queer twinkle in his eyes. "I am now," he admitted. "That is, I am very much interested in what you tell me. So Pulcifer didn't want you to write me, eh? Did he mention his having written me himself?"

"Why, no. He ——"

"Wait, please. This gets more interesting all the time. . . . Miss Hedge, do you believe in hunches?"

"In—in what?"

"In hunches—premonitions—whatever you call them. Our mutual acquaintance, Pulcifer, seems to have been playing a little game of his own. I had a hunch that it might be well for me to come to Wellmouth unannounced and look matters over on my own hook.

"I'm very glad I did. And I'm particularly glad I met you, alone, down here. What you have told me so far makes my trip worth while and I imagine you can tell me more, if you will. Probably I can tell you something in return. Suppose we—er—sit down somewhere and talk this through to a finish. Shall we?"

Dan Young's visit to the Pulcifer office had resulted only in finding its door locked and its owner absent. One townsman who happened to be passing gave the information that he had seen Raish at the post office, but he was not at the post office when Young got there, nor was he at any one of his accustomed ports of call up and down Main Street. Dan gave it up at last, after nearly an hour of fruitless search, and turned disconsolately for his mile walk across the fields to North Wellmouth and the old Hedge place. Ethel, he knew, would be anxiously awaiting him, and he had nothing to tell her. Even if he had found Pulcifer in and they had had their interview, there would still have been nothing to tell—nothing encouraging, that is. Perhaps it was just as well they had not met. He might have given the fellow the licking he deserved and that would have meant another lawsuit and more trouble.

Entering the yard he heard voices and, rounding the corner of the house, he was surprised to see Ethel in conversation with a stranger, a tall man in a gray suit. She turned, saw him, and eagerly called his name. Her tone and the expression upon her face surprised him. She was very much excited and, for some unimaginable reason, apparently radiantly happy.

"Dan! Dan!" she cried. "I am so glad you've come. Mr. Forbes was just going and I wanted him to meet you. Mr. Forbes, this is Mr. Young. Dan, this gentleman is Mr. Job—I mean Mr. J. Beals Forbes, of New York. He owns the land next door, you know. And, oh, Dan! he is going to ——"

Forbes interrupted. "Wait a minute, Miss Hedge," he said, laughing. "You can tell him all that later. I can't stop now. Glad to know you, Young. I knew your father. He used to take me out cod fishing in his dory when I was a kid."

He and Dan shook hands. Ethel, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed, would have spoken, but Forbes spoke first.

"I understand you are the man who had the contract for building the hotel here," he said. "Not a very profitable one so far, eh? Yes. Well, that hotel was my principal excuse for taking the time to come to Wellmouth—that, and one other matter. Some business friends and I are thinking of taking over that hotel proposition. It is not decided yet; I want to look the ground over first; but it is probable that we may go through with it. Come and see me at the Center House at eleven tomorrow morning. Will you do that?"

Dan choked. "Why—why, yes, sir. I sure will!" he blurted.

"All right. If the breakfast I am likely to get there doesn't kill me I shall be expecting you. Good day. Good-by, Miss Hedge."

"Good-by, Mr. Forbes. I—oh, I don't know how to thank you."

"That's all right. The obligation is on my side. Now I must go and thank Pulcifer. I am looking forward to that."

He walked away. Dan Young, bewildered and uncomprehending, stared after him. He turned back to find Ethel beaming upon him in seraphic rapture.

"Oh, Dan!" she cried. "Oh, Dan, Dan, what do you think has happened?"

Young put his hand to his head. "Good Lord!" he murmured. "I can't think anything just now. Did you hear what he said about the hotel, Ethel? Did you? Why, if ——"

She did not wait for him to finish. "That isn't half of it," she broke in. "Oh, no, it isn't! Dan, he is going to buy this house. For six thousand dollars. He really is! He is!"

Young caught her in his arms. Seated again upon the remnant of the broken pile, he heard the whole story—between interludes.

"Whew!" he gasped, as she concluded. "And still they say miracles don't happen. If his comin' down here wasn't a miracle then I never heard of one."

She shook her head. "That wasn't a miracle—except for us," she declared. "He had planned to come already, to look over the hotel property. And he was suspicious of that dreadful Pulcifer man. It seems that Mr. Pulcifer had written him that he understood this house—just think of it!—was to be made over and would be a monstrosity when it was done, and that, to protect himself as next-door neighbor, Mr. Forbes ought to buy it. So Mr. Forbes wrote him to buy at a fair price. And then Mr. Pulcifer wrote that the owner was holding out for ten thousand, perhaps more. Did you ever?"

Dan's lips puckered. "I see," he answered. "I see."

"Well, I didn't—not until Mr. Forbes saw for me. I had agreed to pay the Pulcifer creature 5 per cent commission for selling. Five per cent of ten thousand is nearly twice as much as 5 per cent of six."

"Sure! Certain! And probably there was more behind. If time went on and you didn't sell, Raish guessed you might drop your figure lower still. Then he might buy, and turn it over to Forbes with a clean 100 per cent profit or more. Humph! Can you beat him?

"He was to get the six hundred on my note, his hundred-dollar commission on the makin'-over job, and then five or six thousand on top of that. Well, he's a wonder—of his kind; I'll say that for him."

Ethel was smiling. "There is something else," she said. "Something else I haven't told you, Dan. You see, I—I liked this Mr. Forbes. I liked him right away. And I think he liked me."

"Well, why not? How could he help it?"

"Well, anyway, I told him how I had come to love this dear old place, and how I hated to leave it. He said I needn't leave it unless I wished to. All he had intended doing if he bought it was to rent it to a desirable neighbor, and he couldn't think of one more desirable than Captain Ben Hedge's granddaughter. So I am to live here, just as I longed to do, and the rent is—well, almost ridiculous, it is so small."

Dan drew a long breath. "Well, by Godfrey's mighty!" he exclaimed ecstatically.

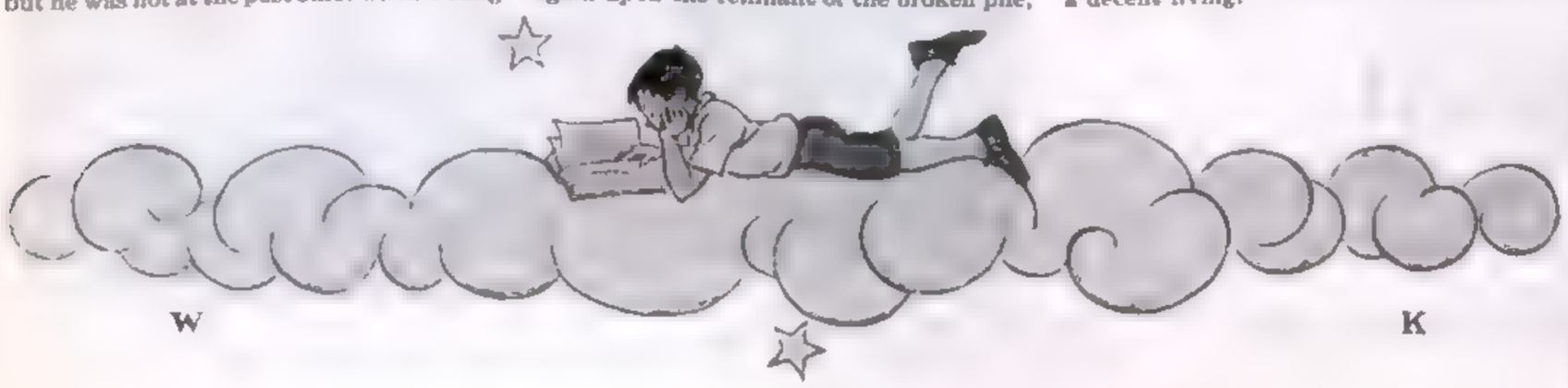
"And that isn't all either. It is all I told him, of course, but there is something else. Dan, if—if you haven't changed your mind, or don't when you think it over, and if you do get all your money for building the hotel and—and ——"

"Yes? What is the rest?"

"Why, then, I thought—well, I thought perhaps—by and by, you know—you and I might—live in it together, Dan."

The new hotel is completed. It is a handsome building, and last summer—its first season—was very successful. All Wellmouth is proud of it and the fact that its builder is a local product. J. Beals Forbes is erecting a large cottage upon the land adjoining the old Hedge place. Dan Young has that contract also and his living next door is a great convenience for him and for his wife.

At the post office the other evening Mr. Horatio Pulcifer was heard to declare it had got so nowadays that an honest man couldn't hardly do business enough to make a decent living.



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Are they like marshalled soldiers ....or drifting gun smoke?

FIGURES — business data — they're the soldiers that fight to win business . . . or lose it.

Chaotic, uncontrolled, your figures are of little more value than the drifting smoke that follows the gunfire.

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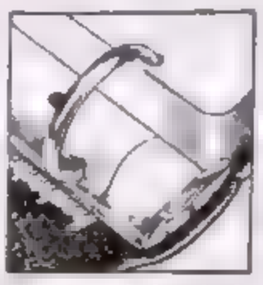

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FROM THE BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 19)

the densest fog, to steer a true course, to ascertain depths, to probe the ocean floor, to carry on constant communication with other vessels and land stations, and to do an infinite number of other things. The organization of the forces of science did that. The ocean is charted, an iceberg patrol maintains its vigil about Newfoundland, derelicts which menace navigation are reported, lighthouses and lightships blink their warnings to shipping at night. Which is the contribution of the governmental agencies to the systematizing of the sea. Ships operate on close schedule, they are kept clean and comfortable, rigid discipline is maintained among the crew, and safety is the everlasting watchword. The organization of the operating forces accomplished that.

It should not be overlooked that these are achievements which have crystallized within a relatively short space of time. Navigation itself is one of the oldest devices of civilization, dating back for many, many centuries; yet it is only a few generations since a steamship first crossed the Atlantic—the Savannah, 350 tons, which left Savannah, Georgia, May 24, 1819, and completed her passage to Liverpool in twenty-six days, out of which her paddles were used as motive power for only eighteen days. Three and a quarter centuries before this, Columbus covered practically the same distance in thirty-seven days, eleven more than it took the Savannah. When you bear in mind that ships are doing it now in from five to six days and that the Mauretania, in 1910, did it in four days, ten hours and forty-one minutes—the fastest trip on record—it is rather a sad reflection on marine progress of olden times that it had nothing better to offer in 1819 than the speed performance of the first ocean steamship. The 350-ton Savannah was far larger than the Santa Maria, on which Columbus sailed, but would be the veriest pygmy beside the Leviathan, the Majestic or the Berengaria, all of which are 150 times or more larger than she.

The Voice of the Sea

One of the really great differences between the old sailing days—by which I mean merely thirty or forty years ago—and the present is the fact that when men used to go to sea they were never certain what might happen, whereas now they know they are merely going from one port to another.

Not only were many of the modern devices for safety unknown at that time, but they would have been of little help to sailing vessels even though science had evolved them then. Wireless, for example—the most important of all these—is designed essentially for steamships which have the necessary power to operate it. Wireless is the voice which Marconi gave to the sea, enabling its more opulent wayfarers to converse freely with one another, to sound warnings of danger and to call aid in moments of stress. The sailing vessel, lacking the facilities to use it, is a speechless wanderer and fights its battles single-handed. When it falls into the trough of the sea and is dismasted or meets with other adversity, there is no friendly contrivance of science to work out its salvation.

A rocket goes up into the night to attract the attention of a passer-by, a flare burns, but it is a forlorn hope. The chief reliance of men then is their own courage and fortitude and their willingness to pull together in the common cause of saving the vessel and themselves.

The Titanic Disaster

The boon which radio is to navigation cannot be mentioned without the recollection of the service it performed at the time of the sinking of the Titanic, the worst disaster in maritime history previous to the war. I was at that time in command of the Carpathia, which went to her rescue, and had the chance to make many first-hand observations in connection with the tragedy which was responsible for international action to take up the slack of navigation. Experience is the great teacher. As appalling as the loss of the Titanic was, it concentrated world-wide attention upon some glaring deficiencies, brought remedial measures and, therefore, had its constructive side. A repetition of this disaster now seems beyond belief, as you shall see.

The Titanic sank after hitting an iceberg. The ice cap of North Greenland, a towering glacial mountain, with altitudes of 9000 feet in some of its barren ranges, is the source of thousands of immense bergs which break from their moorings each spring and are swept in various directions by the ocean currents. One can only conjecture how impassable the North Atlantic might be were it not for the friendliness of these currents, which perform a work beyond the capacity of man. It is the East Greenland current which catches them before they have a chance to bear southward, and takes them on a northerly route to Baffin Bay. It is the Labrador current which picks them up at this point and turns thousands back toward the shipping tracks of the Atlantic, but sees to it that the majority find a burying ground before they reach the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

(Continued on Page 138)

The Composing Room on the S. S. Berengaria, Where the Atlantic Edition of the Daily Mail is Printed

OUT IN THE PLANTS

Marmon is working double-shift, building as many as it is humanly possible to build well.

Two great automobiles under one famous nameplate that you, too, will say are truly great after you've driven them. Or, if you drive only one, you'll gain respect for the other—simply because it's the companion car.

Great days for Marmon

THE large Marmon 75—at the highest point of prestige in Marmon history—now, as always "the easiest riding car in the world" and the greatest long distance road car in the world—the most precisely built, and a car of most unusual dependability, stamina and long life (74 per cent of all Marmons are still in service).

With custom-built bodies of the newest mode, interpreted in Marmon Jewel Colors (a basic new idea in color treatment shown now for the first time in the industry) it is probably the most distinctive of all fine cars.

The Marmon 8, a most emphatic hit—a smaller car built to Marmon quality and precision standards, to meet the new problems of travel and traffic and the public's constantly growing demand for good taste, regardless of size or of price.

—a car the whole country is talking about because of its new type of meteoric performance and phenomenally easy handling coupled with big car comfort and stamina.

The Marmon Institution—of 75 years' standing now in its period of greatest prosperity and growth—because in all of its recent great developments it has so aptly sensed the present day needs and tastes of the public in every field of fine car usage.

THE LARGE MARMON 75

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The large Marmon 75, in a most interesting selection of standard and custom styles, $3195 and upward . . . . *The Marmon 8*, "America's first truly fine small car," also available in both standard and custom-built body styles, $1795 and upward . All prices, f. o. b. factory, tax extra.

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How to Make A Week's Pay in One Day

Make this test and find out whether you can earn $5,000 to $10,000 a year. To make sure of $400 to $600 a month may be far easier than you think. Many of our representatives are making $500 and more a month. Probably more men are making $5,000 a year—or more—with the Fyr-Fyter Company than with any other direct selling company in the world. And it is easier now than it has ever been before!

Fyr-Fyter is the most perfect fire prevention device ever invented. It bears the label of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Fire Chiefs everywhere urge and endorse it. Hundreds of America's largest factories use it. After exhaustive tests, The U. S. Government purchased over 250,000 Fyr-Fyters. There is a size and type for every building in America.

Every month, by hundreds and by thousands, American factories and homes are turning to this new way to fight fire. The field is enormous. Only 5% of the possible market has been supplied. Practically every factory, home, store, garage, school, church, hotel, theatre and public building is in need of fire prevention equipment. That's why Fyr-Fyter men find it easy to earn $100 to $300 a week. That's why any number of men report earnings of

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That's why you, too, can make this your lifetime opportunity.

T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, who made over $600 in one month and who has made as high as $122.50 in a day, says: "I am firmly convinced that any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon show a profit of $5,000 a year."

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We give you an opportunity to join one of the highest-paid sales organizations in America. See how easy it is to start in almost any way that is convenient to you. Send for this free book, "Building a Permanent Income." See how W. E. Saal, Ohio, made $100 in six hours. How Hickey, Ont., made $148 in one day. How Payne, Iowa, made $159 his first 3 days. We do not ask you to do a day's work that will not pay you well. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. It tells you exactly what to say and what to do. Don't make the mistake of trying to judge how much you can make, before you read these full facts on this unparalleled opportunity. Mail the coupon now for the full plan.

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(Continued from Page 136)

The coast of Labrador, the Strait of Belle-Isle and the northern section of the Grand Banks are the final resting place for all except a relatively small number.

By the time the icebergs have passed through the maze of obstacles toward which the kindly Labrador current guides them, not more than 350 remain to find their way south of Newfoundland. As they slip down past the eastern side of the island the water becomes gradually warmer and they disintegrate, the speed of this process depending on how far south they have gone. Directly east of Newfoundland the slowly rising temperature of the water is insufficient to affect them materially, but beyond the tail of the Banks they disappear in approximately two weeks, and when they have finally encountered the Gulf Stream, in about one week. Meanwhile their ranks begin to thin rapidly once they have drifted past the southernmost end of Newfoundland. In normal ice years, extending from April to August, the number which escape beyond the Banks is about fifty, and this band of marauders is decimated to a few before it encroaches upon the tracks of shipping. What is done to prevent these from being the menace to navigation they once were, I shall explain later.

Wireless, as I have said, is the voice of the sea, and the code used by operators to express themselves is its language. The most popular misconception of radio is that the operator who sits at his instruments with a headpiece on and listens in on the conversation of the air is merely making a record of each letter as he hears it and that these letters eventually shape themselves into words. As a matter of fact, letters never present themselves in that manner to his trained ear, but are simply sounds or the notes of cadence. What he listens to is a musical sort of language. Letters pour in too rapidly to give him time to worry about the meaning they convey when pieced together. He hears the words letters make, and not the letters which make words. The speed test for sending is twenty words a minute, which is roughly equivalent to 100 letters, the minimum necessary for obtaining a license.

The Distress Signal

Many operators become so familiar with the variations of sounds passing through ether that they can frequently tell who is at the transmitter. A message comes crashing in upon them at terrific speed and they know it is Brown, the forty-word man. Another comes hesitatingly and they know it is Smith, who has a reputation for his eccentricities of sending. I have heard operators describe it as identical with the peculiarities of speech or handwriting.

Another common misconception is that the letters of the S O S distress signal are an abbreviation for three words, described variously as "save our souls," "suspend other service" and "sink or swim," the latter presumably in a grimly facetious vein, while the C Q D call formerly used was supposed to stand for "come quick danger." They mean nothing of the kind, but are simply a code designed to attract immediate attention, and might just as well be so many numerals, as far as their being word symbols are concerned. There are many letter combinations used by wireless operators which cannot be translated into actual words, but which have a definite meaning to those who understand the language of the air. C Q, for example, is a general call and signifies that the person sending it wishes to impart some general information. Operators hearing it at once listen in when it flashes through the air.

The distress signal S O S has been adopted because of the simplicity of sending and receiving it. The letter S is three dots and the letter O three dashes; thus S O S is . . . — — — . . . ; three dots, three dashes, three dots. From the sound standpoint it is as clear as the most resonant word which can be uttered by the voice. There is no mistaking it. C Q D was abandoned for the reason that it lacked this simplicity and could be misconstrued. C is — . — . , Q . . — . , and D — . . , according to the Continental code used on ships. It can readily be seen that the old call is much more complicated than the one now employed, and cannot be as readily picked up.

My ship, the Carpathia, left New York, April 11, 1912, bound for Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples and other Mediterranean ports. We had on board 120 first-class passengers, 50 second-class and 560 third-class. Harold Thomas Cottam, a young man barely past his majority, was in charge of our wireless apparatus, which had a sending radius of about 250 miles. He was the only operator we carried. Around midnight of the following Sunday, Cottam was making preparations to turn in for the night. He had taken off his coat, but lingered at his instruments for a few moments to get an answer to some message from the steamship Parisian, with which he had been in communication. While waiting he determined to call the Titanic to ask her operator if he knew that Cape Cod had a batch of messages for his ship. Earlier in the evening Cottam had been receiving general news from Cape Cod and was aware of the existence of these messages.

Full Speed to the Rescue

"Come at once; we need help," was the astounding answer which came back to Cottam. It was incredible to him that of all the vessels on the ocean this particular one should be calling for aid. Not only was she the largest ship which had ever taken to the water, with a gross tonnage of 45,000 and an over-all length of 882 feet, 6 inches, but she was at that moment making her maiden trip from England to the United States. She carried a total of more than 2200 people, and in her cabins were many persons of international note, including Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Major Archibald Butts, military aid to President Taft; William T. Stead, the Irish journalist and author; Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Straus, of New York; Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and John B. Thayer, vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Titanic at that moment was the world's foremost steamship. New York was waiting to welcome her as the queen of the seas.

"Shall I report to the captain?" Cottam asked.

"Yes," the Titanic operator replied.

Cottam telephoned the bridge and spoke to the senior officer in charge. It was then about half-past twelve in the early morning, and I was asleep in my cabin. The senior officer ran down the companionway to awaken me. His manner was brisk and official.

"We have just received a C Q D from the Titanic, sir," he reported.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at him questioningly. "From the Titanic—are you quite sure it's from the Titanic?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Have you her bearings?"

"Yes, sir."

I hurried into a few clothes and hastened to the bridge. Twice I asked Cottam if he were certain that he had received the message correctly, it all seemed so unbelievable. He replied he was positive; there could be no doubt.

"Give them our position and tell them we are coming as fast as we can," I directed. Cottam sent the message off immediately and then got in touch with the Baltic and Olympic, which were within the range of our wireless. The last message he got from the Titanic was that her engine room was filling fast. She was going down by the head.

When I reached the decision to go to the assistance of the Titanic, which was the moment I learned of her peril, I realized there might be some risk to the Carpathia in the field of icebergs which we should undoubtedly have to penetrate. The thought of not going did not present itself. We were badly needed, and I was sure our passengers would have decided the way I did, if the question had been put to them. It was one of those problems the captain of a ship must solve instantly and upon his own initiative. He is in supreme command of his vessel and does not seek instructions or advice.

The position of the Titanic was 41:46 north latitude, 50:14 west longitude. Our own bearings showed us we were fifty-eight miles away from her. We quickly charted our course and pointed our nose to the spot where the great liner was slowly sinking. I sent for the chief engineer, told him what had happened and gave instructions to put on an extra force of stokers. He ran below to see that these orders were carried out. We proceeded under forced draft, with every ounce of steam conserved to increase our speed. It was a bitterly cold night, but we even shut off the steam from the radiators throughout the ship in order that the boilers would generate their greatest power. The Carpathia's normal speed was fourteen and a half knots. She got up to sixteen and at times seventeen under the bleeding to which she was subjected on this occasion. The weather was clear and the sea oily.

As soon as we had turned around and started on our way, I instructed the first officer to knock off the usual Monday work and to prepare the lifeboats so that they would be ready for immediate use upon our arrival. Then I sent for the heads of the various other departments—the doctor, the purser and the chief steward. I directed the English doctor and his assistants to take charge of the first-class dining room, the Italian doctor and his assistants the second-class dining room, and the Hungarian doctor and his assistants the third-class dining room. They were ordered to have stimulants and medical supplies on hand, together with hot coffee and blankets, which the chief steward would furnish.

Stewards were stationed at the different gangways through the ship to hold back our own passengers and to reassure them if they became alarmed. As it turned out, this precaution was unnecessary. Only two of the Carpathia's passengers knew that we had altered our course and what had happened. They were cautioned to strict silence, and respected our wishes, knowing that it would seriously impede the work of rescue if the decks were cluttered with our own passengers and if our crew had to contend with any excitement or disorder. Nearly everybody had retired for the night, and those who went to their cabins after we received word of the disaster, did so without knowing that anything unusual had taken place. Many of them were still asleep in their cabins hours after we had reached the scene, unaware until then that they had played an unconscious part in the tragedy.

Ready for the Survivors

The purser and his assistants were ordered to receive the Titanic's survivors at the gangway, obtain their Christian names and surnames and to send the list to land by wireless as quickly as possible. While we were on our way, everybody not concerned in the navigation of the ship turned to making ready the various public rooms for the reception of the survivors. We had no idea how many there might be. As each officer finished the task assigned him he so reported. It was about thirty minutes before we reached the Titanic's position that the final report was made. Everything aboard the Carpathia was then in readiness.

After seeing that these things were being done, I went to the bridge and stayed there. There were three officers continually on the bridge—one man in the crow's nest and two in the eyes of the ship. At quarter past two o'clock I gave the order that rockets be fired at intervals of every fifteen minutes that they might be seen by those

(Continued on Page 141)

3 GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

were Necessary to bring Scientific Correctness in Tires

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction

ADDING thousands of miles to balloon tire life was a three-fold problem. Years of tests—millions of miles of road-proof—gave Miller engineers—first, the 3 real causes of wear—second, with the aid of science, the three real remedies.

Any one of these three great improvements might have satisfied Miller engineers—and added substantially to the life of Miller tires. But the discovery that the application of all three would bring a tire actually perfect in the eyes of science, urged Miller on to this perfection.

Results in wear have been truly amazing. Results in service and improved riding quality—equally so. Your Miller dealer will show you why you must demand *all three* of these vital features to be sure your tire money buys Scientific Correctness.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and "Uniflex" Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to balloon tire life.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO.
of N. Y.
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THE SIGN OF A MILLER
One-Piece Tread and Sidewall No Separation Possible
No Joint No Hinging
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the scientifically correct balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking.
Miller dealers will be glad to explain—and service your tire needs
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The Tire Builder says: *"If one comes back, I'm penalized"*

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OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND

NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST

THE MARLAND RED TRIANGLE ▽ MARKS FRIENDLY STATIONS THAT DISPENSE MARLAND PRESSURE GASOLINE

YOU FIND them out in the wide open spaces; at crossroads, in towns, villages and cities—pumps dispensing *Marland Pressure Gasoline*.

From the single pump at the curb to the beautiful de-luxe stations surrounded by lovely lawns and flowers, *Marland Pressure Gasoline* is giving motorists a new conception of a better motor fuel.

Marland Pressure Gasoline is all refined from the pure crude. There are no injurious chemicals added. You get more miles to the gallon, less carbon, less dilution, quick starting and a new ease of operation. There is no pound, sputter or backfire. You marvel at the difference. You are conscious of greater motor efficiency.

And the cost is no more than for other gasoline. It is something new to enjoy the best to be had without being obliged to pay an added price for it.

Marland Pressure Gasoline is refined at the big Marland Refinery in the center of the world's largest oil area. It is sold under the sign and seal of the Marland Red Triangle which is your guarantee of its quality and your assurance of perfect satisfaction.

Fill up your tank with this new, powerful, clean-burning, honest value gasoline. One trial and you will thereafter be on the lookout for those stations where the Red Triangle beams a hearty welcome and where friendly service impels you to come back again and again.

Dealers and Jobbers will find that with *Marland Pressure Gasoline* they can build an ever increasing and satisfactory business. Motorists are driving out of their way to get this better motor fuel. Write our General Office or our nearest sales office for complete details.

There is a grade of *Marland Super Motor Oil* for every type of motor, all refined under patents exclusive to the Marland Company for North America. The Marland chart for correct motor lubrication includes trucks, tractors and motor cycles. All are identified by the Marland Red Triangle and can be had at Marland stations and those of Marland Dealers.

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Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

(Continued from Page 138)

aboard the Titanic, if she was still afloat, or by her survivors in the lifeboats, if she had sunk. At twenty minutes to three I saw a flare half a point on the quarter bow and supposed it to be the Titanic. I was relieved to think that she was still afloat, but this reassurance was of short duration. The flare had presumably come from one of the lifeboats.

Soon afterward I made out icebergs one point on the port bow. We had been passing them continually for some time, but it was not until daylight came that we realized what a large nest of them there was. They were all around us I could make out at least twenty which projected from 150 to 200 feet above the water, together with a number of smaller ones. In the vicinity were also numerous growlers—large lumps of ice which had broken away from the bergs in the warmer temperature of the water into which they had drifted. The miracle of it was that we had missed these bergs. It was quite apparent that Providence had intervened to spare the Carpathia while she was bleeding herself on this errand of help.

It was about quarter after four o'clock when the Carpathia's engines stopped. I looked at my chart to see what the depth of the water was. We were in 2000 fathoms. The first lifeboat came alongside within ten minutes. By the time we got her occupants aboard ship it was daybreak and we could see the remaining fourteen lifeboats, all within a radius of four miles. The only trace of the Titanic herself was wreckage which strewed the waters. She had sunk at about half-past two.

One by one the lifeboats moved toward us and discharged their passengers—most of them women and children. The behavior of the survivors was magnificent. They were quiet and orderly and remained perfectly still in the lifeboats until their time came to be taken aboard the Carpathia. It was inspiring to see the calmness and courage they showed after the ordeal they had just been through. I doubt whether there has ever been a more striking exhibition of bravery on the part of women than that shown by those who had escaped with their own lives from the Titanic but had been torn apart from their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons.

The steamship California, of the Leyland Line, which had also answered the Titanic's call, came up at about half-past ten o'clock in the morning, but we had meanwhile managed to get the last of the survivors aboard—more than 700 all told. I talked with the commander of the California through a megaphone and told him that one small boat still remained unaccounted for. He asked if he should search around and I answered, "Please do." Soon after this we started our engines again and put back toward New York.

Women and Children First

The stories of the heroism displayed by the passengers and crew of the Titanic were told while we were making our way to port. In the face of almost certain death men had behaved with all the gallantry expected of them at such times. The cry of "Women and children first" had spread over the ship from the moment it was realized she had suffered a mortal wound in her collision with the iceberg. There had been no attempt to violate this ironclad rule of conduct. Ship officers, standing at boat stations, ready to shoot down any man who crowded his way into the lifeboats prematurely, had found their zeal unnecessary in this direction. Captain E. J. Smith, the Titanic's commander, was last seen on the bridge stoically resigned to go to the bottom with his ship. Major Butts, President Taft's aid, had toiled tirelessly to help women and children into the lifeboats and had made full use of his military training in seeing that discipline was maintained.

John Jacob Astor died as one of the many heroes of the Titanic. There were many eyewitnesses who told of seeing him lead his wife to the side of the ship and help her into the lifeboat with a reassuring word regarding his own safety. She protested that she would prefer to remain on board and take her chances with him, but he refused to listen to her pleas and told her she must go. "Every woman and child must be provided for first, not excepting the women members of the ship's company," he was heard to say. A boy in his early teens stood near him wistfully watching the boats as they were lowered.

"Why don't you get into one of those boats?" Mr. Astor asked him.

"I can't; they're for women and children," the youngster replied.

Mr. Astor snatched up a woman's coat which lay on the deck close by and threw it around the boy. "There, now, that makes you a girl," he exclaimed, with a friendly pat on the back; and a few minutes later he saw to it that the youngster found a place in one of the boats.

Transatlantic Trails

Great moments such as these develop the fantastic side of human character. The attitude of W. T. Stead, the writer, is an illustration Survivors who talked with this famous journalist after the accident said that he showed little concern over what had happened to the ship, but seemed to be profoundly interested in the probable height of the iceberg it had struck. With various passengers who spoke to him he conversed learnedly about icebergs in general and wondered whether the Titanic had run into a field of them or whether she had been unfortunate in encountering a solitary drifter Expressing his confidence that there was no danger, he returned to his stateroom and probably died there.

The martyrdom of Mrs. Isidore Straus was one of the notable incidents of the catastrophe. When the time came for Mrs. Straus to enter a lifeboat she steadfastly refused to leave her husband, saying that if it was the will of God that he should go, she would go with him. The pleadings of Mr. Straus and others were of no avail. Mrs. Straus would not be budged from her determination to remain by his side. She was still clinging to his arm when the last lifeboat made way from the sinking liner. They went to their death together, listening to the strains of Nearer, My God, to Thee, the hymn played by the ship band while the Titanic was disappearing below the water.

I have expressed the opinion that there will never be a repetition of this disaster and I shall now tell the reason why. My belief is based on the fact that icebergs, once the greatest of all perils to navigation, have ceased to be the threat they were, due to the fact that the region where they abound is now vigilantly patrolled and that merchant vessels circumvent the danger zone during the ice seasons. It all goes right back to the organization of the sea which has come during the fifteen years that have elapsed since that time. Icebergs, indeed, have been the one particular evil against which these forces of organization have concentrated their heaviest fire. Let us see how well they have succeeded.

After the Titanic experience the maritime nations of the world realized that the time had come when concerted action was needed to safeguard shipping tracks from the menace to life and property which the Labrador current carries down into the waters of the North Atlantic each year. An efficient watch over the affected area was the only expedient; it was necessary to install a sea-scanning eye which would never close while the element of peril lasted. But nations move slowly when they enter into international agreements, and here was a real emergency requiring prompt action.

The solution of finding a speedy remedy came when the United States Government stepped into the breach and volunteered to carry on the work as a means of affording temporary relief, or at least until such time as a permanent service could be established. For the remainder of the 1912 season the scout cruisers Birmingham and Chester were assigned to the task, to be followed the next season by the Coast Guard cutters Seneca and Miami. In the latter part of November of 1913 an International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea was called in London and the conclusions reached then resulted in the organization of the International Service of Ice Observation, Ice Patrol and Derelict Destruction. By agreement of the thirteen nations represented, the task of installing and maintaining this service was assigned to the United States Government, with the cost prorated on the basis of each nation's shipping tonnage.

By degrees the system of patrol has been worked out with splendid effect. Throughout the season of possible danger, ships are being constantly warned of the location of bergs by the Coast Guard cutters, which alternate every fifteen days in their visits to the peril zone. Facts of every kind which might be of use in the work are gathered, including data relating to fogs, currents, temperatures and winds.

And in addition to dispensing this information at intervals through the day, the cutters are receiving stations for data obtained by merchant ships which pass within the patrol area. It is a service in which everybody contributes his bit, to the mutual advantage of all.

This is not the only measure taken for safety in the last fifteen years. The North Atlantic Track Agreement, which came into being at the same London Conference, gives double strength to the precautions against the iceberg menace, as well as lessening the chances of a collision between ships. Subscribed to by the principal transatlantic steamship companies, the agreement, as its name implies, lays out the tracks for merchant vessels to take in their passage across the ocean, with the season of the year the determining factor. There are now three distinct tracks—the northern, the southern and extra southern—or in other words, the short, the long and extra long. Eastbound, from Ambrose to Bishop Rock, the northern measures 2937 miles, the southern 3008 miles and the extra southern 3050 miles, making a difference of 71 miles between the northern and southern, and 42 miles between the southern and extra southern, and of 113 miles between the northern and extra southern. Westbound there is a slight variation in these distances.

Turning the Corner

The northern, or short, track is the one followed in winter; the southern, or long, track in spring and the extra southern, or extra long, in summer. The explanation of their seasonal use is the fact that icebergs begin encroaching on the steamship lanes in April, trespass farther in the succeeding four months and have removed themselves as a threat to navigation by the end of August, to remain in their far northern confines until the following year. Thus this man-made scheme to defeat the iceberg peril narrows down to a question of retreating in orderly fashion before the advance of an enemy too powerful to compete with when he strides forth each year from his lair. Once the giant has hied himself away for his winter's sleep his battle area may again be invaded.

In all these tracks the corner is turned southeast of the Grand Banks, and it is here that the eastbound and westbound are sixty miles apart, a sufficient distance to give ships traveling in opposite directions considerable leeway in the avoidance of collisions in foggy weather. To speak knowingly of turning the corner is one of the little conceits of ocean travelers. Its significance is that a ship steaming in either direction proceeds on a fairly straight line to this point south of the Grand Banks, where it turns and stands away on another straight line to its destination. For example, ships bound from New York to England take a slightly southerly course in the summertime until they reach the corner

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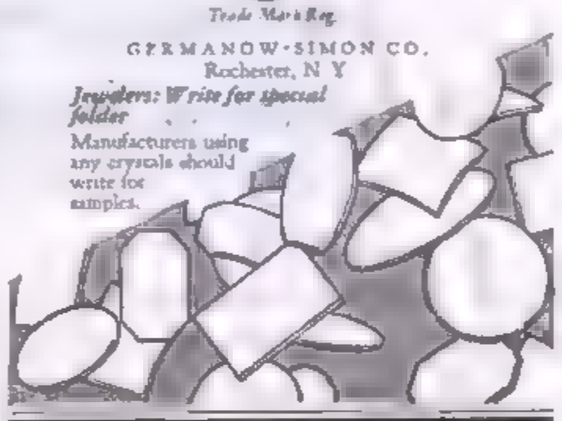

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Pore-Dirt hides from surface washing

but this cream fetches it from a twice-washed face

IT seems queer to say that a twice-washed face is still dirty. But you can easily prove that this is true.

The skin of your face, for instance, seems a solid layer. It is really porous—like a sponge—filled with thousands of open pores. In them dirt lodges, gets ground in tight.

When you wash your face, the skin surface gets clean. The surface dirt is removed. The pore-dirt, however, is left in the pores, causing what cosmeticians term "grey skin." If pore-dirt is allowed to remain too long, blackheads result.

Washing can't dislodge pore-dirt. Pompeian Massage Cream can. This remarkable cream goes into pores and brings out hiding dirt. It lets your pores breathe freely; it helps them function normally.

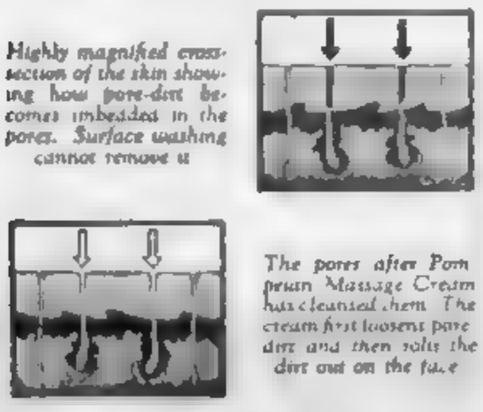
Goes in PINK . . . rolls out a DINGY GREY! Try it

You can easily prove to yourself that Pompeian Massage Cream begins to clean where ordinary cleansing stops. First wash your face and hands as clean as you can.

Then scoop a little cream from the jar and massage it into your face. Keep on rubbing until the cream rolls out of your skin in tiny pellets.

Note this amazing thing—the cream that went into the skin a clean pink rolls out a dingy grey. The grimed-in dirt is now removed. Your pores can once more fully breathe. Your skin quickly responds to the invigorating massage.

Your face looks, feels, and *is* really clean!



Highly magnified cross-section of the skin showing how pore-dirt becomes imbedded in the pores. Surface washing cannot remove it

The pores after Pompeian Massage Cream has cleansed them. The cream first loosens pore dirt and then rolls the dirt out on the face

FREE test convinces thousands. Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face—FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now while you are reading this publication.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 306-G, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

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and then a northerly one for the remainder of the journey.

Few merchant vessels plying between New York and European ports cross the Banks, and the amount of navigation there is negligible, consisting largely of shipping which has St. John's as a port of call. In the spring and summer the corner is many miles south of the tail and in winter it barely touches the tip. In addition to the question of icebergs, there are two other reasons for this: One is the prevalence of dense fogs over the Banks and the other is to give the fisherman a better chance. The Grand Banks is the leading fishing ground of the world, being open to the fishermen of all nations. Before the realignment of shipping tracks ocean voyagers were frequently permitted the thrill of seeing Newfoundland fishing smacks engaged in their hardy tasks far out at sea, but this sight has become rare since the course of travel has moved itself farther and farther southward.

On the bridge of an ocean liner there are three main considerations besides which all others become fairly insignificant—safety, efficiency and comfort. Safety is the greatest of these, infinitely the most important. The commander of the vessel, realizing that to his judgment has been intrusted the well-being of many precious souls, never loses sight of it from the moment his craft leaves its pier until it reaches its destination

Without wishing to give unwarranted praise to the men of my calling, I believe it can be properly said that no body of men are more faithful to their trust than those who operate passenger-carrying vessels. In the observance of discipline they are held to the strictest accounting; in the performance of their duties they are required to measure up to exceptionally high standards of efficiency.

Supplementing this human element, which is unceasing in its labor to make everything secure and shipshape, are the mechanical instruments which scientists have given to navigation to assist it in overcoming the difficulties and dangers of the old days. These are almost innumerable and are to be found in every part of the ship, from the bridge down to the engine room. There are two of fairly recent introduction, however, which are worthy of particular mention. They are the gyro compass and radio direction finder

A War Secret

The superiority of the gyro compass over the old magnetic compass upon which the masters of sailing ships depended to find their way about the waters of the earth, is due to the fact that it is entirely mechanical in its action and is unaffected by the magnetism which becomes impregnated in the modern ship. The magnetic compass, as faithful as its service has been on wooden vessels and as glorious its achievements in making exploration of unknown corners of the world possible, loses its old unerring effectiveness on the newer vessels by reason of the materials used in their construction. The compensating devices created to offset the errors caused in this manner have proved of immeasurable value, but have not entirely corrected a difficulty which seems insurmountable.

The gyro compass is too highly a technical instrument to explain in detail here. In principle it is based on the gyroscope devised by the French scientist Foucault in 1852, but with changes from the original model which enable it to seek a definite direction. It consists of a master gyro compass, electrically driven, which controls repeater compasses in various parts of the ship where they are required. The advantage it enjoys over the magnetic compass is that it is entirely free from errors, is mechanically moved and not by magnetic control, is so adjusted that the motion of the ship does not disturb it, and is always a reliable, unerring means for the navigator to determine what direction he is taking.

It is only since the end of the World War that the radio direction finder has been added to the equipment of merchant ships, its previous existence having been kept secret in order that its utility as the locater of enemy warships might not be impaired. A vessel using the direction finder to obtain its bearings communicates with land stations in established positions and asks that signals be sent for one minute In this brief period the device is moved around in various directions until the signals reach their maximum strength, which indicates the direction of the coastal stations sending them. The operation is repeated with known stations located at other points, and each direction as furnished is recorded on a chart in the form of a straight line Where these various lines cross is the position of the ship.

In foggy weather the radio direction finder becomes an instrument of tremendous value in its additional function of locating other ships in the vicinity. There is never a moment of the day or night when the wireless room of an ocean liner is not in operation, and the radio direction finder can be utilized constantly, if necessary, to ascertain whether another vessel is within the collision danger zone. This is accomplished in exactly the same manner as signals are sent from the land stations.

Safe and Sound at Sea

Most ocean travelers manifest the keenest interest in the measures taken for their safety. I have sometimes taken them with me on the tour of inspection which begins at half past ten in the morning of every weekday, when the commander and heads of the various departments meet at an appointed place and proceed in groups on a complete round of the vessel to see that everything is shipshape. Their surprise at what they have discovered in the way of magnitude, precision and discipline leaves no doubt that the majority of landsmen have meager knowledge of what is involved in ocean travel as it is conducted today.

"Captain," observes the inquiring passenger, "it must be extremely trying on your nerves to have the responsibility of so many lives on your hands."

"I don't give it a minute's thought," I reply, with perhaps a side glance at my companion to note the effect of that rather startling statement.

"You don't—what is that—you don't give it a minute's thought; is that what you said?"

"Correct. I never think of it."

"But isn't it the oldest tradition of the sea that the captain should charge himself with the safety of his passengers?"

"Right."

"Then what do you mean? You're contradictory."

"Not at all. I mean that I never allow myself to think of being responsible for so many souls. If I did I should be a nervous wreck. I think merely of the safety of the ship. If the ship is safe, so are they and everything else."

To the sailor there is one mystifying phase of the concern landsmen sometimes manifest in the supposed dangers of sea travel. When he picks up a newspaper and reads that so many thousands of persons were killed in devious ways ashore the previous month—especially in motor-car accidents—he cannot help wondering why it is the landsman does not actually feel a pleasing sense of security as he steps aboard a modern ship and realizes he is safe for the next week or so from the terrors of the shore. No motor cars to run him down, no bricks to drop on his head, no street bandits to pepper him with bullets. And yet the first thing he does when he lands at a foreign port is to rush to the cable office and dash off a message to the folks back home that he is safe and sound. Safe and sound! As much as to say he's had a narrow escape from death.

Some day it may become the custom of sailors to reverse this process. When they leave port they will cable their families they are safe and sound aboard ship. Which is true.

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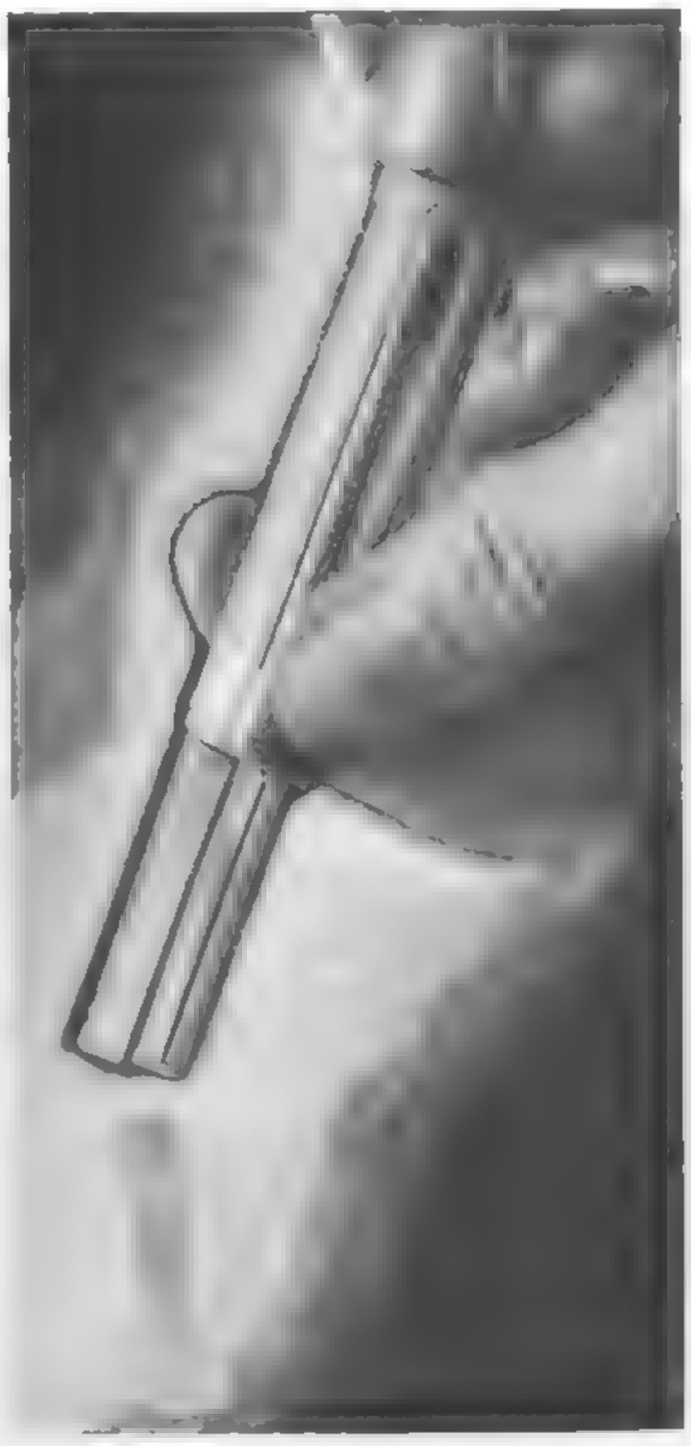
Old blade *out*...



New blade ...*in*

...done in a split second

JUST move the plunger once. Out and in. The old blade is gone—the new blade takes its place. Done as fast as the thought—even in the middle of a shave.

The new blade comes out of the handle. Twenty blades are stored there in a clip, ready for instant use. When they are used up, a fresh clip slipped in the handle reloads the razor.

Far more than a convenience is this new blade-changing feature. Bothersome paper wrappings and dangerous handling of blades have been done away with. You can't dull the fine Schick edge before it reaches your beard. Neither can you cut your fingers or misplace blades.

You don't even remove a Schick blade to dry it. Simply rinse the razor after shaving and put it away. The Schick is one shaving tool that wastes no shaving time.

The real sensation comes when you get your first Schick shave. Held in the razor head at a flat angle, the keen Schick blade slides parallel to your face.

No parts to fuss with before or after shaving. Just tilt the razor head and shave.

No scraping at all—it cuts each hair clean off. You get a cool, smooth shave —*right at the skin line.*

Even men who swear by straight-edge razors are flocking to the Schick. Look at this new razor today at your dealer's. If his supply has not arrived, the coupon and five dollars brings a razor complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, 75c. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

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In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00
Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd.,
St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

INTUITION VERSUS LOGIC IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 38)

things that helped you, so that you will avoid the one and seize the other when you experiment with something else. You may not be conscious that you are using these impressions as guide posts in your next experiment—indeed, it is almost certain that you will not be conscious of it. But whenever you have a feeling that you ought not to do a certain thing in business, or whenever you have a hunch that you ought to do a certain other thing, it is because you are unconsciously remembering these forgotten experiences of the past and accepting their guidance. This, in truth, is what that famous thing called "intuition" is. It is the unconscious memory of the emotional feeling we had when forgotten events took place.

And observe how enormously useful it is that these memories are unconscious. Because they are unconscious, we do not have to take our conscious eye off the ball. Our conscious mind is busy watching the face of the fellow who is offering us that seductive line of selling talk. At the same time, our unconscious memory is busily comparing his face and his talk with all the faces and all the lines of talk we have ever encountered. That is why we have an uncomfortable feeling at first, as if we said to ourselves, "Have I ever seen that kind of face before? Have I ever heard that line of talk before?" Our unconscious mind hasn't yet had time to check up all our past impressions. Then suddenly we have a feeling of decision and security. "Aha!" says our unconscious mind. "I've got it. I saw that kind of face years ago. It was on a fellow who sold me a perfectly good-looking automobile that had its cylinders pitted like the smallpox; and he had just the same tone in his voice when he was assuring me it was a bargain!" Whereupon you play your hunch and tell the salesman you are sorry, but you have decided not to buy his product for such and such reasons. The fact is, you decided first and thought up the reasons afterward. And you were right. You really felt that the salesman was insincere, and you felt that it would be bad for you to use his product.

Now, because all the effective part of this complicated mental process was unconscious, it was also speedy. Imagine how long it would have taken you to think out consciously what your unconscious intuition thought out almost instantly—that exhaustive reviewing of faces you had seen and the voices you had heard, to say nothing of reminding you what effect each had had upon your life, whether for good or evil. By conscious logic the operation would have taken all your time for a month. And it would have been incomplete then. And the answer would almost certainly have been wrong, because conscious logic can deal with only a few simple elements, whereas life is made up of thousands of extremely complicated elements.

A Poor Hand at Encores

Another story that Mr. Edison told me is to the point. A young graduate of a technical school applied to him for a position in his laboratory in West Orange. Mr. Edison said, "Let's see how much you learned at college. Here's a glass vessel of irregular shape, and it's important that I should know exactly its cubic contents. Suppose you figure it out for me."

The young man enthusiastically set about his task. He applied delicate measuring instruments to every part of the vessel. He brought some mathematical tables and he filled sheet after sheet of paper with complicated calculations. At last, after several days, he presented his final figure to Mr. Edison.

"Fine!" exclaimed the wizard. "Now let's see how far wrong you are." He filled the glass vessel exactly full of water and emptied the water into a graduated measuring tube. After a glance at the mark on the graduate and a glance at the young man's figure, he announced, "Pretty close! You're only about 3 per cent off."

"But," you protest again, "any fool would have thought of that in the first place." Well, let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that Mr. Edison was telling me an intentionally exaggerated story. The fact remains that in your present maturity you instantly decide business questions that bothered you half to death when you first went into business. That first time you used all the implements of logic and worried yourself sick, and got the wrong answer. But you learned from experience, and now you use a simple system of measurements to solve similar problems and you get the right answer, and get it quickly.

Of course, in business it is impossible to try all the experiments at once, as Edison does in his laboratory. The business man makes his experiments more after the manner of an Indian scouting in a hostile country. The Indian picks his way from tree to tree. He peers around a corner and an arrow whizzes by his head. He ducks. Then he makes his way under cover to another point and peers again. If no arrow comes, he proceeds along that route. If another arrow does come, he ducks again and tries still another way.

But Edison and the Indian and the business man are all doing the same thing—they are trying an experiment and registering its results. Edison's wholesale method permits him to register his results in written records. The Indian and the business man register theirs chiefly in that unconscious memory which stores up the feel of every situation for future guidance.

Where Edison and the Indian and the biggest business men part company with the rest of us is in the quickness with which they accept the lesson of the experiment. Most of us don't pay enough attention to what our own experience teaches us, or we are too stubborn to take no for an answer. We insist on trying the same thing again, even after life has just given us a vigorous warning on that subject. We have our system, and are bound we will follow it.

Big business men, on the other hand, do not try to buck their own experience. Instead, they discipline their spirits to accept instantly, without question, and cheerfully, the facts of life as they are revealed to them by what happens to them. They take one warning as enough for a lifetime on any question, and proceed at once to try another way. James J. Hill used to say, "I make plenty of mistakes, but I'm a darned poor hand at an encore." He never said a wiser thing in his life, and his success was largely based on it. He accepted the discipline of experience unhesitatingly; and it made him a king among men.

The emotional effects of experience are felt most intensely in youth. We tend to go dead emotionally as we grow older. We get calluses on our hands. We say we get "thick-skinned." But exactly here again is where the most successful men part company with us. They keep emotionally alive. It is no accident that George F. Baker is so young in his eighties, or that John D. Rockefeller dances a jig now and then. They have made it their business to keep interested in life, to keep their emotions alive. They did not stop accumulating emotional experiences at twenty or thirty. Quite aside from the personal pleasure of continuing to get a kick out of life, they have been keenly conscious that they needed this kick in their business. They have realized that when the kick stopped, their crop of future danger signals stopped coming in too. Successful men keep on storing up emotional experience.

Conscious logic, of course, does have practical uses in business. But it comes chiefly in our efforts to fix on the goal that Mr. Hoover had in mind. Henry Ford used conscious logic that way. He reasoned that if he could hit on something that everybody wanted, he could so reduce its cost of manufacture by standardizing the processes of making it that he could control the market by reason of a low price. That conception was a piece of conscious logic. But it is significant of Mr. Ford's adaptability that he first thought of applying the idea to watches, then switched to expensive automobiles, and ended by making a light car for the masses. His purpose was logical, and remained inflexible. His plans have repeatedly been shifted with great rapidity to adapt them to that purpose, which means that they were shifted to meet the facts of life as experience revealed the facts.

Logic, then, largely controls the formation of fixed purpose, while intuition guides the execution of business. Execution requires constant flexibility, adaptability. I have seen a good deal of F. N. Doubleday, the publisher, in action. The surest way to make him angry is to quote against him today the opinion he expressed yesterday about an unsolved business problem. "I reserve the right to change my mind on any subject at any time on two seconds' notice," he will retort.

If then the biggest business men regard intuition as the "without which nothing" of their success, why should anyone bother with such things as budgets, card indexes, researches and the other mechanical and logical aids to business, now so popular? For two reasons: First, these aids exist because they are products of business experience. Second, because they supply the facts for intuition to work on—not all the facts, but nevertheless the essential facts—and reduced to their simplest, most easily assimilated form.

Genius needs facts. Mr. Edison once said that "the inspiration point is the perspiration point." It is the flash point of the mind, when, after infinite labor, the friction of thought produces enough heat to explode into an idea. Napoleon was a tireless worker.

But these men, and all other creators, systematize the gathering of facts and their arrangement into workable form, and they delegate as much of it as they can to others. In his testimony before the Pujo Committee, the late J. P. Morgan repeated time after time: "I do not know the details, but if that statement was prepared by my office, I accept it."

But it is in the way that genius uses the facts that its peculiar skill comes in. Here is where it applies the touchstone of intuition. On the same occasion Mr. Morgan also repeatedly said: "I cannot give you any better reason than that. I simply felt [sic] it was best to do it that way." Incidentally, readers of recent issues of the POST will recall Judge Gary's personal reminiscences of Mr. Morgan and the emphasis he laid upon Mr. Morgan's sensitiveness of nature and upon the quickness and intensity of his emotions.

In all that has been written above, the illustrations have been chosen from the sayings and doings of business men of the first rank. Lesser business men may complain: "There is nothing in all this for me. I am no Morgan, or Baker, or Baruch. Nature gave them something I haven't got." And, of course, that is true, but only partly true. Nature may have given these men an especially acute set of nerve cells. But Nature has given every normal man a perfectly good set of nerves. But the most of their special equipment these exceptional men gave themselves. They gave themselves, above all else, the discipline of their own spirits—that priceless true humility, which is not self-depreciation, but which is the willingness to learn. Most of us insist upon operating on the basis of our own preconceived notions. We are sure we are right, that we have an infallible system, that we have brains enough to see our idea through. And we go on butting our heads time and again into the same stone walls, too insensitive to outward impressions and too fixed in the pride of our own conceits to learn from life and, most important of all, to accept cheerfully and instantly what it teaches.

Pride and Modesty

Again recalling Judge Gary's article, it is worth remembering how forcibly he was impressed with Mr. Morgan's modesty and with his willingness to be convinced. It is hard for conventional minds to reconcile this modesty, which is an outstanding characteristic of big men, with the equally outstanding fact that they are also self-confident and egotistical. But there are two kinds of pride and two kinds of modesty. Most of us are proud about our knowledge and modest about our achievements. Big men are exactly the reverse. They are forever questioning their own wisdom, but they mighty well know how much they have done and what they can still do.

The biggest business men share the qualities of sensitiveness and obedience with thousands of obscure but still successful men. The true distinction is not between big business men and little business men, but between intrinsically successful business men and accidentally successful business men. Probably 90 per cent of business men succeed by accident. A city grew up around their village store and they got so much trade that they couldn't help succeeding.

Or they struck oil on the old farm, and before they could escape they had signed a royalty lease with an oil company that made them rich. Or they worked for a business genius and he lavishly shared his success with them.

On the other hand, there is scarcely a hamlet in America but holds some man of whom his neighbors say, and justly: "That man would make money selling warming pans in Hades." That man has some of the makings of a Ford or a Rockefeller. He may not strike on so rich a field or make so much money, but he has the stuff of business greatness in him. The parable of the talents, in the New Testament, tells the same story: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." If you analyze this "mute, inglorious Milton" of business, you will find that he has the same qualities that have been here ascribed to Mr. Morgan and the rest. They may not lie on the surface, but by close observation you can find them at work inside.

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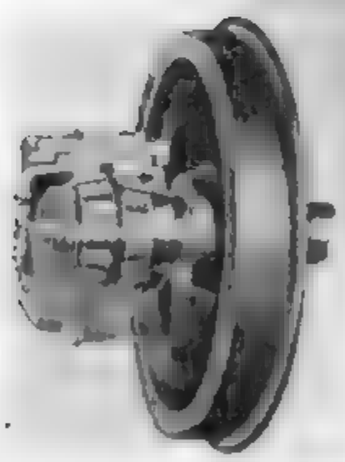
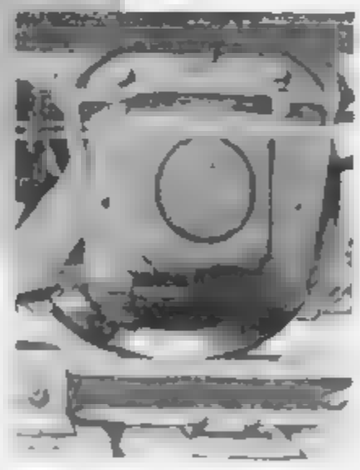
International Newsreel

Viewing a Timken railroad bearing application on display in the baggage car of the "Pioneer Limited." From left to right: President H. E. Byram of the Milwaukee Road; Mr. H. H. Timken, President of The Timken Roller Bearing Company; Mr. J. T. Gillick, Chief Operating Officer of the railroad; General Passenger Agent W. B. Dixon; and the Engineer of the train, Mr. Nicholas Kaiser.





Railroad History in the Making

A new epoch in railroad history dates from May 21, 1927. On that day the "Pioneer Limited" of the C., M. & St. Paul R. R. entered regular service with every car on Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. A few weeks later the "Olympian," also completely equipped with Timken Bearings, started schedule operation between Chicago and Seattle.

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

THE MACHINE WRECKERS

(Continued from Page 27)

the same thoughtful citizen might remember the following phenomena of the past few years:

The remarkable number of books, plays and photoplays produced in Europe, all dealing with an imagined future in which machinery either destroys humanity or is totally wrecked by humanity, which thereafter leads a life of perfect savagery or perfect simplicity.

The reappearance of books written by testy Englishmen proving that American "civilization"—the quotation marks are always used—consists of nothing but bathtubs and telephones.

The general impression abroad in the summer of 1926, that the United States wanted to "capture" France and Belgium industrially, and that this desire underlay the war-debt policy of the Administration.

The connection between all these items can be stated in a few short sentences:

There have always been people who believed that machinery was an unmitigated curse.

Since the war this belief has taken a new turn. It is held that machinery is a threat to the life and character of Europe.

And the reason is that the full development of mechanical ingenuity is the prime characteristic of America.

Which, since America is the outstanding creditor nation of the world, means that Americanization, or industrialization, is the enemy of mankind.

It is not to be fancied that these beliefs are consciously and widely held. There are a few serious critics of mechanical progress who hold them and express them freely. Dean Inge, for example, has said that "we are creating a race of submen," and A. J. Penty, a respected social theorist in England, pleading for a return to agriculture and Christianity, asserts that "machinery is demonstrably tearing our civilization to pieces." But for the most part one needs to go below the surface, trying to discover the grounds upon which machinery is being attacked, the supposed motives for the attack, and the obscure feelings which lie behind and are the real motives.

Ruskin and Thoreau

To Americans the idea of disliking or distrusting the machine god is absurd. It happens that we are the only great nation whose growth to maturity has been parallel with the full development of mechanical power. We have no tradition by which a chemical laboratory is universally called "stinks" and an engineer, by definition, is not a gentleman. Invention is our second nature and we accept radio and television with more sang-froid than the average Spanish peasant accepts a call to the telephone. In France a Citroen, using machinery fully to manufacture automobiles, is an exception; among us anything else is remarkable, and we can easily foresee the time when the farm or the factory which is not fully mechanized will be considered a museum piece. We are not nationally aware of the fact that a century and a half ago Europe was not particularly far ahead of the Orient in its forms of transport, communication and the use of power; our national memory is too short. But if automotive power, steam and electricity were suddenly to disappear from the face of the earth, we should see how rapidly a small old country like Italy or England could readjust itself to the stagecoach and the postrider, while we sprawled helplessly with our hands on the levers of engines which had gone dead.

It is, therefore, natural for the European to be the one who raises the cry against the machine. He inherits a certain distrust and he has never experienced machinery at its best. A plunger elevator soaring sixty stories high has a quality which the dainty and dangerous glass boxes clattering up four flights in a Paris hotel somehow lack. An English miner's wife, knowing that a message by telephone or wire means only disaster, may remember that her great-grandfather was beaten in the Luddite riots when, in the middle of the Napoleonic Era, the starving English workers attempted to destroy all the textile machinery of the West Riding. In the background of the European mind are figures like that of John Ruskin crying out against the railroads for tearing through "the bleeding earth"; in the American background is the Yankee Thoreau saluting the same railroad as the symbol of man's courage and self-reliance. The European remembers William Morris, sadly turning his back on the present and looking to the Middle Ages for good furniture and beautiful letterpress; the American thinks of the linotype and the day bed. The European recalls that only a "vulgar" poet like Kipling wanted a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of steam, or a lunatic Futurist like Marinetti declared that a motor car is more beautiful than the statue of the Winged Victory; the American lives on steam and speed.

A New Ideal for Mankind

Discounting, then, the European distrust of machinery on the grounds of tradition and chauvinistic patriotism, we find that there is still an attack on machinery which is repeated at home. Is it a valid one? The spectator at the Netherlands fire failed to note one thing: The hotel did not burn! The fire consumed the scaffolding and saved the contractors some work, but the building itself remained intact, because the science which had raised it some forty stories in the air had also managed to make it fireproof. In that you have a first-rate example of the capacity of applied science to correct its own errors and to mitigate its own abuses. But first it is worth while examining the charges brought against it.

First, there is the attack which is usually summed up in the melodramatic statement that our grandchildren will be born without legs, because it is a law of Nature that whatever is not used will atrophy. Our eyes are growing weaker, our stomachs are corrupted, we are losing our teeth and our hair. And investigators have claimed that the gradual decline of our faculties may be a good thing; in certain industries, for example, the deaf are supposed to be more productive than those with sensitive hearing, because they are not shattered by the noise of the surrounding machinery. The dull-witted can learn the movements required by an automatic machine as thoroughly as the quick; and the dull are not so likely to become bored and wander away from the job.

From this you easily deduce the new ideal for mankind: A mindless automaton, semi-detached from the machine which he tends, with no outside interest, no ambition.

The next point is that the complexity of modern life makes such demands upon the individual that he breaks down trying to fulfill them. We have all become slaves of the lamp and slaves of the ring—the electric lamp which tells us when to move and when to stand still, and the ring of the telephone. It is no longer possible for a man to think clearly and completely about all the things which science has brought to him from the ends of the earth. We can hear a Chinaman broadcasting from Peking but do we know what the Chinese situation is really about? We shall shortly be able to see across the Atlantic, but do we understand the soul of the Frenchman as well as Franklin did? We go with alarming rapidity from place to place, but have we anything important to do when we arrive? Are we, in short, wiser or happier than Plato, who could be a complete man, a great poet and a profound philosopher within the limited radius of the little town of Athens? Are we more capable than he was of adjusting ourselves to the changes of life? Or are we so losing nervous control and physical adaptability that we have only a choice between hysteria—commonly attributed to the jazz age, but actually a result of machinery—and the subnormality of the moron?

In the play R. U. R., by the Bohemian Karel Capek, the suggested answer is none too pleasing. Machine men, called Robots, have been created to do the work of humanity; and presently these Robots turn, like Frankenstein's monster, and rend the whole fabric of civilization. At the very end, when mankind has perished, there is a strange phenomenon. The Robots begin to experience human emotions, particularly the emotion of love. Throughout the play one had the feeling that these created machine men were meant to imply that man himself was being made into an automaton, and in fact the word "robot" is in common use throughout the world for a machine laborer without ambition or intelligence.

There have been a number of English novels since the war dealing similarly with the future, most of them inspired by H. G. Wells' prewar romances. In Germany a play was produced glorifying the English machine wreckers; and recently a German moving picture, Metropolis, has used the same theme, only here the machine is shown doubly as a monster, for it has destroyed the soul of the master class and broken down the will of the slave class; here, too, the climax is in the creation of a soulless machine-creature who causes the destruction of the city—with a happy ending tacked on.

Behind these expressions of hatred for the machine lies the same fear—that the machine has a will of its own, hostile to mankind—which inspired the first and the greatest attack on machinery. It was as early as 1863 that the English satirist, Samuel Butler, began playing with an idea which later appeared in his Utopian romance of Erewhon—which is Nowhere, more or less backward. The people of Erewhon differed from us in many ways. They imprisoned a man for catching cold and sent him a doctor if he committed fraud, but they were mechanized exactly as we are. And they came to understand that machinery was able to protect itself and to reproduce itself, was slowly developing a will of its own, with the intention of mastering man. So they promptly smashed all machinery less than two hundred and seventy-one years old and made it a capital crime to import so much as the works of a watch into the country.

The Will of Machinery

This is the crux of the matter, and before we are through we shall see that it has been made a prime argument in defense of the machine. It has a will of its own, but it is not hostile. During the war a great many first-page psychologists, refusing to believe that mankind could have brought such a calamity on itself, announced that machinery was possessed of a spirit of evil. The fifteen-inch naval gun, once made, insisted upon doing its destructive work. And, using a very spiritual and human phrase in connection with mechanics, they said that all machinery could be "converted" to the use of war, becoming infected with blood lust as a human body becomes infected with poison. It is this same vitalism in machinery which dwarfs the soul of man when he becomes a slave to mechanism, which destroys his artistic sense, his feeling of personality, and eventually reduces him to a pagan worship of the god machine.

In answer to both the nagging and the serious criticism, the average American falls back on the actual interest and comfort, the apparent solidity of American life. It is a good answer, but only for one generation. There was a high degree of comfort and a social system older than our own and seemingly as solid in France in 1789 or

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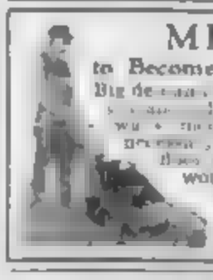

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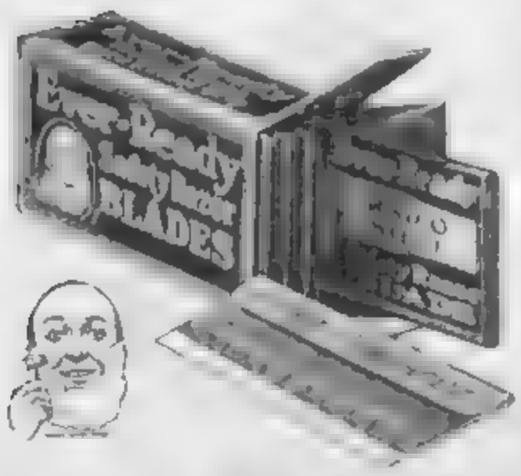

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in Russia in 1914, yet downfall there was swift and complete. Civilizations apparently think well of themselves just before they go into a decline. But there are a few things to be said in favor of the machine. And one thing which is neither favorable nor unfavorable is of the highest importance. That is that the chance of any sudden escape from automatic machinery and mass production no longer exists. The reason that this obvious statement is important is purely psychological. It means that we can no longer entertain the fantasies of the machine wreckers, that we cannot escape the machine even in our minds. So long as we delude ourselves with a fanciful return to an imaginary pastoral simplicity we weaken our grip on the actualities. But as soon as we accept the fact, we see that the solution of the machine problem is not in escape, but in mastery. The choice is only whether we or the machine is to be the master.

The machine is calm, solid and determined, and unless we are at least equally calm and determined, without nerves or temper, we sacrifice our one primal advantage, which is that we have lived longer than the machine and have created it.

Machines, according to J. M. Clark, "appear to have kind intentions toward us." They are still comparatively tame beasts of burden, and this kindliness is an interesting contrast to the attitude of the old hand tool. The chisel, plane, hammer and saw might be considered friendlier and homier than a great automatic machine. But these tools are deceptive. They seem to say "Take us in your hands and do with us what you like." They seem more amenable than a great complication of wheels and cranks and shafts and gears which starts a coffee bean in the northeast corner, a sheet of metal in the southwest and a moment later hands you a hermetically sealed and gaudily labeled can of exactly one pound of roasted ground coffee. But actually the chisel and the plane have always said, "Before you accomplish anything with me you shall spend seven years of bitter apprenticeship and another seven as a struggling journeyman and then perhaps you may be able to use me." Like the hoe and the rake and the plowshare, these tools have been the instruments by which man has learned to understand the primal curse: "In the sweat of thy face ——" And the coffee machine which seems so menacing, after all says, "Stand beside me for three days and you will be master of all I can do."

The Mobility of Labor

Three days is literally the time required for a laborer to learn all he has to know for the control of a great part of the automatic machinery in automotive and allied plants, and the significance of this fact is only beginning to be appreciated. We know that what can be learned in three days is certainly not complicated, and must be monotonous work. Although this type of machinery is only about twenty years old, we have already discovered that it is having profound social effects. Top wages which used to be the premium paid to age and experience are now available to the young and energetic, and physical strength has become so negligible that women, as war work showed, compete easily with men. The new machinery requires very little; it has reduced training from ten years to ten days; it has banished ignorance.

And the astounding result of this change is a new mobility in labor. Employers, aghast at the thought of a high labor turnover, try to keep their employes in the factory by moving them from one automatic machine which uses one group of muscles to another where new activities are called into play. They realize that if it takes less than a week to learn how to mind a machine the laborer becomes free to change from one occupation to another. As Arthur Pound says in the Iron Man in Industry, he may can salmon on the Pacific Coast, pour cement on an irrigation dam in Idaho, mill flour in Minnesota, make pearl buttons in Iowa, mold iron in Ohio, weave silk in New Jersey, and make rubber tires in New England, all in the course of one year. The craftsman in the workshops of the Adam brothers, who created, in perhaps unhappy working conditions, an endless succession of sublimely beautiful table legs, could never dare to change his occupation, because he would have to undergo years of apprenticeship in a new one. An American on a stamping machine has a thousand times his potential mobility. What remains to be worked out is an equilibrium between the possible industrial loss and the possible social gain which this ease of movement has created. But the faculty itself is inherent in the character of the automatic machine; it requires little intelligence and practically no training, and it therefore requires no investment on the part of the laborer. It may end by making him a slave, but he will have what no other slave has ever had before—the chance to change his master.

It has been remarked that the rate of mechanical progress accelerates in a rough parallel to the increased consumption of accumulated fuels—that is, we can roughly measure our progress by the speed with which we use up coal and oil and the other raw materials in which the fire of the sun has been stored away. An obvious deduction from this is that mechanical progress can be again roughly measured by the rate at which we propel ourselves from place to place. To the machine wrecker, speed is anathema. He is a Puritan inquiring in what way two hundred miles an hour contributes more to the glory of God than a walking tour. To him it is impossible to say that there can be pleasure in speed for its own sake, as there is pleasure in swimming for its own sake.

A Race of Vagabonds

Actually the greater our speed in moving our food or our goods or our voices or our bodies from place to place, the greater is the diameter of our social life. We widen the sphere of our influence and diversify and vary our interests with every improvement in transport and communication. It is true that we do not always take advantage of our possibilities. A hundred years ago a young spinster might sit in the rectory of a little English village and write as searching an account of human motives as Pride and Prejudice; and a novelist of today may become so preoccupied with machinery that he can write nothing at all. But it remains significant that imaginative people have always wanted freedom of movement, and it is the characteristic of the savage and the slave alike that they are bound in a small circumference.

Ultimately the machine can give freedom, and if it seems for the moment to contract the limits of our lives, it is still the only force which can cure its own abuses. A few years ago there began in America a movement which seemed grotesque and silly. Almost overnight a considerable number of American citizens became a race of vagabonds. Practically the first free movement of the American skilled worker since the days of the pioneer was the mass migration of the tin-can tourist. The moderately prosperous American is able to pull up stakes, to go where he wants to go, and to settle down again where he wants to settle down, with the assurance that after a reasonable period he can again make his own living. That may be a social danger. It is bound to have an effect on industry and agriculture and banking; but in connection with the machine age it indicates only a new freedom of movement and a new leisure—two of the prime qualities of a good life. It indicates also that if the American has grown weary of a limited existence, he has found in machinery a means to gratify a passion for change and improvement.

The machine changes conditions of life so rapidly that before we are through condemning it for abuses it has transformed them into benefits. According to one school,

(Continued on Page 153)

THE little metal kit which the man gives you when you're buying National MAZDA Auto Lamps is more than a handy thing; it's an added safety-factor in night-driving, insuring you quick replacement, any place, of a burned-out lamp. * * * But it is really important to see that the lamps you carry in it bear the MAZDA mark—for only lamps so marked are made under MAZDA Service, the service of the research and experimental laboratories of General Electric Company, which developed the coiled filament, the corrugated bulb, the depressible beam, and other major improvements in auto lamps.

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(Continued from Page 150)

the great crime of the machine has been concentration of people into large cities, depriving the land of its workers and the citizenry of its stake in the land. The machine, in short, created Megalopolis, the exaggerated and unhealthy city of our time. Yet cities ugly and unsanitary and overcrowded existed before, and it is the machine working at its highest capacity which seems about to disperse the population again. Within the past ten years the American industrialist whose methods are so successful that he has become the world's first billionaire has broken through the barrier of the city and has begun the process of distributing the center of industrial gravity. There are three factors which make such a process possible: First, that by machinery communication is rapid; second, that by machinery power can be distributed; and third, that by machinery a crank shaft made in Detroit is interchangeable with one made in Los Angeles. The important thing is that until the machine developed to the point where it became a danger it was not able to correct itself. At the midway point in this development the machine poured a pall of smoke over our cities and the reformer proposed to smash the machine in order to stop the smoke. This method, commonly known as pouring out the baby with the bath, does not recommend itself to the scientific mind, which proposes to keep the furnace and, by making it a better furnace, to eliminate the smoke.

The Machine Corrects Itself

In a great many ways the motor car is the typical mechanism of our time. In Europe the manufacture of cars is frequently still practiced as a craft; in America it is a machine product, and as a result of its popularity it has been accused of encouraging a restless spirit, breaking up the home, attacking the church, endangering morals, imperiling life and limb, and poisoning the air. Against this doleful account there seems to stand one credit: It has created the joy ride, has added a new element of joy to the common life. Actually all these attacks on the motor car fail to consider that it is a novelty and is being overworked. The man who buys his first car is always eager to be on the road. But when the motor car becomes integrated as a normal part of his life its effect is almost exactly the opposite. Instead of wasting his time, it saves it. Instead of taking him away from home, it lessens the time on the road and gives him more leisure to spend at home. The more cars we have, the more competent will be our mastery of the problem of traffic and the more definite the line between pedestrian and motor roads. The car gives leisure, and our first childish use of this leisure is to give it back to the car, but when we and the car are both mature we shall know better.

There is another way in which the motor car is an example of the self-correction of the machine. The machine arrived at the end of a high period in craftsmanship. The old guilds had lost their control and craftsmen had begun to work for rich patrons. Taste was beginning to die out and the machine, picking up what was left, reduplicated a thousand times the bad carving, the tortured metal work and the ugly pottery of the period; and the cry went up that machinery had ruined craftsmanship. Earnest souls insisted that the only salvation—if you could not destroy the machine; which would be most desirable—was to impose the principles of handcraft on machinery. It was not suspected that the machine could have a craftsmanship of its own. But when the machine created a new thing—an aeroplane or a typewriter or a radio tube—its achievement was entirely respectable. It was only when it tried to make Louis XV furniture or Venetian glass or Wedgwood pottery that its failure became evident. The old motor cars were ugly because they were not all motor. They were bastards of the landau and the hansom. Today the engine which creates the power dictates the form of the car. The living chassis drives out the memory of a dead vehicle and produces a beautiful object created by machine craft. It is a new kind of craftsmanship still struggling against the traditions of handwork and still unrecognized for itself, but it repeats an essential point, even in the field of art: The machine can correct itself.

When we inquire what the machine has done to our minds, we are on much less certain grounds. Secretary Hoover has said that "the vast repetitive processes are dulling the human mind"; we cannot take issue with him except in one respect. These processes have come to fulfillment in our own generation. Our data remain insignificant in comparison with the long experience of mankind. We do know, however, that almost from the beginning of time the peasant has been considered as the symbol of everything stupid and dull, and seems, within limits, to have been able to transmit his dullness from generation to generation. Our common tongue is full of words indicating our contempt for the man who not only lived closest to Nature but escaped entirely from the dangers of repetitive processes. We say "bucolic" and "yokelry," and our word "pagan" has the same source as "peasant."

The lumberjack uses all his mental and physical capacities at his work and is a thousand miles removed from the girl who receives a tube of tooth paste every thirty seconds from the outlet of a machine. Yet when he returns to camp he is exhausted and his energy and his interest are both at a low ebb, while the machine tender is nervously alert and demands some interest or some amusement in life. The adjustment is still imperfect; the nervous excitement may be unhealthy, but it is not proof that the mind has become dull.

Indeed, all the menaces of the machine seem a little exaggerated. We shall probably not lose the use of our legs so long as the machine gives us leisure to play tennis, even if we do motor out to the country club to do it. The danger of being run down may be exaggerated, since reasonable scientists say that we are becoming a more agile race and that "the mere acceleration of speed in transport, due to the internal combustion engine, has caused the speeding up of the whole nervous system and the brightening of the intelligence." In the twenty-first century, according to Steinmetz, we shall work four hours a day; it is unlikely that our minds or our bodies will not find health in the remaining hours.

The Ethical and the Technical

It is this possibility of great leisure and great freedom which gives the tone to most serious considerations of the future of the machine. In the Today and Tomorrow series of little books dealing with the future, there is almost unanimous agreement between scientists and philosophers that the machine can be mastered and made entirely beneficial. The gravest charge made against it is that the political intelligence of men, their wisdom in international affairs and their justice in personal relations have not developed sufficiently to meet the challenge and the opportunity which machinery offers. At the present time we have hardly issued from the state when every cent produced by machinery is turned back into productive reinvestment. Two hundred years ago there was an aristocratic tradition of spending on arts and endowments and a general ease of life. It is easy to see that this tradition may be revived progressively as the machine gives us more leisure and invites us to more varied interests. And this new spirit need not be limited to the happy few.

Coudenhove-Kalergi, one of the rare Europeans who is not afraid of the machine, has found a balanced ideal between ethics and technics which together can lift Europe from its present despondency. The ethical ideal, he says, is to make Europe a community of saints, and the technical ideal is to make it a community of the rich. "The chemist who eventually succeeds in transforming wood into nourishing foods will liberate mankind from a slavery that has oppressed its members longer and more cruelly than any human despot. . . . The natural end of technical progress is to provide every man with comforts and conveniences that are today reserved for millionaires. Therefore the inventor and the engineer are fighting want and poverty . . . not to make all mankind a proletariat but to make it an aristocracy. . . . A technological imperative bids us at this period of change to spare human industry and to treat it as holy."

The English writer, F. S. Marvin, writes in the same vein: "There is a curious notion that it is a finer and more spiritual thing to put together a sonnet than to construct an engine, and that the latter is a base and rather degrading operation." The sonnet, of course, is supposed to express the soul; the machine has usually been supposed to have nothing whatever to do with the human spirit.

And here we arrive at the completion of the circle which began with the soul-endowed machinery of Samuel Butler's Erewhon, for almost all the thinkers who now discuss the machine seem to agree that it has a spirit. The mystic writer, Waldo Frank, says: "In the machine are adumbrated the will of the inventor, the will of the owner, the will of many workers, the will, indeed, of an age and of a world." And he believes that when the worker feels sympathy with this complex will of the machine, he will make the mechanized world an instrument to express joy and beauty and human pride.

Mind Over Matter

The early rancor against the machine and the early romantic idealization have both passed. In their place we have the bitterness of those who envy the machine, the skepticism of those who fear it, and the thoughtful hope of those who understand it. While the physicists and biological chemists look forward to new knowledge and new power, and thoughtful statesmen turn more and more to intelligent technicians, the artists who are abreast of their times begin to find in science and machinery new objects of interest, new foundations upon which to build. That is the significance of the musical compositions noted at the beginning of this article. They may be inadequate or absurd in accomplishment, but they show that composers and poets can turn to the atom and to the ball-bearing as naturally as they used to turn to the daffodil and the mountain torrent. We should, in fact, appreciate this more if artists of every sort had not, for a century, averted their eyes from actuality and given us to understand that art has nothing to do with life at all. The hostility between science and art, between science and religion, is being broken down; a painter like Leger, a sculptor like Archipenko or Lachaise, finds the materials of machinery adequate to his purpose; and critics assure us that without comprehension of science the art of the future must become bodiless and irrelevant.

The problems which the new machinery brings us are complex enough for the finest minds of our time. They require an alertness and a precision which the machine itself has brought into being. However we answer them, we will know that at every point we are not sinking into materialism, but triumphing over it. As an English physicist, Fournier-D'Albe, has written, "The victories of Hephæstus are victories of mind over matter. The mechanical age, which to some appears as the very negation of the soul, is, on the contrary, the age of supreme psychical achievement. Science and invention are forever annexing fresh regions of the universe and subjecting them to the free play of our mental faculties. The process of sublimation does not drag us down to the dust, but raises up dust into the realms of immortal spirit."

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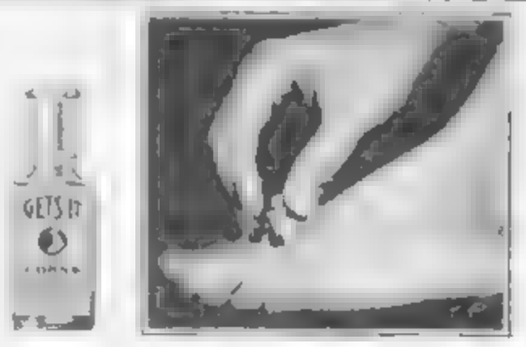

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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

they could not see her heart. The day itself seemed to wear a festive garment. All Nature was jubilant. Never had the sky seemed so blue. Never was the sun more luminous in the skies. The scarlet, blue and green of the uniforms of the royal guards added vivid touches of color. Most of the wedding guests had returned to attend Caroline's coronation. Among the newcomers were Crown Prince Frederick August of Saxony, the Duke and the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who had just returned from an exciting trip to Teneriffe; and Prince Arnulf of Bavaria.

Merrily the bells of the grand duchy pealed their welcome. The streets through which the grand-ducal carriage passed were gay with garlands and flowers. The prettiest girls of the town, in white dresses, strewed roses along the path of the procession. Shouts of joy acclaimed the young bride. Her beauty and her youth took all hearts by storm. But sorrow, unbeknown to the populace, sat at the right of the bride. Invisibly, Death beckoned to her with his shadowy hand.

Not two brief years were to pass before Caroline was again to pass through the crowded streets of her capital. The bells were to chime again, but this time, how melancholy, how sad their voices! Mourning bands were to subdue the uniforms now glittering in the sun. All the flags now fluttering so gayly were to fly again, but at half-mast. For the carriage in which the beautiful young grand duchess passed through the town on that day was a hearse.

In the few months of her brief reign, Caroline won the love of her people. The court was less responsive. Her sensitive artistic appreciation and the true nobility of her soul were incomprehensible to most of the courtiers. She did not comply with their conception of a grand duchess. She could not be a crowned manikin. She was too unconventional, her temperament was too sunny. She was a young woman, hardly out of her teens. The traditions of the court of Weimar were like iron fetters. In her heart, in spite of the dignity of her bearing, she was a frightened, motherless little girl.

Ideal Mates for Others

The lords and ladies of the court expected the young grand duchess of nineteen to model herself upon her grandmother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Sophia, clever and conscientious, a paragon of many virtues. Caroline had an individuality too pronounced not to look at life from her own angle. She wanted to wrestle with her own problems without accepting ready-made solutions from others. She desired to explore her own destiny, herself to steer the rudder of her soul.

No one knows the battles that went on behind that smooth girlish forehead. Few even attempted to comprehend her. None, except me, realized how she suffered. Incapable of hatred, incapable of complaining, she consumed herself. She could not thrive in an uncongenial atmosphere. The grand duke loved her intensely, but he was incapable of penetrating her moods. Although their marriage was unhappy, Caroline was not inconsiderate of her husband. However, they moved in different worlds. The grand duke would have made an ideal husband for someone, but not for her. Caroline would have made an ideal wife for someone, but not for him. They were not made for each other.

William Ernest paid no attention to the insinuations made by the courtiers in order to prejudice him against his unconventional consort. He punished all attempts to poison his mind with silent contempt. He was vaguely aware of her beautiful soul and of her goodness; in time, he hoped she would learn to love him and to accept the part thrust upon her by destiny.

I do not mean to insinuate that Caroline was always moping in Weimar. There was much that stirred her æsthetic soul, aside from the great classic tradition. She was delighted with the theatrical performance given in her honor on her arrival. I have witnessed many magnificent festivals, but I never saw effects more artfully contrived than the masque in the park representing scenes from the days of the Landgravine Elisabeth—the same Elisabeth who inspired Wagner's war of the minnesingers in Tannhäuser. The costumes combined artistic distinction with historical accuracy.

Although Weimar, in memory of its poets, faithfully fostered its classic tradition, here and there the spirit of modern art and modern literature stirred. Caroline was attracted by the modern school, partly by inclination, partly by the spirit of opposition that always dominates youth. The court, feeding upon the things that were, were aghast at the young grand duchess who violated sacred traditions.

The Burden of the Past

In the summer, the grand-ducal couple lived partly in a castle in Eisenach, partly in that Wartburg famous in story, where once the minnesingers vied in vocal combat. I visited the little room in the tower where Martin Luther found a refuge during the stormiest days of the Reformation. Here, one day, according to ancient accounts, the Devil appeared to him. Luther, annoyed by the apparition, flung an inkpot at the head of the Prince of Darkness. The spot where the ink was spilled, according to legend, is still visible. The Grand Duchesses of Saxe-Weimar must have cautioned their maids never to scrub this precious spot!

Caroline, unlike many women of her station, detested the hunt. When the grand duke went a-hunting, Caroline played the piano and read. She loved to take long solitary walks in the forests surrounding the Wartburg. Sometimes she asked me to accompany her. She loved the common people. With what joy she visited them in their little dwellings! How unaffectedly she shared in their simple feast at harvest time! In the huts of the lowly, her soul, craving nothing but love and understanding, unfolded itself. At court, sensitive flower that she was, her petals closed at the slightest unsympathetic contact. She was a little mother to the simple denizens of the forest; denied a child of her own, her love overflowed to their children. Her graciousness won many hearts for the grand duke.

The grand duke rebelled against the tyranny of the tradition that chained him no less than Caroline, in his own manner. To the world he seemed a prince solely interested in horses and hunting. At heart he had many artistic interests, but he preferred to conceal the softer side of his nature from others. From his earliest childhood, almost with his mother's milk, he was compelled to imbibe the classics and classic tradition. He was fed up on these things. His reaction was a measure of self-defense. Nevertheless, he made substantial personal financial sacrifices to maintain the institutions of Weimar, based on its past—the museum, the theater, the art gallery, the Goethe-Schiller archives, the library, the Goethe house, the Liszt Museum. Goethe himself knew what a burden the past may become: "*Weh dir, dass du ein Enkel bist!*"—"Woe unto thee, because thou art an heir!" he exclaims in Faust. The great poet, more than anyone else, understood the forces that turned William Ernest from these academic and intellectual interests to coarser sports and more robust amusements. In the attempt to maintain his own individuality against the tradition of his house, he embraced the opposite extreme. In the violence of such a reaction, we are sometimes untrue to our real selves to escape the dead hand of the past.

In the summer following my sister's coronation in Weimar, I traveled with my

(Continued on Page 157)

MR. G. HAYDEN DUNN, *whose hobby is raising flowers*

"I once thought I would always *be ill"*

"MY LIFE had been uneventful, tranquil. Good health and good spirits had combined to make my daily work a pleasure.

"Then—the War. The trenches. Forced marches. Cold. Hunger. Every hardship of a soldier's life I knew. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When peace came, bringing dreams of home fires, I was in a pitiable state. I returned to my native hills, to my old home—only to find myself, a few months later, a complete physical wreck.

"Four years passed. I spent hundreds of dollars on drugs and medicines. But vainly I fought to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last he won me over. I began eating Yeast—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

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"Ever since my high school days," he writes, "I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to keep in the very pink of physical trim, to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion showed traces of being upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

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"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

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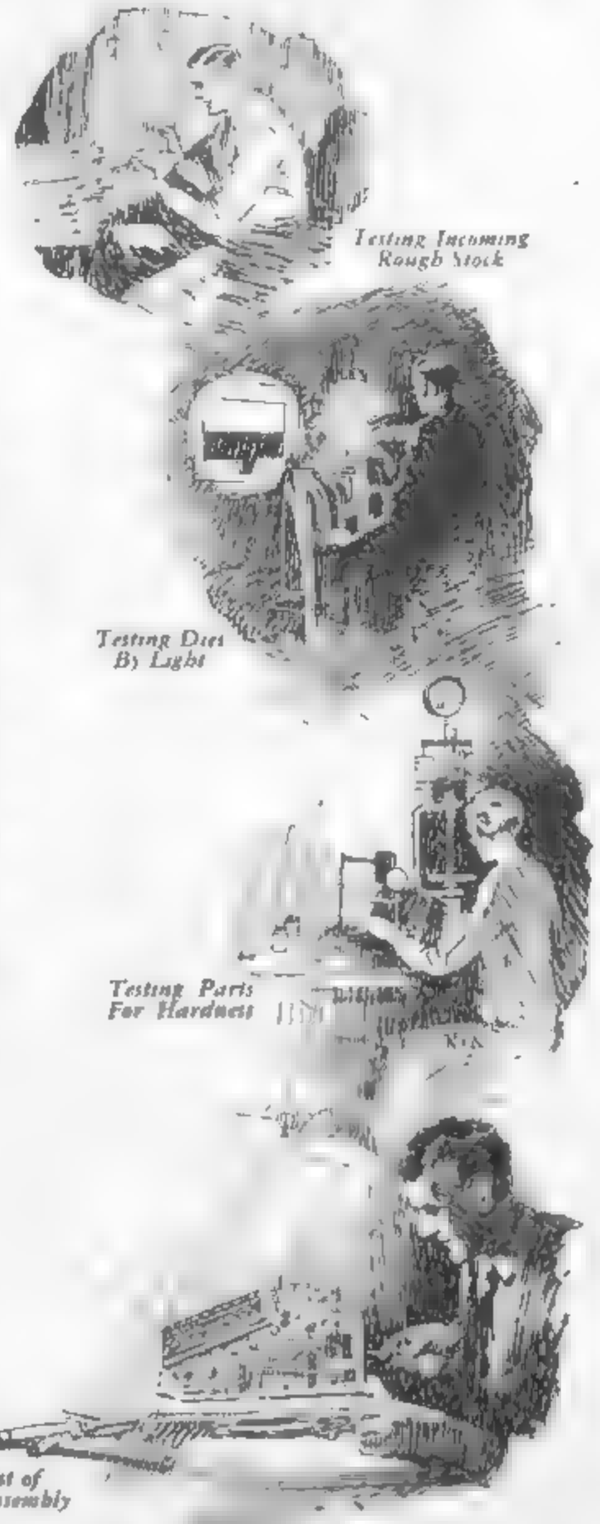

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CALCULATING

(Continued from Page 154)

sisters Marie and Ida to that delightful Belgian seashore resort, Blankenberghe. I shall never forget the ecstasy of my trip down the Rhine, my first glimpses of Mainz, Cologne and Brussels—a charming old town, sacred alike to architecture and art.

From Blankenberghe we made tours to other Belgian cities. We did not extend our expedition into Holland. Who would have thought that, exactly nineteen years later, Holland would become my permanent home?

Marie accepted an invitation from our sister Emma to her home, Castle Ehrenburg. There she met her fate in the shape of a handsome young officer of the dragoons, Baron Guagnoni, whom she married in 1904. She, too, preferred love to a coronet. Later, her husband purchased an estate in Kärnten and devoted himself entirely to agriculture and horse breeding.

Five little princesses
Faithful and true;
Three of them married,
Then there were two.

Of the five little orphaned princesses, only Ida and I remained.

I divided my time between my sick brother and my sister Caroline. I accompanied Caroline to St. Moritz, where I met the old Grand Duke of Baden and his wife, Grand Duchess Louise. The grand duchess was named Louise after her grandmother, Prussia's greatest queen. She was a sister of the late Emperor Frederick and the aunt of the Kaiser. Through her mother, Empress Augusta, she was related to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Her mother had been a princess of Weimar. The grand duchess was a remarkable woman, and was to play an important part in my life after Caroline's death.

Baden, according to size and population, ranks fourth among German states. Its neighbors are Alsace, the Palatinate and Switzerland. Among its famous cities are Mannheim, Pforzheim, Constance, Freiburg, Karlsruhe—its capital—and romantic old Heidelberg, dear to novelists and to legend. Both the Rhine and the Danube enrich this land. Between Baden and Switzerland dreams the blue water of the beautiful Bodensee.

A Sad Reunion

On his birthday, the old grand duke, in accordance with an ancient custom, took a trip on the lake with his wife. The boat stopped many times, and wherever it did, his subjects rushed on board in order to convey their felicitations to him in person. The venerable old couple had a friendly word for each visitor, never permitting fatigue to interfere with their self-imposed duty. Their task was more tiring than the handshaking of the politician, for it was not merely a manual exertion—they put their heart into each handshake.

And then, out of clear skies, a thunderbolt! The icy hand of Death, poised over Caroline, suddenly grasped its victim. In the January of 1905, shortly after my eighteenth birthday, she contracted influenza. The attack was so violent that there was no hope of her recovery from the first. She received the tenderest care, but all effort was in vain. In her heart of hearts, she did not wish to live.

Two days before her death, the grand duke summoned me to Weimar. I found her still conscious; she was pallid and resigned to her fate. She lay on her bed like a wilted flower. The fragrance of her beauty still filled the room. But somehow tragedy seemed inevitable.

Some strange fatality had marked her for its own. The end was peaceful. There was no struggle. She went out like a light, like a song, sung in the distance, that breaks off abruptly.

William Ernest sat alone in his great lonely palace. The disaster had happened too swift for his comprehension. Broken, he sought solace from us who had been close to her. All Germany grieved with him. The very tongues that had harassed and maligned Caroline, now mumbled heartfelt but futile regrets.

In spite of the discomforts of the trip, the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden hastened to Caroline's funeral. Only a few months before, we had been in Constance with Caroline. Now we met her at her bier. Even death could not rob her of her loveliness.

The grand duchess knew how much Caroline had meant to me. A stranger ruled in my father's place. My mother was dead. My sisters, except Ida, were married. My unhappy brother was a burden, not a solace. He did not figure in the human equation. It is difficult sometimes to understand the justice of heaven. Caroline was dead while my poor brother lived! Without Caroline, I was orphaned indeed. When the Grand Duchess Louise found me sobbing convulsively at my sister's deathbed, she tenderly infolded me in her arms. Thus we bade farewell to Caroline. The grand duchess was deeply moved. She never acquired the protective armor of callousness that sometimes shields the very old and enables them to endure, without apparently suffering, the outrages of fortune.

An Intellectual Feast

As we were leaving the room, the dear old lady turned back once more. Tears were in her eyes, and tears were in her voice as she said, "Will you come with me to Karlsruhe? I look upon you as a sacred trust bequeathed to me by your sister." She repeated the invitation more formally afterward in the presence of my guardian, and Uncle George, deeply touched, accepted her gracious offer. Thus my dead sister gave me a foster mother.

No father could be more considerate, no mother more kind, than the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden. They gave me sympathy, they gave me affection. Their family, their eldest son the Hereditary Prince, his wife Hilda, their daughter, Princess Victoria, and Princess Wilhelm, vied with one another to make me feel at home in their circle.

Princess Victoria was married to the Crown Prince of Sweden. She is one of the most charming women it was ever my good fortune to meet. I remained in contact with her after my marriage to Prince Schönaich-Carolath. I still met her, after she became Queen of Sweden, every winter in Karlsruhe. Musical, clever, interested and incredibly attractive, Queen Victoria did not need a crown to lend her distinction. But she was sickly even in those days. Her relationship with her father was unbelievably beautiful. After his death in 1907, she rallied all her marvelous gifts to console her mother.

Life in Karlsruhe was an intellectual feast. There were always lectures, now on new discoveries and inventions, now on social and political questions, by professors of the University of Heidelberg, which I was privileged to attend with the grand duchess.

At tea in the grand-ducal palace, I used to meet the great German painters of the period—Albert von Keller, Hans Thoma and many others. I learned to see the world with new eyes. No less instructive were the long drives with the grand duke and the grand duchess. Grand Duke Frederick discoursed entertainingly on the revolution in Baden in 1848, which compelled him to flee from his country. Through the revolution, Baden lost some of its noblest spirits. Among them were Carl Schurz and Friedrich Hecker. Baden's loss was America's gain.

The grand duke's conversation revived for us the glorious years of 1870–1871, when the German Empire was born amidst the roar of cannon. Two Fredericks, Grand Duke Frederick of Baden and the late Emperor Frederick, had a larger share in the formation of the empire than most historians suspect. The grand duke's recital of these events clothed the dry bones of the past with living flesh.

Fortunately, the old ruler did not live to see the humiliations imposed by the German revolution upon his venerable consort in 1918. Weimar was the capital chosen by the German Republicans to promulgate their new constitution. It was an attempt to hark back to the past, to revive the Germany of Goethe in place of the Germany welded into one by Bismarck and his imperial master, with the competent aid of the two Fredericks.

The Grand Duchess Louise remained my maternal friend from the day of my sister's death to her own death—six months after my marriage to her nephew, Emperor William II. Through her mother, who had known and revered Goethe, Louise absorbed the Weimar tradition; but, unlike the Grand Duke of Weimar, she did not permit herself to be crushed by its weight.

Without denying or sacrificing the virtues inherited from her Prussian forbears, Louise absorbed enough of the more gentle southern spirit to be an ideal mediator between the north and the south. With extraordinary tact, she bridged the gulf between the two contrasting philosophies of life and the two confessions which divide Germany to this day.

Some people are good listeners, some are good talkers. The Grand Duchess Louise was both. She extracted the meat from the nut of conversation with the skill of a squirrel. To crack the hard shell of a difficult problem, to discover the kernel concealed in an argument, was to her the most pleasing of all imaginable pursuits. Her miraculous memory enabled her to store in her mind the most diverse items of information. She not merely preserved details thus gathered but she possessed the happy faculty of being able to put them together.

A Glimpse of Imperial Life

The grand duchess was passionately attached to her niece by marriage, Empress Augusta Victoria. Both women were deeply interested in charity and social hygiene. The two women corresponded constantly. Every week a letter from the Empress, in her own handwriting, arrived in Karlsruhe, discussing intimate subjects of mutual interest. The beautiful soul of the Empress was revealed in her letters.

The failing eyesight of the grand duchess made it impossible for her to read the letters herself. This task devolved upon me. It certainly seems like a strange play of fate that I, of all women, was intrusted by the grand duchess with the confidential task of reading the letters of Augusta Victoria. This correspondence gave me intimate glimpses of the life of the imperial couple. I learned to love the Empress from her self-revelations. These letters, unknown to the Empress, established a spiritual bond between her and me. It made it easier for me to understand the deep affection existing between William II and Augusta Victoria.

Something in the character of the Grand Duchess Louise dispelled shyness. There was probably no one else to whom the Empress would have written with equal candor. I, too, looked upon Louise as a gentle mother confessor. No one could be privileged to move in the same atmosphere with Louise without being impressed with her unusual qualities. Only her intimate circle recognized her for what she was—the cleverest woman in Germany. She combined in an extraordinary degree the intellectual equipment of a man with adorable feminine qualities. She was not a bluestocking, but a woman.

Louise's knowledge of politics was profound. I sometimes think that she understood more perfectly than his chancellors the political moves of the Kaiser. She grasped the intricacies of the European chessboard with extraordinary precision. Her letters in German, English and French were little classics, written without trace of self-consciousness or affectation. In spite of her scholarly attainments, they were never

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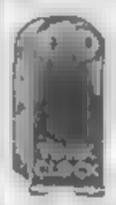

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without intimate human touch. Although her eyesight grew dimmer and dimmer, she faithfully maintained her correspondence and remembered without consulting a diary every memorial day and every family birthday. With unfaltering devotion, she followed the fortunes of those she loved.

The twin disaster of the revolution and the collapse of the empire was unable to break her spirit. When Bolshevism raised its bloody head in Germany, this venerable old lady, almost blind in both eyes, was compelled to seek safety by climbing over the roof to escape from her palace. She bore her personal misfortunes and losses with equanimity, but the death of the Empress in exile was to her a source of inexpressible anguish.

How gladly she would have hastened to the Emperor in his solitude, but she was not permitted to meet her beloved nephew once more. She was indescribably happy when she received the tidings of my engagement with the Kaiser.

After I became the affianced wife of the Kaiser, I visited her once more, at her express wish, to receive her blessings. This was our last meeting. She died in March, 1923.

However, I am anticipating events.

Fifteen years, a World War and my first marriage lie between this scene and my first sojourn in Karlsruhe.

I met my first husband, Prince Johann George zu Schönaich-Carolath, in Silesia, where I was spending a brief autumnal vacation with relatives, old Prince Henry VII of Reuss and his wife, a cousin of the Grand Duke of Baden. Johann George was a lieutenant colonel in the Second Regiment of the Dragoons of Berlin. At Bückeburg, the residence of my guardian, the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, he asked for my hand and received my uncle's consent. We were married in Greiz, my birthplace, the capital of Reuss-Greiz, in January, 1907. Our wedding trip took us to Italy.

But again the shadow of Death flitted across the scene. The demise of my husband's grandmother paralyzed our social life in Berlin in the first year of our marriage. We had taken a small apartment in the capital, where we spent the winter. In the summer, I stayed at Castle Saabor in Silesia with my parents-in-law. Saabor is still my home in Germany.

A Family of Artists

The Schönaich-Carolaths are an ancient family whose princely rank dates from the year 1741. The most distinguished member of the family is the poet Prince Emil, who lived in Altona, near Hamburg. There was a touch of Byronic melancholy in his verse, but despite this *Weltschmerz*, he was happily married. He left a widow with six children. His literary friendships were many. He was a passionate globe trotter. His travels took him to the United States, where he met a poet of his own type, a writer of charm and distinction—the late Konrad Nies, of St. Louis.

My father-in-law, Prince George of Schönaich-Carolath, was equally artistic in his inclinations. He was never himself until he could sit at the piano, improvising with considerable skill the music for his own metrical compositions. His two sons and his four daughters were devoted to him. My reception in Saabor, both by him and by my mother-in-law, was extremely cordial. Prince George especially was like a father to me. The princess was a witty woman, an amusing companion, formerly lady in waiting to Her Majesty Empress Augusta, the grandmother of the Kaiser. She preferred court life to the rustic simplicities of Saabor.

In 1908 I gave birth to a son. With what joy my husband fondled his first born! But evidently I was to enjoy no unalloyed bliss. Again tragedy stalked. Fate struck silently, swiftly and without pity.

For more reasons than one, the eighth day of January, 1908, has written itself upon my brain. It was a year and a day after our wedding. Their Majesties had graciously commanded our presence at luncheon in the palace at Berlin. It was my first meeting with the Kaiser since the marriage of my sister. It was my first meeting with Her Majesty the Empress Augusta. How benign the Empress was, how kindly toward others! There was nothing of the chilliness the world attributed to her. She was sweetly womanly, sweetly motherly, sweetly human.

Sitting at the right of the Kaiser, I chatted gayly of many things. His Majesty was interested in our Italian trip. I told him how often I had come upon mementoes of himself in Sicily—Palermo and Monreale.

After luncheon, Princess Victoria Louise, a bright, temperamental girl of fourteen, joined the conversation. The discussion drifted to occultism, spiritualism and kindred subjects. The Kaiser has little patience with occult pretensions.

"I wonder," Empress Augusta Victoria remarked, "if there is any way of foretelling the future?"

"There is not," remarked the Kaiser, "except by reason."

The Future in Tea Leaves

Someone mentioned the fact that it is possible to read the future from tea leaves. Jestingly, we looked into our teacups and predicted all sorts of absurd things, which we pretended to read in the leaves. No prediction of ours was so incredible and so wild as the truth. If anyone could read the future, he would have read from the tea leaves, scattered in the cups emblazoned with the imperial emblem, two deaths and the fall of the empire. He would have known that little Princess Victoria Louise, who laughed so gayly at our attempts to prognosticate the future, was destined to be my stepdaughter and her father, the Emperor, my husband.

There was, of course, no touch of seriousness in our discussion. We were not superstitious. But it is fascinating to speculate on the possibilities of the occult. I was so interested in the conversation that I had hardly looked at my husband, who had been talking animatedly to the Empress.

When my eyes swept in his direction, I suddenly noticed that a deadly pallor suffused his features. My heart stood still. I looked again, hoping that a trick of lighting had deceived me. Every bit of color had departed from his face. He looked almost ashen.

What was the cause of his pallor? Had he seen the specter of Death in the cup?

As soon as etiquette permitted, we hurried home. "It is nothing," he assured me—"only a passing spell."

The next morning he returned from his regiment long before his accustomed time. He looked like a dying man. Painfully, he staggered up the stairs. When he reached our floor he collapsed in a pool of blood. That pool spelled his doom. It was a hemorrhage of the lungs. Consumption!

The Emperor graciously granted my husband one year's leave of absence. After this, the story of my first marriage, despite the birth of four children, is the story of my husband's long illness. Every recovery was followed by a new collapse. The last of my children, little Henrietta, was never to see her father at all.

Shortly after my husband's first attack, my father-in-law turned Saabor Castle and the Saabor estate over to him. My days were divided between Saabor and Italy, where Johann George vainly sought to regain his health.

The education of my children rested almost entirely in my hands. We lived a very retired life. One week every year, my husband invited his regimental comrades, who were deeply attached to him, to a hunting party at Saabor. On such occasions he tried to conceal his malady and to take part in the hunt as if his lungs were sound. He paid for such exertions with redoubled attacks.

(Continued on Page 160)

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(Continued from Page 158)

We met very few people. I learned to dig deep into the soul of those I met and to extract from such rare companionships whatever gold I could. Once or twice a year we went to Berlin. I was young and I loved to dance. Joyfully, I accepted an invitation to a grand ball at the imperial palace. At the ball, I chaperoned Princess Adelheid of Saxe-Meiningen, who afterward became the wife of Prince Adalbert, a son of the Kaiser.

At the Imperial Court

When I met the princess again she was my step-daughter-in-law! The request to chaperon her had come from my dear friend Grand Duchess Feodore of Saxe-Weimar, the successor of Caroline. Feodore is the second wife of my former brother-in-law, Grand Duke William Ernest. This was my first opportunity to behold the splendors of the imperial court. It was a gorgeous picture of resplendent uniforms blending with shimmering laces and silks. The Emperor and the Empress had a winsome smile for everyone, in spite of the fatiguing burdens imposed upon them by the elaborate function. But the Kaiser looked worried. Heavy black clouds were appearing on the horizon. A storm was brewing.

After gala receptions and official balls in the palace, the circle of the court, dividing into congenial groups, was accustomed to forgather informally at various fashionable hotels. Occasionally my husband, Prince Schonaich-Carolath, and I joined such gatherings. We were shocked to discover in the ranks of the court a tendency to nag and to find fault with Their Majesties that was not compatible with loyalty to the imperial house. Among themselves, the courtiers frequently indulged in unjust and unkind criticism at the expense of the Emperor. The favors and the feasts bestowed by Their Majesties were not always gratefully and graciously received by the court.

The Younger Set

The etiquette of the imperial court, which was no more oppressive in Berlin than in London, seemed burdensome, especially to the younger set. They welcomed the opportunity to relax in the private dining rooms of the smart hotels. Cabarets were more congenial to them than the restricting atmosphere of the imperial palace. They wanted, as Americans would say, a good time, without thought of the responsibilities imposed by their rank and by their position at court.

The rigid moral conception of life which characterized the Empress Augusta Victoria was not always rightly appreciated at the court. The people adored her, but the young bloods in the court were blind to the nobility of her idealism. Military changes, promotions, demotions, decorations were made the topic of ignorant gibes and ill-natured gossip behind the Emperor's back. Unfaithful servitors talked scandal, without knowledge of the real causes and underlying motives of imperial decisions.

This small talk was largely a matter of habit; it was not, in most cases, intentional malice; but the poison thus generated insidiously affected the body politic. Lick-spittles at the court, backbiters elsewhere—these groups were slowly undermining the social structure. While Bolshevism was at work at the bottom, these meddlers, busybodies and scandalmongers were engaged in an equally deadly task at the top. Before the holocaust of the war, they sowed the teeth of the dragon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Letters From Fraternity

EDITOR'S NOTE—The letters which follow were written by A. L. McCorrison, of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams, over a period of some four years. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

SEARSMONT, Aug. 2d, 1925.

DEAR BEN: Just to kill time I'm going to write a few lines that I shall probably never mail to you. That shield was ridiculous, but it would probably have answered the purpose for which it was intended—that is, clear the law.

G. called this P.M. to have me cut his hair. I cut his hair about every two weeks. We people who live ten miles from nowhere have to be jacks at all trades. We then went down to the garden in the lower field to see how the melons were coming on. G. says there'll be enough for the whole town. I also have a few watermelons that appear to be doing well.

This morning the sun rose clear, but soon became overcast, with light showers, just enough to wet the grass. About 10 o'clock I went down under the hill and emptied the rain water out of the boat, and on way home, picked up a paper bag that berry pickers had left, and gathered 4 quarts of blueberries.

Owing to so much damp weather, I don't think I ever saw the foliage more dense or the pines so dark and green. What a beautiful land we live in if we only have eyes to see. The river was without a ripple, and the picture mirrored within its dark depths no artist could duplicate. As I stood above the boat landing, looking up toward the spring, it occurred to me that that could be made a beautiful picture.

Then looking downriver was another prospect hard to beat. I believe there are views along the George's River that could rival any I ever saw of the famous rivers of Scotland.

The last time I was at the pond, saw one lone black duck and 5 loons. Reck came proudly in through the barn recently with a young partridge. It weighed 4 ounces. And up to the beginning of this drouth, woodcock were coming into the garden every night.

From all reports, I judge there will be the usual number of birds when the season opens.

Sarah sends love to you all.

As ever,
BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, Sept. 17, 1925.

DEAR BEN: Since I rec'd your letter I've been prospecting a little and making inquiries, and the outlook appears excellent for hunting, especially for partridge.

Saturday, late in afternoon, the floodgates opened with a crash that shook the ground; hailstones as large as robins' eggs that broke glass in some places, and it rained more or less for 24 hours, and now it is raining, and has been for 24 hours, and if the swamps are flooded by Oct. 1st there'll be plenty of birds in the openings.

Yesterday a lot of duck were seen flying over the village. H., who drove from Boston yesterday, saw 50 or more in one flock just at dark. M. R. and others saw more than a hundred in one flock. N. W. and one of H. B.'s boys counted 17 in one flock. All these were seen near village. So, last night, H. and a young man from Montana who is visiting here proposed that we go up to the cove at 4 o'clock this morning. I was ready and waiting at half-past 4, but they overslept, and we did not arrive at cove till after sunrise. And saw no duck, though we sat there for an hour or more. Walking in from the car, we saw a partridge in the road, and two others got up near by. But we saw not one duck, nor heard a gun.

I believe the northeast storm drove these birds in from outside and they have now gone back to—God only knows where, perhaps the Gulf Stream.

Am in hopes to catch a big coon soon. He makes a big track, and there must be several of them.

A fine day for hunting, but I have beans to pull. With best regards,
BERT.

SATURDAY, 9 P.M.

No coon yet—have not been in the corn since Wednesday night. Shall have plenty of melons if frost holds off a few days longer.

MONDAY THE 21ST. 2 P.M.

I got Mr. Coon last night. A young one that weighed eleven lbs. He was a handsome fellow. Am in hopes to get the big one next time. Sincerely,
B.

SEARSMONT, Oct. 9, 1925, 11:30 A.M.

DEAR BEN: As it rains so I can't gather apples, will write a line. Rev. B. just started for home—arrived Tuesday night. We were in the brush Wed. & Thurs.

Wed. about 10 o'clock we stopped on ledge at Dummy Cover. Found nothing on left side, but as we got over fence on right, a large woodcock whizzed past not 20 feet from our faces. Mr. B. took one shot as he crossed the road—a clean miss. I did not fire. After looking for dead bird, we moved on. Had gone but a few rods when Frenchy froze. After Mr. B. had got in position, I walked in; bird went to left, low down. And I killed as he topped the alders. Moved on a few rods when we missed the dog, waited a minute, moved on, and found him froze again. And repeated. B. could not see the bird and I killed at top of bushes. After that I did not fire, and B. missed eight times. Once he fired three times at one bird before it got done circling overhead. I put it up in thick birches. B. stood in open. We only circled once in upper end of cover—over the wall and back—and must have put up a dozen birds.

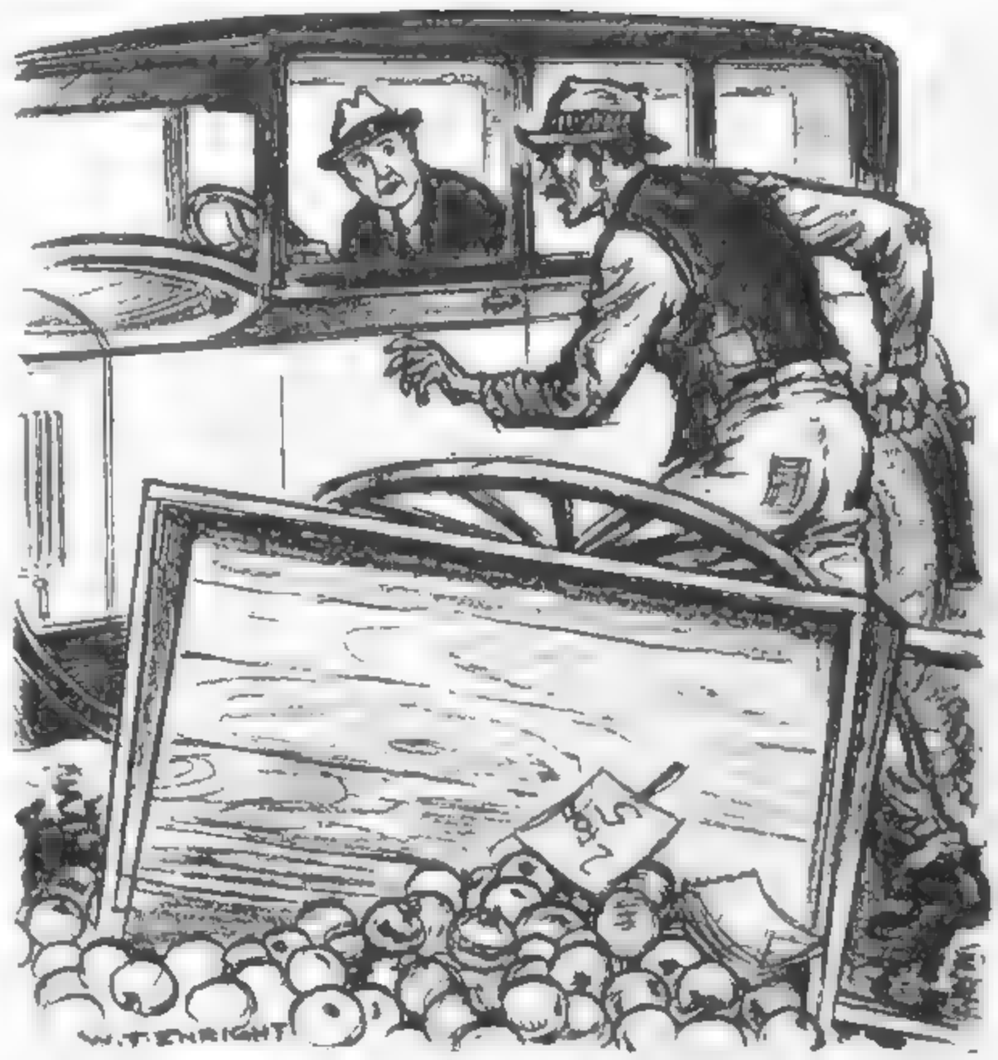
We then went over to Fuller pasture and went through about the same performance, though did not find as many birds as in Dummy Cover. I took two more chances at birds that B. could not see, and killed each time, as they topped the brush. Which was mighty good, for me. Yesterday Mr. B could scarcely walk; said he was "lifting fifty pounds" every time he breathed. But I walked up two partridges after he had got in position, and he killed them both with singles, at about 40 yards, and then missed a woodcock in open land straight away. We then went over to Whicher swamp for moose tracks. And that wound up the hunt for Mr. B. He had not shot a woodcock for 15 years. And has still got to kill his bird.

I believe you could have got the limit in Dummy Cover, for Frenchy only walks, and covers but little ground. But his nose is all right, and he held several partridges till I walked them up. Partridges are very plenty, and are under the apple trees. Reck is sick, though he eats fairly well and hunts every day. He looks bad about the eyes, and his head seems to be shrinking. I never saw anything like it. I have examined him carefully for hedgehog quills. But can find nothing. The trouble appears to be in his head. There is no canker in his ears.

6 P.M.

About 2 o'clock this P.M. the rain let up for a while. H. was here, and proposed we go up to the Ranch to see if there were partridges in the orchard back of the big barn. There were none.

We then came back to the pasture, left car at bars. As the brush was wet, I kept in open as much as possible. Went down past the oak tree to water hole—perhaps it may be Spring Brook—and found no sign of woodcock; got over fence and went up east side of meadow half its length, crossed over to the low alders, and came back to frog pond. Got over fence and took open



Couldn't stop sooner—
over go da nice-a peach-a!

SUMMER shower drenches city. Splashing through puddles soaks brakes. Fruit cart bobs into view. Down hard on brakes, but brakes won't hold. Crash! Over go da nice-a-peach-a, da nice-a banana. Comes the bawling out, "What-a da-hella you mean-a!"—Oh, what an embarrassing situation! But next time, Rusco to the rescue.

Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. Charles N. Arnold, Louis Auto Livery Company, Kansas City, Missouri, made this statement, "I stopped my Chrysler, with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 17 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 18 feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety for which any driver may well be thankful.

Brakes when WET, too!

RUSCO Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Other RUSCO PRODUCTS

Transmission Lining for Fords; SS, the smooth start, smooth stop lining that prevents chatter; Truckbestos for trucks. A type for every purpose.
Rusco Durak Brake Shoes for busses and trucks
Removable Transmission Bands for Fords
Clutch Facings
Endless Fan Belts for all cars
Hood Lacings
Emergency Brakes for Fords
Tire Strap and Towing Line
Belting for Transmission, Elevating and Conveying

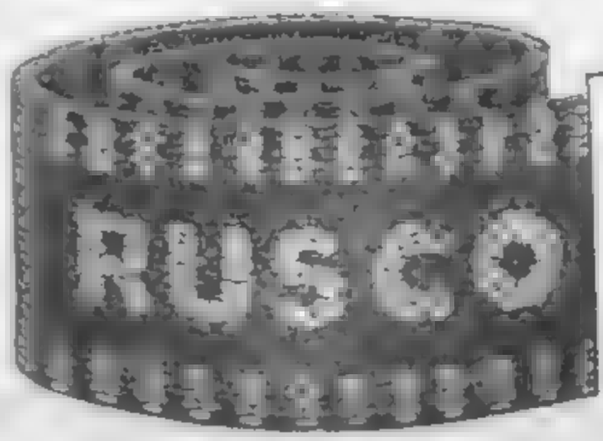
Costs you no more

RUSCO repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chatham, Ontario.

GARAGEMEN NOTE: Check and mail coupon today for the famous Rusco Service Station proposition to the trade.

RUSCO BRAKE LINING



MAIL COUPON
FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

RUSSELL MFG. CO., Dept. E-14
Middletown, Conn.

Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail.

Name

Street

City *State*

They *always* "speak" for it!

Only too well does this young master know that nothing could be better for his devoted pal than SPRATT'S!

It is the perfect food for dogs of all sizes, ages and breeds. Keeps them in good health, strong and active, because it provides meat and wheat in properly balanced proportions, and gives the needed elements which make for normal growth and sound health.

Give your dog SPRATT'S instead of a meat diet or table scraps. He will live longer, be happier and retain his good disposition. Veterinarians recommend it for that reason. Your grocer, druggist or pet shop sells SPRATT'S, or can get it quickly on request.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, N. J. St. Louis, Mo.
San Francisco, Cal.

Send 2c stamp for pamphlet S-77, containing valuable advice on care and feeding and the treatment of common dog ailments. Every dog owner should have a copy.

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES *and* PUPPY BISCUITS

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934 Independence Square
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Miss Helen Gubler of Utah

Now We Pay Her More Than $70.00 a Week

Miss Gubler one summer found that she could earn more money as our subscription representative than she could in any other way. So now she devotes her whole time to our plan. Perhaps you cannot, like Miss Gubler, give us all your time. But even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can turn them into welcome dollars in a pleasant, dignified way as do hundreds of busy men and women. You work at your own convenience—and you need no business experience.

Mail the Coupon Above for Our Cash Offer to You—Now!

land back to oak tree. Had gone but a short distance when I missed the dog. H. had never left the oak tree, as he had no gun

I went back a few rods and saw Frenchy froze in the low birches, near a scrub pine. Called H. to come and see the point, stood within 20 yards of dog, bird between us. But, probably owing to loud talk, Mr. Woodcock got up, headed south, low down, straight for the scrub pine. For an instant I had him full length of gun, but let him go so not to blow him up. But just as I pulled he side-stepped around the pine, and another charge of chilled 10's was wasted.

H. came up and said, "Where is it?"

"Just over behind that bunch of birches."

"Going after him?"

"Not today; it's too wet."

We then moved back to the oak, paying no attention to dog. As we left the oak and stepped into road, H. said, "Where's your dog?"

After listening, I said, "Froze up again, sure." We had been filling our pipes, while I was explaining the elegant miss with no thought of Frenchy.

I then stepped into the tall alders, and H. walked back on the outer edge. Had gone but a few rods when up went his royal highness from almost under his feet, and Frenchy hid in the low birches not 30 feet away.

We had passed him in plain sight. The bird went over my head and was probably not 5 rods away. But I was wet at knees, and decided to wait some more pleasant day.

I believe there will be plenty of birds from now on, as the swampe are quite wet, and the unusually cold weather has caused the birds to come into the openings, as I find them in low bushes. Dame Nature has put on her royal robes, and the land is full—as I ever saw—of migrating birds. Several nights ago I heard the honk of geese. I think you should be here by the 20th if you want woodcock. There is certainly plenty of woodcock here now.

Sincerely,
BERT.

SUNDAY, 7:30 P.M.

It rained more or less all day Friday and Friday night, with increasing cold and snow and rain yesterday and last night. The Montville hills are covered with snow, and it has not thawed much today. But is moderating tonight.

This afternoon I gathered apples and heard guns in several directions, quite often doubles. Probably local gunners after partridge.

There must be a lot of snow north, and it will start the birds along. I think if you could plan to be here the 19th, would be more likely to hit the flight than a week later.

Sarah sends love to all. BERT.

SEARSMONT, ME., Dec. 13, 1925.

Yours of December 7 rec'd. I should certainly be glad to go to that meeting in Portland, of the Fish and Game Association. Only I am awfully afraid you may have unintentionally placed me into a conspicuous position. Suppose, for instance, they should ask me to make a speech. What would I do? But I'll cross no rivers till I come to them, joking aside. If possible I will come to Portland.

Of a dozen or so of moose stories, will mention but one. One day, recently, seven moose were met in the road near South Montville; five of them were large bulls.

I shall send you a barrel apples this week. Put them up today—all Kings, and very poor in quality, as well as size. Baldwins are no good. Sarah says Kings make excellent jelly.

Have had exceedingly warm weather up to the 10th, but freezing a little tonight. Roads are very rough.

Good luck to you and yours.

Sincerely,
BERT MC.

DEC. 19, 1925.

Numerous flocks of wild geese moving south today. One flock estimated more than two hundred passed directly over the village. I guess we are to have an old-fashioned open winter.

JANUARY 1, 1926. 6 P.M.

Yesterday Sarah and I presented ourselves with a $42 radio set, and tonight—for several hours—have listened to music such as we never dreamed of. We had a $37 set put in last Wednesday which did not prove satisfactory. Though New Year's Eve we got the Liberty Bell as it tolled the old year out and the new year in. The traffic in New York City at midnight, the chimes of Trinity Church, and so on.

But this set tonight has beat it a mile.

A tenor solo, Mother o' Mine, words by Kipling, broadcast from Broadway, seemed as though it was here in the room, as did everything else we got tonight.

JAN. 5TH.

Another warm lowery day—fine for pickerel fishing. But we did not get our bait yesterday.

Three cars from Camden went over the meadow to head of pond Sunday. But no one knew what they got, as they all appeared to be "half seas over" when they went home.

A fine program on radio last night. When the announcer coughed, I turned my head for fear I'd catch the grip.

12:30 P.M.

Just put a tub under the eaves to get soft water for Sarah. Raining hard.

JAN. 6TH. 1:30 P.M.

Very warm today, so foggy I can just see Plaisted's house. Have a tub of water on doorstep, ready for live bait, which I expect to receive by stage from Appleton. The stage will arrive about 2:30.

Weather conditions bad last night for radio; about all we could hear was peacocks, guinea hens and wild cats.

JAN. 7TH.

Weather conditions unfavorable for radio last night, though we got fragments of a very interesting talk on motion pictures, from Springfield, Mass. Have a fine lot of live bait in tub in cellar, but too windy for fishing today.

JAN. 8TH.

Only a jumble of sound on radio last night. As others are affected, I guess the trouble is in the atmosphere.

JAN. 9TH.

Began to snow at 10 A.M., and continued through the day and part of the night. And this morning, Jan. 10th, there was 6 inches, the heaviest snowfall yet. Today—Sunday—has been very warm, calm and pleasant.

9 P.M.

Sarah has just had a hearty laugh at what she heard a man say on the radio. It was a lecture in Boston, and an audience laughed with her, but she claims an advantage—they could not hear her.

There has been a fine program all afternoon and evening. I can spend an evening now at cribbage with an easier conscience, since Sarah has the radio. A perfect winter day, a beautiful sunset, and the twilight has begun to lengthen.

JAN. 11TH. 10 A.M.

A very pleasant day. Water dripping from the eaves and snow settling.

JAN. 13TH.

Mr. S. and I went to foot of pond this P.M. Drove car over the meadow and out onto pond. Just across from the oaks. Set 5 lines, then sat in car and smoked till a flag went up.

S. had never caught a pickerel through the ice, though for more than 25 years he had owned and lived on farms bordering on Quantabacook pond.

(Continued on Page 166)

INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS

Complete from Standardized Units-for Immediate Delivery

TRUSCON

SERIES "A" BUILDINGS WITH PITCHED ROOFS

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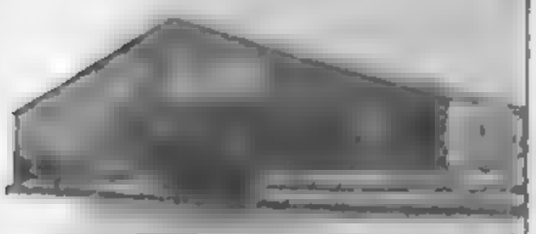
SERIES "A"-*TYPE 2*

SERIES "A"-*TYPE 3*

SERIES "A"-*TYPE 3-M*



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SERIES "A"-
SAWTOOTH TYPE

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Let us tell you how we work with you or your architect or contractor on preliminary recommendations, designs and estimates, and how completely we relieve you of responsibility and detail. For further information write for our illustrated building book.

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Light weight, firesafe, permanent roof decks of copper alloy steel. Suitable for all types of buildings with straightaway, flat, pitched or slightly curved roof.

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ESTABLISHED 1903

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Foreign Trade Division: New York. The Truscon Laboratories, Detroit.
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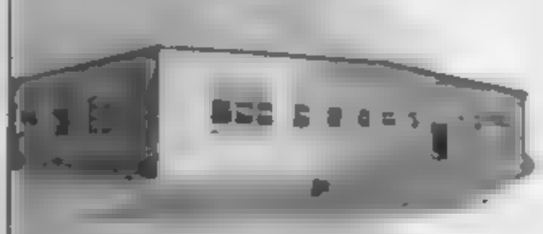
SERIES "B" BUILDINGS WITH FLAT ROOFS

SERIES "B"-*TYPE 1*

SERIES "B"-*TYPE 2*
WITH LANTERN

SERIES "B"-*TYPE 3*

SERIES "B"-*TYPE 3-M*



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SERIES "B"-*TYPE 4-M*

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ALL INDUSTRIAL REQUIREMENTS

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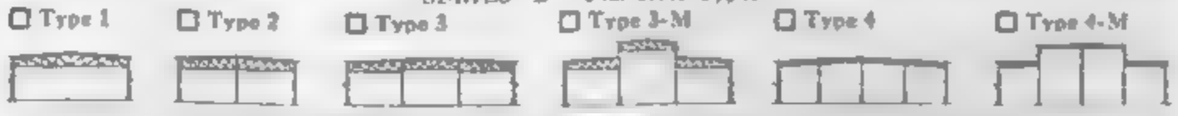

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The Extra Step means an Extra Quart in your Crankcase

UNTIL the *super*-refining process—until the extra step—Quaker State is just a good oil. . . . But that last process of removing the 25%, or more, of non-lubricating material makes Quaker State Medium Motor Oil unique among all motor oils.

There's an actual *extra* quart of lubricating value in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil. That means lower operating cost per mile, more speed, more power and fewer repair bills.

That's why the engineers and builders of fine cars endorse its use.

It pays to insist on Quaker State.

Write Dept. 19 for a large chart which explains in detail why there's an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.
OIL CITY, PA.

100% PENNSYLVANIA CRUDE OIL
ORDINARILY REFINED
PLUS
QUAKER STATE'S SUPER-REFINING
EQUALS
QUAKER STATE MEDIUM

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in Homes Everywhere

IT IS the refrigerator itself which finally determines the service you receive, whether ice or machine is the refrigerant. Remember, then, that for over a third of a century McCray has been building highest quality refrigerators for every need, *wherever food is sold or served.*

Time-tested quality, built into every hidden detail of the McCray, assures efficient, economical, enduring service. Pure cork-board sealed with hydrolene provides perfectly air-tight insulation.

All McCray models may be used with electric or mechanical refrigeration of any type. Not only in homes, but in grocery stores, markets, delicatessens, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions the country over, McCray refrigerators are saving food and money.

Send now for catalogs and complete information about refrigerators that meet your individual needs; no obligation. *FOOD MERCHANTS*—ask about our easy payment plan.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION, Dept. H, Kendallville, Indiana
Salesrooms in all Principal Cities (See Telephone Directory)

Announcing the NORGE Dealer Opportunity

ELECTRIC Refrigeration for the Home

Exceptional opportunities for profit are open to dealers everywhere who obtain the franchise for NORGE electric refrigerating machines for homes.

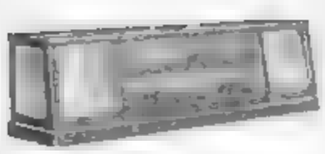
McCray has made exhaustive studies and tests in the field of electric refrigeration for the home. These tests have convinced us that NORGE represents a marked advance, and is beyond question *the outstanding value on the market.*

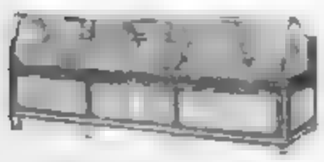
Simple—quiet—efficient—NORGE maintains the required temperature at lower operation cost. It has *only three moving parts,* submerged in oil under pressure. Being of smooth-working rotary type, NORGE actually improves with use.

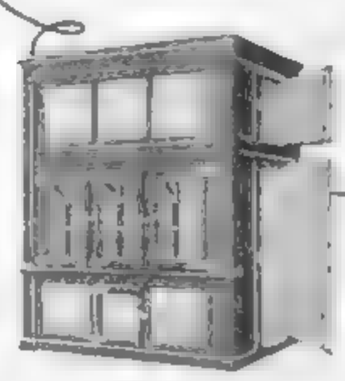
McCray cabinets of various styles, built especially for NORGE, make *life-time refrigeration* available for homes of every size.

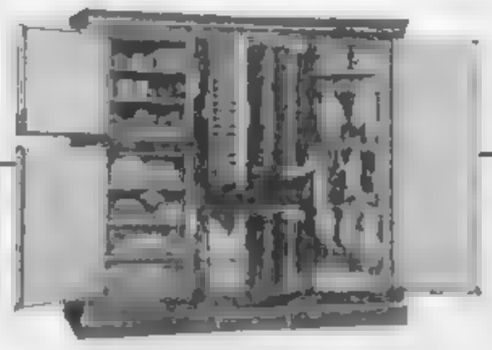
DEALERS—if you are interested in this extraordinary profit opportunity, wire or write immediately to McCray Refrigerator Sales Corporation, Kendallville, Ind.

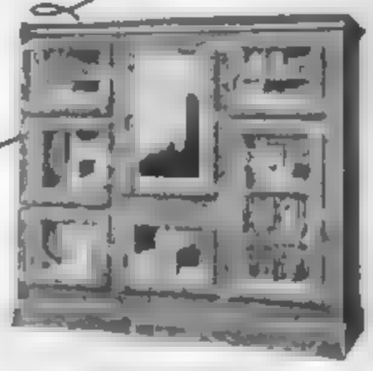
McCRAY REFRIGERATORS


Refrigerator Display Case


Refrigerator Top Counter


A Favorite Model for Meat Markets


For Hotels, Restaurants and Institutions


Popular Model for Grocery Stores

For use in the Florists' Shops

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

Dependable Time and a Carefree Mind

for

Active People

If you lose your expensive gold watch or have it stolen, it means a big investment for a new one. If you break it, it means a sizable repair bill.

If instead for Summer Time, you either carry an Ingersoll Yankee or wear an Ingersoll Wrist Watch, you have a watch that will keep dependable time under all conditions, and more dependable time under conditions of hard usage than delicate watches.

If you lose your Ingersoll or have it stolen you can get it replaced easily at one of the hundred thousand stores that sell Ingersolls. And if you break it you can get it repaired quickly and at a nominal cost by sending it to the Ingersoll Service Department at Waterbury, Conn.

YANKEE $1.50

The Ingersoll Yankee is the most popular watch in the world. "Antique" bow instead of the old-fashioned "ring" bow. An up-to-date and sprightly looking watch. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $2.25.

WRIST WATCH $3.50

There are more Ingersoll Wrist Watches made and sold than any other brand manufactured either here or abroad. Now in the new tonneau-shape with "silver" metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $4.00.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York ~ Chicago ~ San Francisco
Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

Ingersoll

POCKET & WRIST WATCHES

(Continued from Page 162)

At the rise of first flag, I said, "There's your pickerel; go catch him." This was after we had sat in car more or less for two hours. We were both well pleased, as we had saved a "skunk." I rebaited the hook, and as we were about to sit in the car again, "snap" went the same flag. And S. took another fine pickerel. Again I rebaited the hook. And as we stood refilling our pipes, "bang" went the same flag, and again S ran for the hole.

As he picked up the line and carefully waited till he felt the fish pulling good and hard—before he set the hook—I thought what a picture for the camera. And then he pulled another fine pickerel through the ice.

It was then about 3:30 P.M. We had three pickerel that would weigh between 5 or 6 lbs. A mess for us both. The ice was beginning to skim over in the pail of bait, so we gathered in our lines, filled and relit the pipes, switched the power on the car, and was on our way home on a road smooth and solid as a billiard table. As the light snow had settled to about 5 inches. We only had 3 strikes, all on one line. The next time are going to head of pond and set 10 lines.

S. has got the disease. I predict he will want to go pickerel fishing hereafter.

JAN. 14TH.

Slightly cloudy today. Fine winter weather. Why go to Florida? H. R., who is in St. Petersburg, has had an electric heater put into his room, as he suffered with the cold during a 3 days' rainstorm.

JAN. 15TH. 7:30 P.M.

Monday, the 11th, B. C. shot a fox in Whicher swamp. The fox was running in the moose yard to baffle the dogs. I have often seen a fox run among sheep for the same purpose.

JAN. 16TH. 3 P.M.

S. H. called here today after a bbl. of apples. While on his way to Belfast, just at daybreak, last week, near Belmont Corner he saw two partridges budding in an apple tree. When they left the tree one of them hit the telephone wire and fell to the ground with a broken neck. And S. had a plump partridge for dinner next day. A great many of our game birds are killed by wires, especially woodcock.

Sincerely yours,
BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, Mar. 29, 1926.

DEAR BEN: Rec'd your letter Sat. night, but too late to see the stage driver, who lives in Appleton, and goes home Saturday. Will see him tonight, and think he will bring dog to me.

Dog will have to be crated. Ship by express to Union.

The dog should arrive in Union on noon train, as the stage does not wait for afternoon train.

All as usual here.

Sincerely yours,
BERT.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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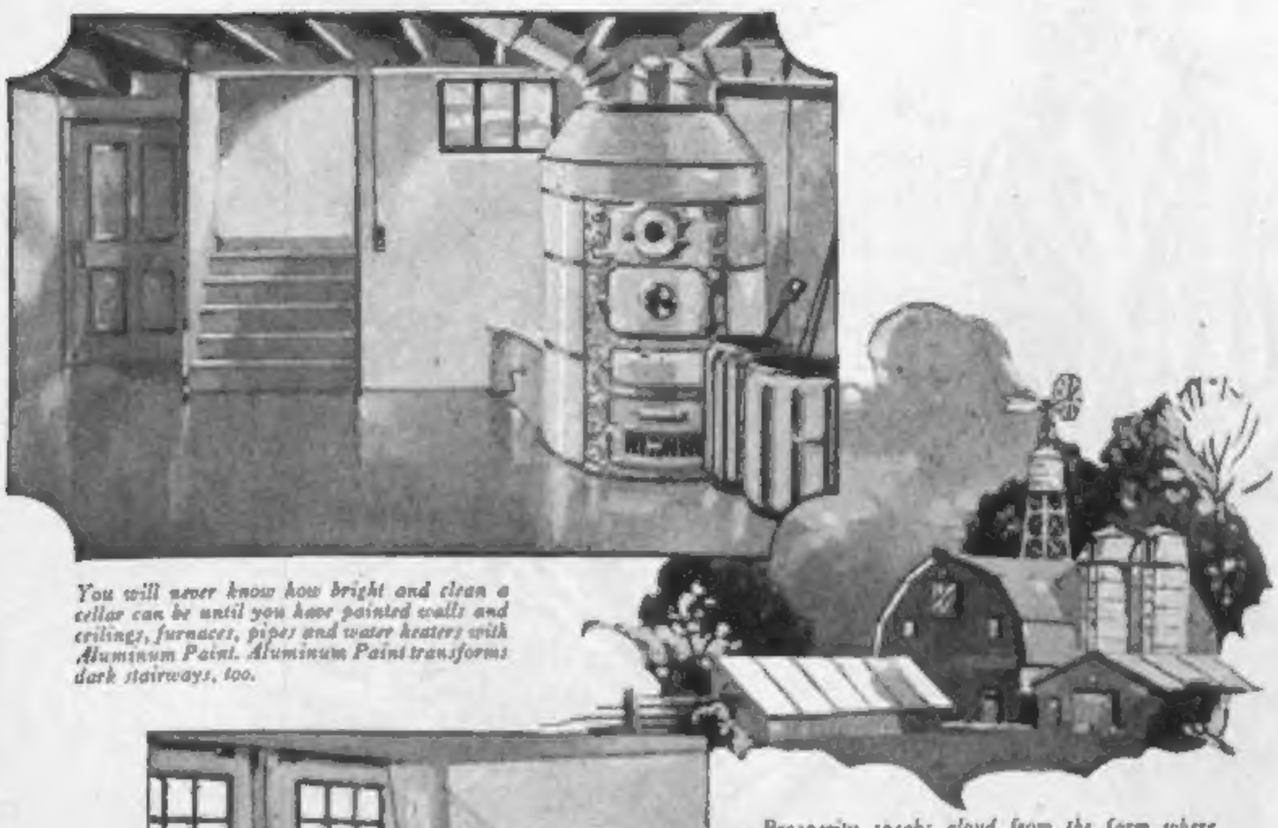
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Magic that comes in cans



You will never know how bright and clean a cellar can be until you have painted walls and ceilings, furnaces, pipes and water heaters with Aluminum Paint. Aluminum Paint transforms dark stairways, too.

Inside the garage, Aluminum Paint not only brightens and beautifies, but makes a most practical finish as well. You can wash down the entire interior with a hose. When your tire rims need refurbishing, paint them with Aluminum Paint.

On woodwork exposed to sun and weather, Aluminum Paint used as a priming coat shuts out moisture and protects the wood. It completely covers knots, stains or underlying colors and provides a perfect surface for the finishing coat. For down-spouts and gutters Aluminum Paint is both an ideal protective covering and a decorative trim.

Prosperity speaks aloud from the farm where silos and tanks gleam with Aluminum Paint. Good businesslike commonsense, too—there is no better protective paint.

Outdoors, in the garden, let Aluminum Paint on fences, trellises, summer house roofs, yard benches, sand boxes and flag poles carry its cheery message.

DIP YOUR BRUSH into a can of Aluminum Paint, and you hold in your hand a magic wand that spreads good cheer and light and crisp clean beauty with every stroke.

A wand that transforms everything it touches—filling dark cellars with soft light, making the garden a neighborhood joy, the farm a show place, the garage interior a source of pride.

Practical magic, too. For the beauty of Aluminum Paint is more than "skin deep." Its luster and its protective qualities are *lasting*, and on interiors just one coat completes the job. It does not easily discolor or grow dingy—and can be washed time and time again.

For the painting you expect to do this summer, call on the magic aid of Aluminum Paint. Remember, it costs no more than ordinary paints—and you will be delighted with the way it protects and beautifies your property.

Keep a can of Aluminum Paint always on hand. Use it wherever dinginess appears. Its soft, silvery sheen makes the home a cheerier, lovelier place to live in.

ALBRON ALCOA ALUMINUM ALUMINUM BRONZE POWDER
Trade Mark

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Albron Aluminum Bronze Powder, made of pure ALCOA Aluminum.

In buying Aluminum Paint, tell your dealer how you propose to use it—and whether indoors or out. Most good paint dealers are prepared to furnish the kinds best suited to your needs. If yours is not, write us, giving his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied.

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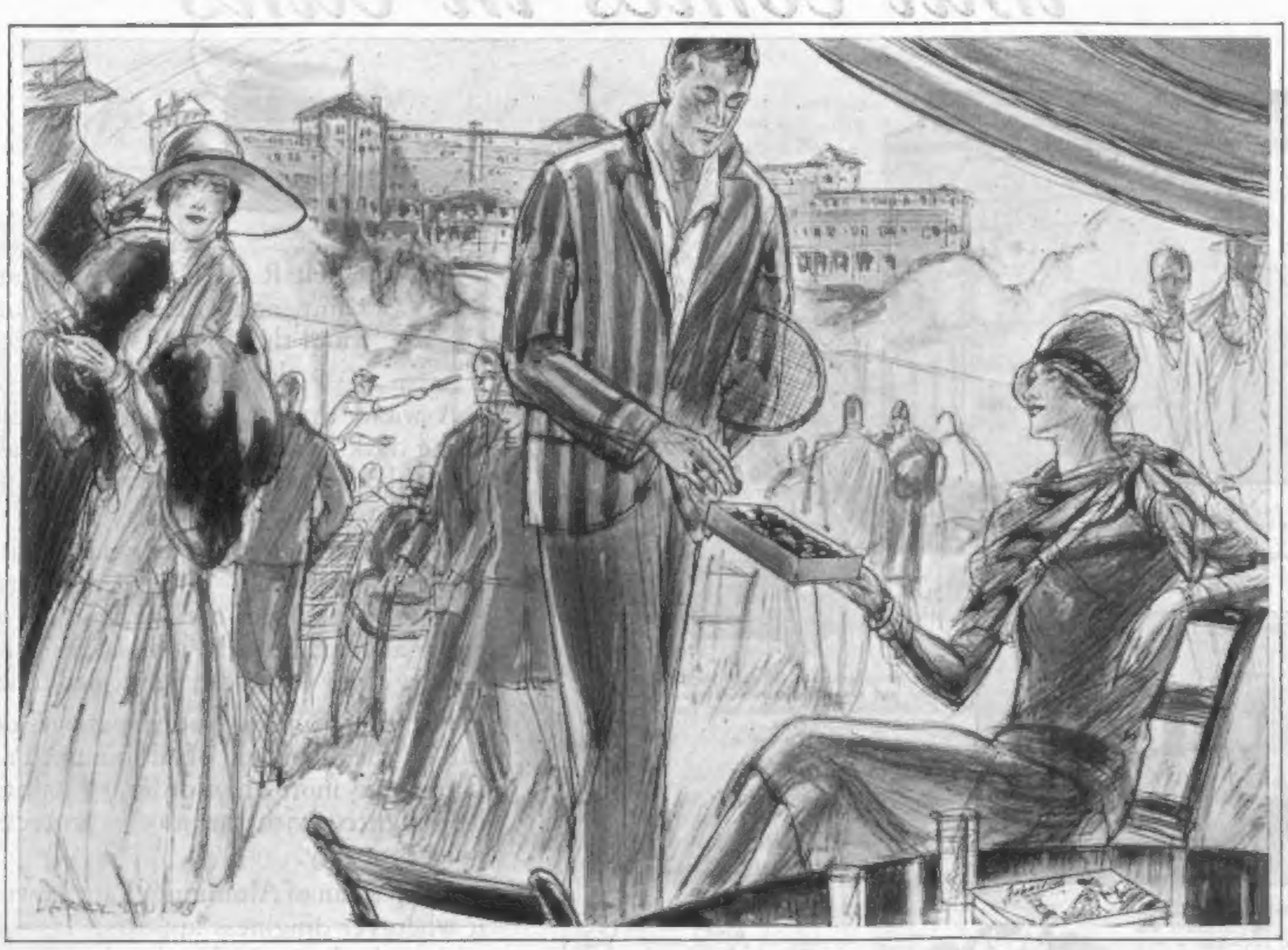

The Mt. Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods, N. H., a rendezvous of sport lovers of the smart set. At tea or tennis, on the links or bridle path, one meets those distinguished members of the Blue Book, after whom the rest of America patterns itself

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The Town & Country Box is an excellent selection for all purposes—as a gracious offering to one whose social debtor you are. Or for the thoughtful week-end gift to an hospitable hostess.

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JOHANNA SILVER UNEARTHS HER HEART'S DESIRE

A new idea, like hidden treasure, often lies buried for centuries. Then, one bright day, Progress unearths it . . . and the world gets a new thrill. . . . So it was with the PIECES OF 8. Generations of young brides had hungered in vain for a set of silver with enough knives, forks and spoons to take care of "unexpected company." . . . Then along came 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate with a set of silverware in "eights" instead of the usual shorthanded "six of each." Covers for eight in table essentials . . . 34 pieces all told . . . in a gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest . . . retailing for $49.85 (*slightly higher in Canada*). And today, wherever silverware is sold, you'll find that the already famous PIECES OF 8 Chest is the fastest-selling chest in the silverware department. . . . To match flatware in the PIECES OF 8 Chest, tea and dinner services may be had in any of the 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate patterns.

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"Misquoting Bobbie Burns, we hear ourselves as others hear us."

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The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. It never disappoints. Model Four-forty (above) is $165, list price. Canadian price on request.

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